

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE OF

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME LXIX.



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY

The Riverside Press, Cambridge

1892

COPYRIGHT, 1891 AND 1892,
BY HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY.

✓ 11,780

The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.
Electrotyped and Printed by H. O. Houghton & Company.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Agrippina, <i>Agnes Repplier</i>	753	ments for Admission to, <i>James Jay</i>	
American and English Fiction, Recent . . .	684	<i>Greenough</i>	671
American at Home in Europe, An, <i>William</i>		Harvest-Tide on the Volga, <i>Isabel F. Hap-</i>	
<i>Henry Bishop</i>	433, 776	<i>good</i>	314
American Pessimist, The, <i>Gamaliel Brad-</i>		Home Scenes at the Fall of the Confeder-	
<i>ford, Jr.</i>	363	<i>acy, David Dodge</i>	661
American Sea Songs, <i>Alfred M. Williams</i>	489	Hymnology, A Dictionary of	843
Artists, Why Socialism appeals to, <i>Walter</i>		Indian Warfare on the Frontier	270
<i>Crane</i>	110	Journey on the Volga, A, <i>Isabel F. Hap-</i>	
Austin, John, <i>Janet Ross</i>	763	<i>good</i>	231
Battle Ships, The Limit in, <i>John M. Elli-</i>		League as a Political Instrument, The . . .	258
<i>cott</i>	501	Legal Disfranchisement	542
Belle of St. Valerien, A, <i>Joel Chandler</i>		Limit in Battle Ships, The, <i>John M. Elli-</i>	
<i>Harris</i>	338	<i>cott</i>	501
Biography, Recent	835	Literature and the Ministry, <i>Leverett W.</i>	
Birds and "Birds," <i>Edith M. Thomas</i> . .	51	<i>Spring</i>	546
Black Hills, A Drive through the, <i>Antoi-</i>		Little Children of Cybele, The, <i>Edith M.</i>	
<i>nette Ogden</i>	449	<i>Thomas</i>	349
Border State Men of the Civil War, The,		London and Westminster Review, The,	
<i>Nathaniel Southgate Shaler</i>	245	See <i>John Stuart Mill and the London and</i>	
Boston, <i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i>	26	<i>Westminster Review</i> .	
Cathedral Courtship, A, <i>Kate Douglas</i>		Lotteries, Federal Taxation of, <i>Thomas</i>	
<i>Wiggin</i>	610	<i>McIntyre Cooley</i>	523
Chaucer, Lounsbury's Studies in	554	Lounsbury's Studies in Chaucer	554
Children's Poets, The, <i>Agnes Repplier</i> . .	328	Lowell, James Russell, <i>Henry James</i> . .	35
Chinese and Japanese Traits, <i>Ernest Fran-</i>		Macbeth, Studies in, <i>Albert H. Tolman</i>	241
<i>cisco Fenollosa</i>	769	Mill, John Stuart, and the London and	
Civil War. See <i>Creed of the Old South;</i>		Westminster Review, <i>C. Marion D.</i>	
<i>Border State Men of the Civil War;</i>		<i>[Robertson] Towers</i>	57
<i>Why the Men of '61 fought for the Union.</i>		Missing Interpreter, The, <i>Herbert D.</i>	
College Girls, The Greatest Need of, <i>Annie</i>		<i>Ward</i>	87
<i>Payson Call</i>	102	Montcalm and Lévis	560
Columbus, The Figure of	409	Nearness of Animals to Men, The, <i>E. P.</i>	
Creed of the Old South, The, <i>Basil L.</i>		<i>Evans</i>	171
<i>Gildersleeve</i>	75	Old Furniture in New England	413
Cybele, The Little Children of, <i>Edith M.</i>		Pageant at Rome in the Year 17 B. C., The,	
<i>Thomas</i>	349	<i>Rodolfo Lanciani</i>	145
Descendant of the Doges, The, <i>Harriet</i>		Plea for Seriousness, A	625
<i>Lewis Bradley</i>	197	Political Parallel, A	395
Discovery of a New Stellar System, The,		Political Situation, The	116
<i>Arthur Searle</i>	814	Private Life, The, <i>Henry James</i>	463
Don Orsino, F. <i>Marion Crawford</i> . . 1, 154,	296,	Rome, Ancient, Private Life in, <i>Harriet</i>	
	505, 645, 797	<i>Waters Preston and Louise Dodge</i> . . 597,	819
Doubts about University Extension, <i>George</i>		Rome, The Pageant at, in the Year 17 B. C.,	
<i>Herbert Palmer</i>	367	<i>Rodolfo Lanciani</i>	145
Echo of Battle, An, <i>A. M. Eccell</i>	218	Severn's Roman Journals, <i>William Sharp</i>	631
Education of the Negro, The, <i>W. T.</i>		Short Story, The	261
<i>Harris</i>	721	Singleton. See <i>English Township, An Old.</i>	
Emerson-Thoreau Correspondence, The,		Socialism appeals to Artists, Why, <i>Walter</i>	
<i>F. B. Sanborn</i>	577, 736	<i>Crane</i>	110
English Composition	129	Studies in Macbeth, <i>Albert H. Tolman</i> . .	241
English Township, An Old, <i>Brooke Her-</i>		University Extension, Doubts about,	
<i>ford</i>	289	<i>George Herbert Palmer</i>	367
Europe, An American at Home in, <i>William</i>		Venetian Printer-Publisher in the Six-	
<i>Henry Bishop</i>	433, 776	teenth Century, A, <i>Horatio F. Brown</i> . .	185
Farragut, Admiral, <i>Edward Kirk Raeson</i>	483	Village Watch-Tower, A, <i>Kate Douglas</i>	
French Essays, Recent	402	<i>Wiggin</i>	375
French Impressionism, Some Notes on,		Volga, A Journey on the, <i>Isabel F. Hap-</i>	
<i>Cecilia Waern</i>	535	<i>good</i>	231
French Literature, Recent	123	Volga, Harvest-Tide on the, <i>Isabel F.</i>	
From West to East	682	<i>Hapgood</i>	314
Gerrymander, The Slaying of the	678	What French Girls Study, <i>Henrietta Chan-</i>	
Greatest Need of College Girls, The, <i>Annie</i>		<i>ning Dana</i>	204
<i>Payson Call</i>	102	Whitman	831
Haliburton, Thomas Chandler, <i>F. Blake</i>		Why the Men of '61 fought for the Union,	
<i>Crofton</i>	355	<i>Jacob Dolson Cox</i>	382
Harvard College, The Present Require-		Witching Wren, The, <i>Olive Thorne Miller</i>	791

POETRY.

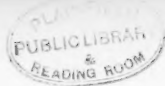
Attie Poet, An, <i>Edward Lucas White</i> . . .	624	Metamorphosis, A, <i>Elizabeth Backus</i>	
Benaiah, <i>Edward Lucas White</i> . . .	522	Mason	374
Down by the Shore in December, <i>Thomas William Parsons</i> . . .	74	Nuremberg, <i>Julia C. R. Dorr</i>	775
"Have I not Learned to Live without Thee yet?" <i>Louise Chandler Moulton</i> . . .	813	Soul's Ride, <i>The, Lilla Cabot Perry</i> . . .	670
Her Presence, <i>Louise Chandler Moulton</i> . .	196	Through the Rushes, <i>Florence Earle Coates</i>	313
Home-Thrust, <i>Charlotte Fiske Bates</i> . . .	217	Wind's Summons, <i>The, Graham R. Tomson</i>	462
		With the Night, <i>Archibald Lampman</i> . .	153

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Actor and Himself, <i>The</i>	719	Intelligence and Culture	856
Battle of the Babies	854	Lavater, A Hint from	432
Blitz, Signor, An Hour with	425	Louis Philippe in a Wigwam	286
Boy's Impressions of Hosea, A	285	Love me, hate my Enemies	284
Concerning University Extension	713	Melancholy of Modern Fiction, <i>The</i> . . .	716
Dakota's Climate	422	Pastoral Poetry, <i>The New</i>	142
De Absentibus nil nisi Bonum	424	Plea for the Minor Artist, A	860
Dickinson, Emily, <i>In Re</i>	143	Realism, Another Word about	142
Double Somersault, A	143	Revenge of the Sexes, <i>The</i>	430
"Factotum here, Sir"	715	Scott's Heroines, <i>The Age of</i>	139
Fatal Effects of False Voice-Training, <i>The</i>	429	Sweets for Scholars	282
Friends in Council	573	Teeth set on Edge	857
Friendship's League, Offensive and Defen-		Up a Bridle-Path	426
sive	859	We Boast of What We Have Not	572
Friendship's Question	283	What the Advocate of the Heart said . .	574
Genesee Country, Royalty in the	717	What the Canvasser said	573
Ignis Fatuus	720	What the Friend said of Forgiveness . .	576
Impression of Walt Whitman, An	851	What the Objector said	574
Infant Industry, An	859	Wood-Gatherers	287

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Allen, James Lane: Flute and Violin, and Other Kentucky Tales	264	Hurst, John F.: Indika. The Country and the People of India and Ceylon . .	688
Arnold, Sir Edwin: Japonica	693	Jauvier, Thomas: The Uncle of an Angel, and Other Stories	269
Bishop, Isabella Bird: Journeys in Persia and Kurdistan	688	Julian, John: A Dictionary of Hymnology . .	843
Bourget, Paul: Nouveaux Pastels	127	Kennan, George: Siberia and the Exile System	685
Bourget, Paul: Sensations d'Italie	123	Loti, Pierre: Le Livre de la Pitié et de la Mort	128
Bourke, John G.: On the Border with Crook	271	Lounsbury, Thomas R.: Studies in Chaucer. His Life and Writings	554
Brimmer, Martin: Egypt. Three Essays on the History, Religion, and Art of Ancient Egypt	684	Lyon, Irving Whitall: The Colonial Furniture of New England	413
Brunetière, Ferdinand: Études Critiques sur l'Histoire de la Littérature Française . .	402	Matthews, Brander: With my Friends. Tales Told in Partnership	269
Bunner, H. C.: Zadoc Pine, and Other Stories	269	Michelet, J.: Rome	123
Carter, Franklin: Mark Hopkins	840	Norman, Henry: The Real Japan	692
Casgrain, R. H.: Montcalm et Lévis . . .	560	O'Connor, William Douglas: Three Tales . .	269
Catherwood, Mary Hartwell: The Lady of Fort St. John	705	Page, Thomas Nelson: Elsket, and Other Stories	262
Cooke, Rose Terry: Huckleberries Gathered from New England Hills	268	Phelps, Elizabeth Stuart: Fourteen to One . .	268
Craddock, Charles Egbert: In the "Stranger People's" Country	694	Rockhill, William Woodville: The Land of the Lamas	691
Davis, Richard Harding: Gallagher, and Other Stories	266	Rod, Édouard: Stendhal	406
Du Maurier, George: Peter Ibbetson . . .	706	Ross, Clinton: The Adventures of Three Worthies	269
Edwards, Amelia B.: Pharos, Fellahs, and Explorers	682	Simon, Jules et Gustave: La Femme du Vingtième Siècle	408
Finerty, J. F.: Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux	273	Smetham, Sarah, and Davies, William: Letters of James Smetham	836
Fiske, John: The Discovery of America . .	410	Stockton, Frank R.: The Rudder Grangers Abroad, and Other Stories . . .	270
Fullerton, William Morton: In Cairo . . .	685	Thanet, Octave: Otto the Knight, and Other Trans-Mississippi Stories	265
Garland, Hamlin: Main-Travelled Roads . .	266	Trent, William P.: William Gilmore Simms	838
Gordon-Cumming, C. F.: Two Happy Years in Ceylon	690	Ward, Mrs. Humphry: The History of David Grieve	704
Hardy, Thomas: Tess of the D'Urbervilles .	697	Wendell, Barrett: English Composition . .	129
Harris, Joel Chandler: Balaam and his Master, and Other Sketches and Stories .	263	Winsor, Justin: Christopher Columbus, and how he Received and Imparted the Spirit of Discovery	410
Hibbard, George A.: Iduna, and Other Stories	269		
Howells, W. D.: The Quality of Mercy . .	702		
Comment on New Books			133, 275, 415, 564, 707, 846



THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LXIX. — JANUARY, 1892. — No. CCCCXI.

DON ORSINO.

I.

DON ORSINO SARACINESCA is of the younger age and lives in the younger Rome, with his father and mother, under the roof of the vast old palace which has sheltered so many hundreds of Saracinesca in peace and war, but has rarely, in the course of the centuries, been the home of three generations at once during one and twenty years.

The lover of romance may lie in the sun, caring not for the time of day, and content to watch the butterflies that cross his blue sky on the way from one flower to another; but the historian is an entomologist who must be stirring. He must catch the moths, which are his facts, in the net, which is his memory, and he must fasten them upon paper with sharp pins, which are dates.

By far the greater number of old Prince Saracinesca's contemporaries are dead, and more or less justly forgotten. Old Valdarno died long ago in his bed, surrounded by sons and daughters. The famous dandy of other days, the Duke of Astrardente, died at his young wife's feet some three and twenty years before this chapter of family history opens. Then the primeval Prince Montevarchi came to a violent end at the hands of his librarian, leaving his English princess consolable but unconsolated; leaving also his daughter Flavia married to that other Giovanni Saracinesca who still bears the name of Marchese di San Giacinto; while the younger girl, the

fair, brown-eyed Faustina, loved a poor Frenchman, half soldier and all artist. The weak, good-natured Ascanio Bellegra reigns in his father's stead, the timidly extravagant master of all that wealth which the miser's lean and crooked fingers had consigned to a safekeeping. Frangipani, too, whose son was to have married Faustina, is gone these many years, and others of the older and graver sort have learned the great secret from the lips of death.

But there have been other and greater deaths, beside which the mortality of a whole society of noblemen sinks into insignificance. An empire is dead and another has arisen in the din of a vast war, begotten in bloodshed, brought forth in strife, baptized with fire. The France we knew is gone, and the French Republic writes "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" in great red letters above the gate of its habitation, which within is yet hung with mourning. Out of the nest of kings and princes and princelings, and of all manner of rulers, great and small, rises the solitary eagle of the new German Empire and hangs on black wings between sky and earth, not striking again, but always ready, — a vision of armed peace, a terror, a problem, perhaps a warning.

Old Rome is dead, too, never to be old Rome again. The last breath has been breathed, the aged eyes are closed forever, corruption has done its work, and the grand skeleton lies bleaching upon seven hills, half covered with the

piecemeal stucco of a modern architectural body. The result is satisfactory to those who have brought it about, if not to the rest of the world. The sepulchre of old Rome is the new capital of united Italy.

The three chief actors are dead also, — the man of heart, the man of action, and the man of wit, the good, the brave, and the cunning, the Pope, the King, and the Cardinal, — Pius IX., Victor Emmanuel II., and Giacomo Antonelli. Rome saw them all dead.

In a poor chamber of the Vatican, upon a simple bed beside which burned two waxen torches in the cold morning light, lay the body of the man whom none had loved and many had feared, clothed in the violet robe of the cardinal-deacon. The keen face was drawn up on one side with a strange look of mingled pity and contempt. The delicate, thin hands were clasped together on the breast. The chilly light fell upon the dead features, the silken robe, and the stone floor. A single servant in a shabby livery stood in a corner, smiling foolishly, while the tears stood in his eyes and wet his unshaven cheeks. Perhaps he cared, as servants will when no one else cares. The door opened almost directly upon a staircase, and the noise of the feet of those passing up and down upon the stone steps disturbed the silence in the death chamber. At night the poor body was thrust unhonored into a common coach and driven out to its resting-place.

In a vast hall, upon an enormous catafalque, full thirty feet above the floor, lay all that was left of the honest king. Thousands of wax candles cast their light up to the dark, shapeless face, and upon the military accoutrements of the uniform in which the huge body was clothed. A great crowd pressed to the railing to gaze their fill and go away. Behind the division tall troopers in cuirasses mounted guard and moved carelessly about. It was all tawdry,

but tawdry on a magnificent scale, — all unlike the man in whose honor it was done. For he had been simple and brave.

When he was at last borne to his tomb in the Pantheon, a file of imperial and royal princes marched shoulder to shoulder down the street before him, and the black charger he had loved was led after him.

In a dim chapel of St. Peter's lay the Pope, robed in white, the jeweled tiara upon his head, his white face calm and peaceful. Six torches burned beside him; six nobles of the guard stood like statues with drawn swords, three on his right hand and three on his left. That was all. The crowd passed in single file before the great closed gates of the Julian Chapel.

At night he was borne reverently by loving hands to the deep crypt below. But at another time, at night also, the dead man was taken up and driven towards the gate to be buried without the walls. Then a great crowd assembled in the darkness and fell upon the little band, and stoned the coffin of him who never harmed any man, and screamed out curses and blasphemies till all the city was astir with riot. That was the last funeral hymn.

Old Rome is gone. The narrow streets are broad thoroughfares, the Jews' quarter is a flat and dusty building lot, the fountain of Ponte Sisto is swept away, one by one the mighty pines of Villa Ludovisi have fallen under axe and saw, and a cheap, thinly inhabited quarter is built upon the site of the enchanted garden. The network of byways from the Jesuits' church to the Sant' Angelo bridge is ploughed up and opened by the huge Corso Vittorio Emanuele. Buildings which strangers used to search for in the shade, guidebook and map in hand, are suddenly brought into the blaze of light that fills broad streets and sweeps across great squares. The vast Cancelleria stands out nobly to the sun,

the curved front of the Messino palace exposes its black colonnade to sight upon the greatest thoroughfare of the new city, the ancient Arco de' Cenci exhibits its squalor in unshadowed sunshine, the Portico of Octavia once more looks upon the river.

He who was born and bred in the Rome of twenty years ago comes back, after long absence, to wander as a stranger in streets he never knew, among houses unfamiliar to him, amidst a population whose speech sounds strange in his ears. He roams the city from the Lateran to the Tiber, from the Tiber to the Vatican, finding himself now and then before some building once familiar in another aspect, losing himself perpetually in unprofitable wastes made more monotonous than the sandy desert by the modern builder's art. Where once he lingered in old days to glance at the river, or to dream of days yet older and long gone, scarce conscious of the beggar at his elbow and hardly seeing the half dozen workmen who labored at their trades almost in the middle of the public way, — where all was once aged and silent and melancholy and full of the elder memories, — there, at that very corner, he is hustled and jostled by an eager crowd, thrust to the wall by huge, grinding, creaking carts, threatened with the modern death by the wheel of the modern omnibus, deafened by the yells of the modern news-venders, robbed, very likely, by the light fingers of the modern inhabitant.

And yet he feels that Rome must be Rome still. He stands aloof and gazes at the sight as upon a play in which Rome herself is the great heroine and actress. He knows the woman, and he sees the artist for the first time, not recognizing her. She is a dark-eyed, black-haired, thoughtful woman when not upon the stage. How should he know her in the strange disguise, her head decked with Gretchen's fair tresses, her olive cheek daubed with pink and

white paint, her stately form clothed in garments which would be gay and girlish, but which are only unbecoming? He would gladly go out and wait by the stage door until the performance is over, to see the real woman pass him in the dim light of the street lamps as she enters her carriage and becomes herself again. And so, in the reality, he turns his back upon the crowd and strolls away, not caring whither he goes, until, by a mere accident, he finds himself upon the height of Sant' Onofrio, or standing before the great fountains of the Acqua Paola, or perhaps upon the drive which leads through the old Villa Corsini along the crest of the Janiculum. Then, indeed, the scene thus changes: the actress is gone and the woman is before him; the capital of modern Italy sinks like a vision into the earth out of which it was called up, and the capital of the world rises once more, unchanged, unchanging, and unchangeable, before the wanderer's eyes. The greater monuments of greater times are there still, majestic and unmoved; the larger signs of a larger age stand out clear and sharp; the tomb of Hadrian frowns on the yellow stream; the heavy hemisphere of the Pantheon turns its single opening to the sky; the enormous dome of the world's cathedral looks silently down upon the sepulchre of the world's masters.

Then the sun sets, and the wanderer goes down again through the chilly evening air to the city below, to find it less modern than he had thought. He has found what he sought, and he knows that the real will outlast the false, that the stone will outlive the stucco, and that the builder of to-day is but a builder of card-houses beside the architects who made Rome.

So his heart softens a little, or at least grows less resentful, for he has realized how small the change really is as compared with the first effect produced. The great house has fallen into

new hands, and the latest tenant is furnishing the dwelling to his taste. That is all. He will not tear down the walls, for his hands are too feeble to build them again, even if he were not occupied with other matters and hampered by the disagreeable consciousness of the extravagances he has already committed.

Other things have been accomplished, some of which may perhaps endure and some of which are good in themselves, while some are indifferent and some distinctly bad. The great experiment of Italian unity is in process of trial, and the world is already forming its opinion upon the results. Society, heedless as it necessarily is of contemporary history, could not remain indifferent to the transformation of its accustomed surroundings; and here, before entering upon an account of individual doings, the chronicler may be allowed to say a few words upon a matter little understood by foreigners, even when they have spent several seasons in Rome, and have made acquaintance with one another for the purpose of criticising the Romans.

Immediately after the taking of the city in 1870 three distinct parties declared themselves, to wit, the Clericals or Blacks, the Monarchists or Whites, and the Republicans or Reds. All three had doubtless existed for a considerable time, but the wine of revolution favored the expression of the truth, and society awoke one morning to find itself divided into camps holding very different opinions.

At first the mass of the greater nobles stood together for the lost temporal power of the Pope, while a great number of the less important families followed two or three great houses in siding with the Royalists. The Republican idea, as was natural, found but few sympathizers in the highest class, and these were, I believe, in all cases young men whose fathers were Blacks or Whites, and most of whom have since thought fit

to modify their opinions in one direction or the other. Nevertheless, the Red interest was, and still is, tolerably strong, and has been destined to play the powerful part in parliamentary life which generally falls to the lot of a compact third party, where a fourth does not yet exist or has no political influence, as is the case in Rome.

For there is a fourth body in Rome which has little political but much social importance. It was not possible that people who had grown up together in the intimacy of a close caste life, calling each other "thee" and "thou," and forming the hereditary elements of a still feudal organization, should suddenly break off all acquaintance and be strangers one to another. The brother, a born and convinced Clerical, found that his own sister had followed her husband to the court of the new king. The rigid adherent of the old order met his own son in the street arrayed in the garb of an Italian officer. The two friends who had stood side by side in good and evil case for a score of years saw themselves abruptly divided by the gulf which lies between a Roman cardinal and a senator of the Italian kingdom. The breach was sudden and great, but it was bridged for many by the invention of a fourth proportional. The points of contact between White and Black became Gray, and a social power, politically neutral and constitutionally indifferent, arose as a mediator between the Contents and Malcontents. There were families who had never loved the old order, but who distinctly disliked the new, and who opened their doors to the adherents of both. There is a house which has become Gray out of a sort of superstition inspired by the unfortunate circumstances which oddly coincided with each movement of its members to join the new order. There is another, and one of the greatest, in which a very high hereditary dignity in the one party, still exercised by force of

circumstances, effectually forbids the expression of a sincere sympathy with the opposed power. Another there is whose members are cousins of the one sovereign and personal friends of the other.

A further means of amalgamation has been found in the existence of the double embassies of the great powers. Austria, France, and Spain each send an ambassador to the king of Italy and an ambassador to the Pope, of like state and importance. Even Protestant Prussia maintains a minister plenipotentiary to the Holy See. Russia has her diplomatic agent to the Vatican, and several of the smaller powers keep up two distinct legations. It is naturally neither possible nor intended that these diplomatists should never meet on friendly terms, though they are strictly interdicted from issuing official invitations to one another. Their point of contact is another gray square on the chess-board.

The foreigner, too, is generally a neutral individual; for if his political convictions lean towards the wrong side of the Tiber, his social tastes incline to court balls; or if he is an admirer of Italian institutions, his curiosity may yet lead him to seek a presentation at the Vatican; and his inexplicable though recent love of feudal princedom may take him, cardcase in hand, to that great stronghold of Vaticanism which lies due west of the Piazza di Venezia and due north of the Capitol.

During the early years which followed the change, the attitude of society in Rome was that of protest and indignation on the one hand, of enthusiasm and rather brutally expressed triumph on the other. The line was very clearly drawn, for adherence was of the nature of personal loyalty on both sides. Eight and a half years later the personal feeling disappeared with the almost simultaneous death of Pius IX. and Victor Emmanuel II. From that time the great strife degenerated by

degrees into a difference of opinion. It may perhaps be said, also, that both parties became aware of their common enemy, the social democrat, soon after the disappearance of the popular king, whose great individual influence was of more value to the cause of a united monarchy than all the political clubs and organizations in Italy put together. He was a strong man. He only once, I think, yielded to the pressure of a popular excitement, namely, in the matter of seizing Rome when the French troops were withdrawn, thereby violating a ratified treaty. But his position was a hard one. He regretted the apparent necessity, and to the day of his death he never would sleep under the roof of Pius IX.'s palace on the Quirinal, but had his private apartments in an adjoining building. He was brave and generous. Such faults as he had were no burden to the nation, and concerned himself alone. The same praise may be worthily bestowed upon his successor, but the personal influence is no longer the same, any more than that of Leo XIII. can be compared with that of Pius IX., though all the world is aware of the present Pope's intellectual superiority and lofty moral principle.

Let us try to be just. The unification of Italy has been the result of a noble conception. The execution of the scheme has not been without faults, and some of these faults have brought about deplorable, even disastrous consequences, such as to endanger the stability of the new order. The worst of these attendant errors has been the sudden imposition of a most superficial and vicious culture, under the name of enlightenment and education. The least of the new government's mistakes has been a squandering of the public money which, when considered with reference to the country's resources, has perhaps no parallel in the history of nations.

Yet the first idea was large, patriotic, even grand. The men who first steered

the ship of state were honorable, disinterested, devoted, — men like Minghetti, who will not soon be forgotten, loyal, conservative Monarchists, whose thoughts were free from exaggeration, save that they believed almost too blindly in the power of a constitution to build up a kingdom, and credited their fellows almost too readily with a purpose as pure and blameless as their own. Can more be said for these? I think not. They rest in honorable graves, their doings live in honored remembrance. Would that there had been such another generation to succeed them!

And having said thus much, let us return to the individuals who have played a part in the history of the Saracinesca. They have grown older, some gracefully, some under protest, some most unbecomingly.

In the end of the year 1887 old Leone Saracinesca is still alive, being eighty-two years of age. His massive head has sunk a little between his slightly rounded shoulders, and his white beard is no longer cut short and square, but flows majestically down upon his broad breast. His step is slow, but firm still, and when he looks up suddenly from under his wrinkled lids the fire is not even yet all gone from his eyes. He is still contradictory by nature, but he has mellowed like rare wine in the long years of prosperity and peace. When the change came in Rome he was in the mountains at Saracinesca, with his daughter-in-law Corona and her children. His son Giovanni, generally known as Prince of Sant' Ilario, was among the volunteers at the last, and sat for half a day upon his horse in the Pincio, listening to the bullets that sang over his head while his men fired stray shots from the parapets of the public garden into the road below. Giovanni is fifty-two years old, but though his hair is gray at the temples and his figure a trifle sturdier and broader than of old, he is little changed. His son, Or-

sino, who will soon be of age, overtops him by a head and shoulders, — a dark youth, slender still, but strong and active, the chief person in this portion of my chronicle. Orsino has three brothers of ranging ages, of whom the youngest is scarcely twelve years old. Not one girl child has been given to Giovanni and Corona, and they almost wish that one of the sturdy little lads had been a daughter. But old Saracinesca laughs and shakes his head, and says he will not die till his four grandsons are strong enough to bear him to his grave upon their shoulders.

Corona is still beautiful, still dark, still magnificent, though she has reached the age beyond which no woman ever goes until after death. There are few lines in the noble face, and such as are there are not the scars of heart wounds. Her life, too, has been peaceful and undisturbed by great events these many years. There is, indeed, one perpetual anxiety in her existence, for the old prince is an aged man and she loves him dearly. The tough strength must give way some day, and there will be a great mourning in the house of Saracinesca, nor will any mourn the dead more sincerely than Corona. And there is a shade of bitterness in the knowledge that her marvelous beauty is waning. Can she be blamed for that? She has been beautiful so long. What woman who has been first for a quarter of a century can give up her place without a sigh? But much has been given to her to soften the years of transition, and she knows that, also, when she looks from her husband to her four boys.

Then, too, it seems more easy to grow old when she catches a glimpse from time to time of Donna Tullia Del Ferice, who wears her years ungracefully, and who was once so near to becoming Giovanni Saracinesca's wife. Donna Tullia is fat and fiery of complexion, uneasily vivacious and unsure of herself. Her disagreeable blue eyes have not

softened, nor has the metallic tone of her voice lost its sharpness. Yet she should not be a disappointed woman, for Del Ferice is a power in the land, a member of parliament, a financier, and a successful schemer, whose doors are besieged by parasites, and his dinner table by those who wear fine raiment and dwell in kings' palaces. Del Ferice is the central figure in the great building syndicates which in 1887 are at the height of their power. He juggles with millions of money, with miles of real estate, with thousands of workmen. He is director of a bank, president of a political club, chairman of half a dozen companies, and a deputy in the chambers. But his face is unnaturally pale, his body is over-corpulent, and he has trouble with his heart. The Del Ferice couple are childless, to their own great satisfaction.

Anastase Gouache, the great painter, is also in Rome. Sixteen years ago he married the love of his life, Faustina Montevarchi, in spite of the strong opposition of her family. But times had changed. A new law existed, and the thrice-repeated formal request for consent made by Faustina to her mother freed her from parental authority and brotherly interference. She and her husband passed through some very lean years in the beginning, but fortune has smiled upon them since that. Anastase is quite famous. But his character has changed little. With the love of the ideal republic in his heart, he shed his blood at Mentana for the great conservative principle; he fired his last shot for the same cause at the Porta Pia on the 20th of September, 1870; a month later he was fighting for France under the gallant Charette, — whether for France imperial, regal, or republican he never paused to ask; he was wounded in fighting against the Commune, and decorated for painting the portrait of Gambetta, after which he returned to Rome, cursed politics, and married the

woman he loved, — which was, on the whole, the wisest course he could have followed. He has two children, both girls, aged now respectively fifteen and thirteen. His virtues are many, but they do not include economy. Though his savings are small and he depends upon his brush, he lives in one wing of an historic palace and gives dinners which are famous. He proposes to reform and become a miser when his daughters are married.

"Misery will be the foundation of my second manner, my angel," he says to his wife, when he has done something unusually extravagant.

But Faustina laughs softly and winds her arm about his neck as they look together at the last great picture. Anastase has not grown fat. The gods love him and have promised him eternal youth. He can still buckle round his slim waist the military belt of twenty years ago, and there is scarcely a white thread in his black hair.

San Giacinto, the other Saracinesca, who married Faustina's elder sister. Flavia, is in process of making a great fortune, — greater perhaps than the one so nearly thrust upon him by old Montevarchi's compact with Meschini, the librarian and forger. He had scarcely troubled himself to conceal his opinions before the change of government, being by nature a calm, fearless man, and under the new order he unhesitatingly sided with the Italians, to the great satisfaction of Flavia, who foresaw years of dullness for the mourning party of the Blacks. He had already brought to Rome the two boys who remained to him from his first marriage with Serafina Baldi, — the little girl who had been born between the other two children had died in infancy, — and the lads had been educated at a military college, and in 1887 are both officers in the Italian cavalry, sturdy and somewhat thick-skulled patriots, but gentlemen nevertheless, in spite of the peasant

blood. They are tall fellows enough, but neither of them has inherited the father's colossal stature, and San Giacinto looks with a very little envy on his young kinsman Orsino, who has outgrown his cousins. This second marriage has brought him issue, a boy and a girl, and the fact that he has now four children to provide for has had much to do with his activity in affairs. He was among the first to see that an enormous fortune was to be made in the first rush for land in the city, and he realized all he possessed, and borrowed to the full extent of his credit to pay the first installments on the land he bought, risking everything with the calm determination and cool judgment which lie at the root of his strong character. He was immensely successful, but though he had been bold to recklessness at the right moment, he saw the great crash looming in the near future, and when the many were frantic to buy and invest, no matter at what loss, his millions were in part safely deposited in national bonds, and in part as securely invested in solid and profitable buildings of which the rents are little liable to fluctuation. Brought up to know what money means, he is not easily carried away by enthusiastic reports. He knows that when the hour of fortune is at hand no price is too great to pay for ready capital, but he understands that when the great rush for success begins the psychological moment of finance is already passed. When he dies, if such strength as his can yield to death, he will die the richest man in Italy, and he will leave what is rare in Italian finance, a stainless name.

Of one person more who has played a part in this family history I must speak. The melancholy Spicea still lives his lonely life in the midst of the social world. He affects to be a little old-fashioned in his dress. His tall, thin body stoops ominously, and his cadaverous face is more grave and ascetic than ever. He is said to have been suffer-

ing from a mortal disease these fifteen years, but he still goes everywhere, reads everything, and knows every one. He is between sixty and seventy years old, but no one knows his precise age. The foils he once used so well hang untouched and rusty above his fireplace, but his reputation survives the lost strength of his supple wrist, and there are few in Rome, brave men or harebrained youths, who would willingly anger him even now. He is still the great duelist of his day; the emaciated fingers might still find their old grip upon a sword-hilt, the long, listless arm might perhaps once more shoot out with lightning speed, the dull eye might once again light up at the clash of steel. Peaceable, charitable when none are at hand to see him give, gravely gentle now in manner, Count Spicea is thought dangerous still. But he is indeed very lonely in his old age, and if the truth be told such fortune as he had has suffered sadly of late years, so that he rarely leaves Rome, even in the hot summer, and it is very long since he spent six weeks in Paris or risked a handful of gold at Monte Carlo. Yet his life is not over, and he has still a part to play, for his own sake and for the sake of another, as shall soon appear more clearly.

II.

Orsino Saracinesca's education was almost completed. It had been of the modern kind, for his father had early recognized that it would be a disadvantage to the young man in after life if he did not follow the course of study and pass the examinations required of every Italian subject who wishes to hold office in his own country. Accordingly, though he had not been sent to public schools, Orsino had been regularly entered since his childhood for the public examinations, and had passed them all in due order with great difficulty and

indifferent credit. After this preliminary work he had been at an English university for four terms, not with any view to his obtaining a degree after completing the necessary residence, but in order that he might perfect himself in the English language, associate with young men of his own age and social standing, though of different nationality, and acquire that final polish which is so highly valued in the human furniture of society's temples.

Orsino was not more highly gifted as to intelligence than many young men of his age and class. Like many of them, he spoke English admirably, French tolerably, and Italian with a somewhat Roman twang. He had learned a little German, and was rapidly forgetting it; Latin and Greek had been exhibited to him as dead languages, and he felt no more inclination to assist in their resurrection than is manifested by most boys in our day. He had been taught geography in the practical Continental manner, by being obliged to draw maps from memory. He had been instructed in history, not by parallels, but, as it were, by tangents, a method productive of odd results; and he had advanced just far enough in the study of mathematics to be thoroughly confused by the terms "differentiation" and "integration." Besides these subjects a multitude of moral and natural sciences had been made to pass in a sort of panorama before his intellectual vision, including physics, chemistry, logic, rhetoric, ethics, and political economy, with a view to cultivating in him the spirit of the age. The Ministry of Public Instruction having decreed that the name of God shall be forever eliminated from all modern books in use in Italian schools and universities, Orsino's religious instruction had been imparted at home, and had at least the advantage of being homogeneous.

It must not be supposed that Orsino's father and mother were satisfied with

this sort of education. But it was not easy to foresee what social and political changes might come about before the boy reached mature manhood. Neither Giovanni nor his wife was of the absolutely "intransigent" way of thinking. They saw no imperative reason to prevent their sons from joining, at some future time, in the public life of their country, though they themselves preferred not to associate with the party at present in power. Moreover, Giovanni Saracinesca saw that the abolition of primogeniture had put an end to hereditary idleness, and that although his sons would be rich enough to do nothing if they pleased, yet his grandchildren would probably have to choose between work and genteel poverty, if it pleased the fates to multiply the race. He could, indeed, leave one half of his wealth intact to Orsino, but the law required that the other half should be equally divided among all; and as the same thing would take place in the second generation, unless a reactionary revolution intervened, the property would before long be divided into very small moieties indeed, for Giovanni had no idea of imposing celibacy upon his younger sons, still less of exerting any influence he possessed to make them enter the Church. He was too broad in his views for that. They promised to turn out as good men in a struggle as the majority of those who would be opposed to them in life, and they should fight their own battles unhampered by parental authority or caste prejudice.

Many years earlier Giovanni had expressed his convictions in regard to the change of order then imminent. He had said that he would fight as long as there was anything to fight for, but that if the change came he would make the best of it. He was now keeping his word. He had fought as far as fighting had been possible, and had sincerely wished that his warlike career might have offered more excitement and more

opportunity for personal distinction than had been afforded him in spending an afternoon on horseback, listening to the singing of bullets overhead. His amateur soldiering was over long ago, but he was strong, brave, and intelligent, and if he had been convinced that a second and more radical revolution could accomplish any good result he would have been capable of devoting himself to its cause with a single-heartedness not usual in these days. But he was not convinced. He therefore lived a quiet life, making the best of the present, improving his lands, and doing his best to bring up his sons in such a way as to give them a chance of success when the struggle should come. Orsino was his eldest born, and the results of modern education became apparent in him first, as was inevitable.

Orsino was at this time not quite twenty-one years of age, but the important day was not far distant, and in order to leave a lasting memorial of the attaining of his majority, Prince Saracinesca had decreed that Corona should receive a portrait of her eldest son executed by the celebrated Anastase Gouache. To this end the young man spent three mornings in every week in the artist's palatial studio, a place about as different from the latter's first den in the Via San Basilio as the basilica of St. Peter is different from a roadside chapel in the Abruzzi. Those who have seen the successful painter of the nineteenth century in his glory will have less difficulty in imagining the scene of Gouache's labors than the writer would find in describing it. The workroom is a hall; the ceiling is a vault thirty feet high; the pavement is of polished marble; the light enters by north windows which would not look small in a good-sized church; the doors would admit a carriage and pair; the tapestries upon the walls would cover the front of a modern house. Everything is on a grand scale, of the best period, of the most

genuine description. Three or four originals of great masters — of Titian, of Rubens, of Van Dyck — stand on huge easels in the most favorable lights. Some scores of matchless antique fragments, both of bronze and marble, are placed here and there upon superb carved tables and shelves of the sixteenth century. The only reproduction visible in the place is a very perfect cast of the Hermes of Olympia. The carpets are all of Shiraz, Sinna, Gjordez, or old Baku. No common thing of Smyrna, no unclean aniline production of Russo-Asiatic commerce, disturbs the universal harmony. In a full light upon the wall hangs a single silk carpet of wonderful tints, famous in the history of Eastern collections, and upon it is set, at a slanting angle, a single priceless Damascus blade, — a sword to possess which an Arab or a Circassian would commit countless crimes. Anastase Gouache is magnificent in all his tastes and in all his ways. His studio and his dwelling are his only estate, his only capital, his only wealth, and he does not take the trouble to conceal the fact. The very idea of a fixed income is as distasteful to him as the possibility of possessing it is distant and visionary. There is always money in abundance: money for Faustina's horses and carriages; money for Gouache's select diners; money for the expensive fancies of both. The paint-pot is the mine, the brush is the miner's pick, and the vein has never failed nor the hand trembled in working it. A golden youth, a golden river flowing softly to the red gold sunset of the end, — that is life as it seems to Anastase and Faustina.

On the morning which opens this chronicle Anastase was standing before his canvas, palette and brushes in hand, considering the nature of the human face in general, and of young Orsino's face in particular.

"I have known your father and mother for centuries," observed the painter,

with a fine disregard of human limitations. "Your father is the brown type of a dark man, and your mother is the olive type of a dark woman. They are no more alike than a red Indian and an Arab, but you are like both. Are you brown or are you olive, my friend? That is the question. I should like to see you angry, or in love, or losing at play. Those things bring out the real complexion."

Orsino laughed and showed a remarkably solid set of teeth, but he did not find anything to say.

"I should like to know the truth about your complexion," said Anastase meditatively.

"I have no particular reason for being angry," answered Orsino, "and I am not in love" —

"At your age! Is it possible?"

"Quite. But I will play cards with you, if you like," concluded the young man.

"No," returned the other. "It would be of no use. You would win, and if you happened to win much I should be in a diabolical scrape. But I wish you would fall in love. You should see how I would handle the green shadows under your eyes."

"It is rather short notice."

"The shorter the better. I used to think that the only real happiness in life lay in getting into trouble, and the only real interest in getting out."

"And have you changed your mind?"

"I? No. My mind has changed me. It is astonishing how a man may love his wife under favorable circumstances."

Anastase laid down his brushes and lit a cigarette. Rubens would have sipped a few drops of Rhenish from a Venetian glass. Teniers would have lit a clay pipe. Dürer would perhaps have swallowed a pint of Nuremberg beer, and Greuze or Mignard would have resorted to their snuffboxes. We do not know what Michelangelo or Perugino would have done under the circumstances, but

it is tolerably evident that the man of the nineteenth century cannot think without talking, and cannot talk without cigarettes. Therefore Anastase began to smoke, and Orsino, being young and imitative, followed his example.

"You have been an exceptionally fortunate man," remarked the latter, who was not old enough to be anything but cynical in his views of life.

"Do you think so? Yes, I have been fortunate. But I do not like to think that my happiness has been so very exceptional. The world is a good place, full of happy people. It must be; otherwise purgatory and hell would be useless institutions."

"You do not suppose all people to be good as well as happy, then?" said Orsino, with a laugh.

"Good? What is goodness, my friend? One half of the theologians tell us that we shall be happy if we are good, and the other half assure us that the only way to be good is to abjure earthly happiness. If you will believe me, you will never commit the supreme error of choosing between the two methods. Take the world as it is, and do not ask too many questions of the fates. If you are willing to be happy, happiness will come in its own shape."

Orsino's young face expressed rather contemptuous amusement. At twenty, "happiness" is a dull word, and "satisfaction" spells excitement.

"That is the way people talk," he said. "You have got everything by fighting for it, and you advise me to sit still till the fruit drops into my mouth."

"I was obliged to fight. Everything comes to you naturally, — fortune, rank, everything, including marriage. Why should you lift a hand?"

"A man cannot possibly be happy who marries before he is thirty years old," answered Orsino, with conviction. "How do you expect me to occupy myself during the next ten years?"

"That is true," Gonache replied,

somewhat thoughtfully, as though the consideration had not struck him.

"If I were an artist, it would be different."

"Oh, very different. I agree with you." Anastase smiled good-humoredly.

"Because I should have talent, and a talent is an occupation in itself."

"I dare say you would have talent," Gouache answered, still smiling.

"No, I did not mean it in that way. I mean that when a man has a talent it makes him think of something besides himself."

"I fancy there is more truth in that remark than either you or I would at first think," said the painter in a meditative tone.

"Of course there is," returned the youthful philosopher, with more enthusiasm than he would have cared to show if he had been talking to a woman. "What is talent but a combination of the desire to do and the power to accomplish? As for genius, it is never selfish when it is at work."

"Is that reflection your own?"

"I think so," answered Orsino modestly. He was secretly pleased that a man of the artist's experience and reputation should be struck by his remark.

"I do not think I agree with you," said Gouache.

Orsino's expression changed a little. He was disappointed, but he said nothing.

"I think that a great genius is often ruthless. Do you remember how Beethoven congratulated a young composer after the first performance of his opera? 'I like your opera. I will write music to it.' That was a fine instance of unselfishness, was it not? I can see the young man's face." Anastase smiled.

"Beethoven was not at work when he made the remark," observed Orsino, defending himself.

"Nor am I," said Gouache, taking up his brushes again. "If you will resume the pose — so — thoughtful but

bold — imagine that you are already an ancestor contemplating posterity from the height of a nobler age — you understand. Try and look as if you were already framed and hanging in the Saracinesca gallery between a Titian and a Giorgione."

Orsino resumed his position, and scowled at Anastase with a good will.

"Not quite such a terrible frown, perhaps," suggested the latter. "When you do that, you certainly look like the gentleman who murdered the Colonna in a street brawl — I forget how long ago. You have his portrait. But I fancy the princess would prefer — Yes — that is more natural. You have her eyes. How the world raved about her twenty years ago! — and raves still, for that matter."

"She is the most beautiful woman in the world," said Orsino. There was something in the boy's unaffected admiration of his mother which contrasted pleasantly with his youthful affectation of cynicism and indifference. His handsome face lighted up a little, and the painter worked rapidly.

But the expression was not lasting. Orsino was at the age when most young men take the trouble to cultivate a manner, and the look of somewhat contemptuous gravity which he had lately acquired was already becoming habitual. Since all men in general have adopted the fashion of the mustache, youths who are still waiting for the full crop seem to have difficulty in managing their mouths. Some draw in their lips with that air of unnatural sternness observable in rough weather among passengers on board ship just before they relinquish the struggle and retire from public life. Others contract their mouths to the shape of a heart, while there are yet others who lose control of the pendent lower lip and are content to look like idiots, while expecting the hairy growth which is to make them look like men. Orsino had chosen the least objection-

able idiosyncrasy and had elected to be of a stern countenance. When he forgot himself he was singularly handsome, and Gouache lay in wait for his moments of forgetfulness.

"You are quite right," replied the Frenchman. "From the classic point of view your mother was and is the most beautiful dark woman in the world. For myself — well, in the first place you are her son, and secondly I am an artist, and not a critic. The painter's tongue is his brush and his words are colors."

"What were you going to say about my mother?" asked Orsino, with some curiosity.

"Oh — nothing. Well, if you must hear it, the princess represents my classical ideal, but not my personal ideal. I have admired some one else more."

"Donna Faustina?" inquired Orsino.

"Ah well, my friend, she is my wife, you see. That always makes a great difference in the degree of admiration."

"Generally in the opposite direction," Orsino observed in a tone of elderly unbelief.

Gouache had just put his brush into his mouth, and held it between his teeth as a poodle carries a stick, while he used his thumb on the canvas. The modern painter paints with everything, not excepting his fingers. He glanced at his model and then at his work, and got his effect before he answered.

"You are very hard upon marriage," he said quietly. "Have you tried it?"

"Not yet. I will wait as long as possible before I do. It is not every one who has your luck."

"There was something more than luck in my marriage. We loved each other, it is true, but there were difficulties; you have no idea what difficulties there were. But Faustina was brave, and I caught a little courage from her. Do you know that when the Territori barracks were blown up she ran out alone to find me merely because she thought I might have been killed? I

found her in the ruins, praying for me. It was sublime."

"I have heard that. She was very brave."

"And I a poor Zouave, and a poorer painter. Are there such women nowadays? Bah! I have not known them. We used to meet at churches and exchange two words while her maid was gone to get her a chair. Oh, the good old time! And then the separations, the taking of Rome, when the old princess carried all the family off to England and stayed there while we were fighting for poor France, and the coming back, and the months of waiting, and the notes dropped from her window at midnight, and the great quarrel with her family when we took advantage of the new law. And then the marriage itself, — what a scandal in Rome! But for the princess your mother, I do not know what we should have done. She brought Faustina to the church and drove us to the station in her own carriage, in the face of society. They say that Ascanio Bellegra hung about the door of the church while we were being married, but he had not the courage to come in, for fear of his mother. We went to Naples and lived on salad and love, and we had very little else for a year or two. I was not much known then, except in Rome, and Roman society refused to have its portrait painted by the adventurer who had run away with a daughter of Casa Monteverachi. Perhaps if we had been rich we should have hated each other by this time. But we had to live for each other in those days, for every one was against us. I painted and she kept house, — that English blood is always practical in a desert. And it was a desert. The cooking — it would have made a billiard ball's hair stand on end with astonishment. She made the salad, and then evolved the roast from the inner consciousness. I painted a *chaudfroid* on an old plate. It was well done, — the

transparent quality of the jelly and the delicate quails imprisoned within, imploring dissection. Well, must I tell you? We threw it away. It was martyrdom. St. Anthony's position was enviable compared with ours. Beside us that good man would have seemed but a humbug. Yet we lived through it all. I repeat it. We lived, and we were happy. It is amazing how a man may love his wife."

Anastase had told his story with many pauses, working hard while he spoke; for though he was quite in earnest in all he said, his chief object was to distract the young man's attention, so as to bring out his natural expression. Having exhausted one of the colors he needed, he drew back and contemplated his work. Orsino seemed lost in thought.

"What are you thinking about?" asked the painter.

"Do you think I am too old to become an artist?" inquired the young man.

"You? Who knows? But the times are too old. It is the same thing."

"I do not understand."

"You are in love with the life, not with the profession. But the life is not the same now, nor the art either. Bah! In a few years I shall be out of fashion. I know it. Then we will go back to first principles. A garret to live in, bread and salad for dinner. Of course, what do you expect? That need not prevent us from living in a palace as long as we can."

Thereupon Anastase Gouache hummed a very lively little song as he squeezed a few colors from the tubes. Orsino's face betrayed his discontent.

"I was not in earnest," he said; "at least not as to becoming an artist. I only asked the question to be sure that you would answer it just as everybody answers all questions of the kind,—by discouraging my wish to do anything for myself."

"Why should you do anything? You are so rich!"

"What everybody says! Do you know what we rich men, or we men who are to be rich, are expected to be? Farmers. It is not gay."

"It would be my dream — pastoral, you know — Normandy cows, a river with reeds, perpetual Angelus, bread and milk for supper. I adore milk. A nymph here and there; at your age, it is permitted. My dear friend, why not be a farmer?"

Orsino laughed a little, in spite of himself.

"I suppose that is an artist's idea of farming."

"As near the truth as a farmer's idea of art, I dare say," retorted Gouache.

"We see you paint, but you never see us at work. That is the difference; but that is not the question. Whatever I propose, I get the same answer. I imagine you will permit me to dislike farming as a profession."

"For the sake of argument, only," said Gouache gravely.

"Good. For the sake of argument. We will suppose that I am myself in all respects what I am, excepting that I am never to have any land, and only enough money to buy cigarettes. I say, 'Let me take a profession. Let me be a soldier.' Every one rises up and protests against the idea of a Saracinesca serving in the Italian army. Why? 'Remember that your father was a volunteer officer under Pope Pius IX.' It is comic. He spent an afternoon on the Pincio for his convictions, and then retired into private life. 'Let me serve in a foreign army, — France, Austria, Russia, I do not care.' They are more horrified than ever. 'You have not a spark of patriotism! To serve a foreign power! How dreadful! And as for the Russians, they are all heretics.' 'Perhaps they are. I will try diplomacy.' 'What? Sacrifice your convictions? Become the blind instrument of a scheming, dishonest ministry? It is unworthy of a Saracinesca!' 'I will

think no more about it. Let me be a lawyer and enter public life.' 'A lawyer indeed! Will you wrangle in public with notaries' sons, defend murderers and burglars, and take fees like the old men who write letters for the peasants under a green umbrella in the street? It would be almost better to turn musician and give concerts.' 'The Church, perhaps?' I suggest. 'The Church? Are you not the heir, and will you not be the head of the family some day? You must be mad.' 'Then give me a sum of money and let me try my luck with my cousin San Giacinto.' 'Business? If you make money it is a degradation, and with these new laws you cannot afford to lose it. Besides, you will have enough of business when you have to manage your estates.' So all my questions are answered, and I am condemned at twenty to be a farmer for my natural life. I say so. 'A farmer, forsooth! Have you not the world before you? Have you not received the most liberal education? Are you not rich? How can you take such a narrow view! Come out to the villa and look at those young thoroughbreds, and afterwards we will drop in at the club before dinner. Then there is that reception at the old Principessa Befana's to-night, and the Duchessa della Seccatura is also at home.' That is my life, Monsieur Gouache. There you have the question, the answer, and the result. Admit that it is not gay."

"It is very serious, on the contrary," answered Gouache, who had listened to the detached jeremiad with more curiosity and interest than he often showed. "I see nothing for it but for you to fall in love without losing a single moment."

Orsino laughed a little harshly.

"I am in the humor, I assure you," he answered.

"Well, then, what are you waiting for?" inquired Gouache, looking at him.

"What for? For an object for my

affections, of course. That is rather necessary under the circumstances."

"You may not wait long, if you will consent to stay here another quarter of an hour," said Anastase, with a laugh. "A lady is coming whose portrait I am painting,—an interesting woman, tolerably beautiful, rather mysterious. Here she is; you can have a good look at her before you make up your mind."

Anastase took the half-finished portrait of Orsino from the easel and put another in its place, considerably further advanced in execution. Orsino lit a cigarette in order to quicken his judgment, and looked at the canvas.

The picture was decidedly striking, and one felt at once that it must be a good likeness. Gouache was evidently proud of it. It represented a woman, who was certainly not yet thirty years of age, in full dress, seated in a high carved chair against a warm dark background. A mantle of some sort of heavy claret-colored damask, lined with fur, was draped across one of the beautiful shoulders, leaving the other bare, the scant dress of the period scarcely breaking the graceful lines from the throat to the soft white hand of which the pointed fingers hung carelessly over the carved extremity of the arm of the chair. The lady's hair was auburn; her eyes were distinctly yellow. The face was an unusual one and not without attraction, very pale, with a full red mouth, too wide for perfect beauty, but well modeled,—almost too well. Gouache thought. The nose was of no distinct type, and was the least significant feature in the face, but the forehead was broad and massive, the chin soft, prominent, and round, the brows much arched and divided by a vertical shadow which, in the original, might be the first indication of a tiny wrinkle. Orsino fancied that one eye or the other wandered a very little, but he could not tell which; the slight defect made the glance disquieting and yet attractive. Altogether

it was one of those faces which to one man say too little, and to another too much.

Orsino affected to gaze upon the portrait with unconcern, but in reality he was oddly fascinated by it, and Gouache did not fail to see the truth.

"You had better go away, my friend," he said, with a smile. "She will be here in a few minutes, and you will certainly lose your heart if you see her."

"What is her name?" asked Orsino, paying no attention to the remark.

"Donna Maria Consuelo — something or other, — a string of names ending in Aragona. I call her Madame d'Aragona for shortness, and she does not seem to object."

"Married? And Spanish?"

"I suppose so," answered Gouache. "A widow, I believe. She is not Italian and not French, so she must be Spanish."

"The name does not say much. Many people put 'd'Aragona' after their names — some cousins of ours, among others: they are Aranjuez d'Aragona; my father's mother was of that family."

"I think that is the name, — Aranjuez. Indeed I am sure of it, for Faustina remarked that she might be related to you."

"It is odd. We have not heard of her being in Rome, and I am not sure who she is. Has she been here long?"

"I have known her a month, — since she first came to my studio. She lives in a hotel, and she comes alone, except when I need the dress, and then she brings her maid, an odd creature, who never speaks and seems to understand no known language."

"It is an interesting face. Do you mind if I stay till she comes? We may really be cousins, you know."

"By all means; you can ask her. The relationship would be with her husband, I suppose?"

"True. I had not thought of that; and he is dead, you say?"

Gouache did not answer, for at that moment the lady's footfall was heard upon the marble floor, soft, quick, and decided. She paused a moment in the middle of the room when she saw that the artist was not alone. He went forward to meet her and asked leave to present Orsino, with that polite indistinctness which leaves to the persons introduced the task of discovering one another's names.

Orsino looked into the lady's eyes and saw that the slight peculiarity of the glance was real, and not due to any error of Gouache's drawing. He recognized each feature in turn in the one glance he gave at the face before he bowed, and he saw that the portrait was indeed very good. He was not subject to shyness.

"We should be cousins, madame," he said. "My father's mother was an Aranjuez d'Aragona."

"Indeed?" said the lady, with calm indifference, looking critically at the picture of herself.

"I am Orsino Saracinesca," said the young man, watching her with some admiration.

"Indeed?" she repeated, a shade less coldly. "I think I have heard my poor husband say that he was connected with your family. What do you think of my portrait? Every one has tried to paint me and failed, but my friend Monsieur Gouache is succeeding. He has reproduced my hideous nose and my dreadful mouth with a masterly exactness. No, my dear Monsieur Gouache, it is a compliment I pay you. I am in earnest. I do not want a portrait of the Venus of Milo with red hair, nor of the Minerva Medica with yellow eyes, nor of an imaginary Medea in a fur cloak. I want myself, just as I am. That is exactly what you are doing for me. Myself and I have lived so long together that I desire a little memento of the acquaintance."

"You can afford to speak lightly of

what is so precious to others," said Gouache gallantly. Madame Aranjuez sank into the carved chair Orsino had occupied.

"This dear Gouache, — he is charming, is he not?" she said, with a little laugh. Orsino looked at her.

"Gouache is right," he thought, with the assurance of his years. "It would be amusing to fall in love with her."

III.

Gouache was far more interested in his work than in the opinions which his two visitors might entertain of each other. He looked at the lady fixedly, moved his easel, raised the picture a few inches higher from the ground and looked again. Orsino watched the proceedings from a little distance, debating whether he should go away or remain. Much depended upon Madame d'Aragona's character, he thought, and of this he knew nothing. Some women are attracted by indifference, and to go away would be to show a disinclination to press the acquaintance. Others, he reflected, prefer the assurance of the man who always stays, even without an invitation, rather than lose his chance. On the other hand, a sitting in a studio is not exactly like a meeting in a drawing-room. The painter has a sort of traditional, exclusive right to his sitter's sole attention. The sitter, too, if a woman, enjoys the privilege of sacrificing one half her good looks in a bad light, to favor the other side which is presented to the artist's view, and the third person, if there be one, has a provoking habit of so placing himself as to receive the least flattering impression. Hence the great unpopularity of the third person, or "the third inconvenience," as the Romans call him.

Orsino stood still for a few moments, wondering whether either of the two would ask him to sit down. As they

did not, he was annoyed with them and determined to stay, if only for five minutes. He took up his position in a deep seat under the high window, and watched Madame d'Aragona's profile. Neither she nor Gouache made any remark. Gouache began to brush over the face of his picture. Orsino felt that the silence was becoming awkward. He began to regret that he had stayed, for he discovered from his present position that the lady's nose was indeed her defective feature.

"You do not mind my staying a few minutes?" he said, with a vague interrogation.

"Ask madame, rather," answered Gouache, brushing away in a lively manner. Madame said nothing, and seemed not to have heard.

"Am I indiscreet?" asked Orsino.

"How? No. Why should you not remain? Only, if you please, sit where I can see you. Thanks. I do not like to feel that some one is looking at me and that I cannot look at him, if I please: and as for me, I am nailed in my position. How can I turn my head? Gouache is very severe."

"You may have heard, madame, that a beautiful woman is most beautiful in repose," said Gouache.

Orsino was annoyed, for he had of course wished to make exactly the same remark. But they were talking in French, and the Frenchman had the advantage of speed.

"And how about an ugly woman?" inquired Madame d'Aragona.

"Motion is most becoming to her — rapid motion — towards the door," answered the artist.

Orsino had changed his position, and was standing behind Gouache.

"I wish you would sit down," said the latter, after a short pause. "I do not like to feel that any one is standing behind me when I am at work. It is a weakness, but I cannot help it. Do you believe in mental suggestion, madame?"

"What is that?" inquired Madame d'Aragona vaguely.

"I always imagine that a person standing behind me when I am at work is making me see everything as he sees," answered Gouache, not attempting to answer the question.

Orsino, driven from pillar to post, had again moved away.

"And do you believe in such absurd superstitions?" asked Madame d'Aragona, with a contemptuous curl of her heavy lips. "Monsieur de Saracinesca, will you not sit down? You make me a little nervous."

Gouache raised his finely marked eyebrows almost imperceptibly at the odd form of address, which betrayed ignorance either of worldly usage or else of Orsino's individuality. He stepped back from the canvas and moved a chair forward.

"Sit here, prince," he said. "Madame can see you, and you will not be behind me."

Orsino took the proffered seat without any remark. Madame d'Aragona's expression did not change, though she was perfectly well aware that Gouache had intended to correct her manner of addressing the young man. The latter was slightly annoyed. What difference could it make? It was tactless of Gouache, he thought, for the lady might be angry.

"Are you spending the winter in Rome, madame?" he asked. He was conscious that the question lacked originality, but no other presented itself to him.

"The winter?" repeated Madame d'Aragona dreamily. "Who knows? I am here at present, at the mercy of the great painter. That is all I know. Shall I be here next month, next week? I cannot tell. I know no one. I have never been here before. It is dull. This was my object," she added, after a short pause. "When it is accomplished I will consider other matters. I may

be obliged to accompany their Royal Highnesses to Egypt in January. That is next month, is it not?"

It was so very far from clear who the Royal Highnesses in question might be that Orsino glanced at Gouache, to see whether he understood. But Gouache was imperturbable.

"January, madame, follows December," he answered. "The fact is confirmed by the observations of many centuries. Even in my own experience it has occurred forty-seven times in succession."

Orsino laughed a little, and as Madame d'Aragona's eyes met his the red lips smiled without parting.

"He is always laughing at me," she said pleasantly.

Gouache was painting with great alacrity. The smile was becoming to her, and he caught it as it passed. It must be allowed that she permitted it to linger, as though she understood his wish, but as she was looking at Orsino he was pleased.

"If you will permit me to say it, madame," he observed, "I have never seen eyes like yours."

He endeavored to lose himself in their depths as he spoke. Madame d'Aragona was not in the least annoyed by the remark nor by the look.

"What is there so very unusual about my eyes?" she inquired. The smile grew a little more faint and thoughtful, but did not disappear.

"In the first place, I have never before seen eyes of a golden-yellow color."

"Tigers have yellow eyes," remarked Madame d'Aragona.

"My acquaintance with that animal is at second hand, — slight, to say the least."

"You have never shot one?"

"Never, madame. They do not abound in Rome, nor even, I believe, in Albano. My father killed one when he was a young man."

"Prince Saracinesca?"

"Sant' Ilario. My grandfather is still alive."

"How splendid! I adore strong races."

"It is very interesting," observed Gouache, poking the stick of a brush into the eye of his picture. "I have painted three generations of the family, I who speak to you, and I hope to paint the fourth if Don Orsino here can be cured of his cynicism and induced to marry Donna — what is her name?" He turned to the young man.

"She has none, and she is likely to remain nameless," answered Orsino gloomily.

"We will call her Donna Ignota," suggested Madame d'Aragona.

"And build altars to the unknown love," added Gouache.

Madame d'Aragona smiled faintly, but Orsino persisted in looking grave.

"It seems to be an unpleasant subject, prince."

"Very unpleasant, madame," replied Orsino shortly.

Thenupon Madame d'Aragona looked at Gouache and raised her brows a little as though to ask a question, knowing perfectly well that Orsino was watching her. The young man could not see the painter's eyes, and the latter did not betray by any gesture that he was answering the silent interrogation.

"Then I have eyes like a tiger, you say. You frighten me. How disagreeable to look like a wild beast!"

"It is a prejudice," returned Orsino. "One hears people say of a woman that she is beautiful as a tigress."

"An idea!" exclaimed Gouache, interrupting. "Shall I change the damask cloak to a tiger's skin? One claw just hanging over the white shoulder, — Omphale, you know, in a modern drawing-room, — a small cast of the Varnese Hercules upon a bracket there, on the right. Decidedly here is an idea. Do you permit, madame?"

"Anything you like, only do not spoil the likeness," answered Madame

d'Aragona, leaning back in her chair and looking sleepily at Orsino from beneath her heavy, half-closed lids.

"You will spoil the whole picture," said Orsino rather anxiously.

Gouache laughed.

"What harm if I do? I can restore it in five minutes."

"Five minutes!"

"An hour, if you insist upon accuracy of statement," replied Gouache, with a shade of annoyance.

He had an idea, and, like most people whom fate occasionally favors with that rare commodity, he did not like to be disturbed in the realization of it. He was already squeezing out quantities of tawny colors upon his palette.

"I am a passive instrument," said Madame d'Aragona. "He does what he pleases. These men of genius, — what would you have? Yesterday a gown from Worth; to-day a tiger's skin; indeed, I tremble for to-morrow."

She laughed a little and turned her head away.

"You need not fear," returned Gouache, daubing in his new idea with an enormous brush. "Fashions change. Woman endures. Beauty is eternal. There is nothing which may not be made becoming to a beautiful woman."

"My dear Gouache, you are insufferable. You are always telling me that I am beautiful. Look at my nose."

"Yes, I am looking at it."

"And my mouth."

"I look. I see. I admire. Have you any other personal observation to make? How many claws has a tiger, Don Orsino? Quick! I am painting the thing."

"One less than a woman."

Madame d'Aragona looked at the young man a moment, and broke into a laugh.

"There is a charming speech. I like that better than Gouache's flattery."

"And yet you admit that the portrait is like you," said Gouache.

"Perhaps I flatter you, too."

"Ah! I had not thought of that."

"You should be more modest."

"I lose myself" —

"Where?"

"In your eyes, madame. One, two, three, four, — are you sure a tiger has only four claws? Where is the creature's thumb, — what do you call it? It looks awkward."

"The dewclaw?" asked Orsino. "It is higher up, behind the paw. You would hardly see it in the skin."

"But a cat has five claws," said Madame d'Aragona. "Is not a tiger a cat? We must have the thing right, you know, if it is to be done at all."

"Has a cat five claws?" asked Anastase, appealing anxiously to Orsino.

"Of course, but you would only see four on the skin."

"I insist upon knowing," said Madame d'Aragona. "This is dreadful! Has no one got a tiger? What sort of studio is this, with no tiger!"

"I am not Sarah Bernhardt nor the Emperor of Siam," remarked Gouache, with a laugh.

But Madame d'Aragona was not satisfied.

"I am sure you could procure me one, prince," she said, turning to Orsino. "I am sure you could, if you would. I shall cry if I do not have one, and it will be your fault."

"Would you like the animal alive or dead?" inquired Orsino gravely, and he rose from his seat.

"Ah, I knew you could procure the thing!" she exclaimed, with grateful enthusiasm. "Alive or dead, Gouache? Quick, — decide!"

"As you please, madame. If you decide to have him alive, I will ask permission to exchange a few words with my wife and children, while some one goes for a priest."

"You are sublime to-day. Dead, then, if you please, prince, — quite dead; but do not say that I was afraid" —

"Afraid? With a Saracinesca and a Gouache to defend your life, madame? You are not serious."

Orsino took his hat.

"I shall be back in a quarter of an hour," he said, as he bowed and went out.

Madame d'Aragona watched his tall young figure till he disappeared.

"He does not lack spirit, your young friend," she observed.

"No member of that family ever did, I think," Gouache answered. "They are a remarkable race."

"And he is the only son?"

"Oh, no! He has three younger brothers."

"Poor fellow! I suppose the fortune is not very large."

"I have no means of knowing," replied Gouache indifferently. "Their palace is historic. Their equipages are magnificent. That is all that foreigners see of Roman families."

"But you know them intimately?"

"Intimately, — that is saying too much. I have painted their portraits."

Madame d'Aragona wondered why he was so reticent, for she knew that he had himself married the daughter of a Roman prince, and she concluded that he must know much of the Romans.

"Do you think he will bring the tiger?" she asked presently.

"He is quite capable of bringing a whole menagerie of tigers for you to choose from."

"How interesting! I like men who stop at nothing. It was really unpardonable of you to suggest the idea, and then to tell me calmly that you had no model for it."

In the mean time Orsino had descended the stairs and was hailing a passing cab. He debated for a moment what he should do. It chanced that at that time there was actually a collection of wild beasts to be seen in the Prati di Castello, and Orsino supposed that the owner might be induced, for a large

consideration, to part with one of his tigers. He even imagined that he might shoot the beast and bring it back in the cab. But, in the first place, he was not provided with an adequate sum of money, nor at a moment's notice did he know exactly how to lay his hand on so large a sum as might be necessary. He was still under age, and his allowance had not been calculated with a view to buying menageries. Moreover, he considered that even if his pockets had been full of bank notes the idea was ridiculous, and he was rather ashamed of his youthful impulse. It occurred to him that what was necessary for the picture was not the carcass of the tiger, but the skin, and he remembered that such a skin lay on the floor in his father's private room, the spoil of the animal Giovanni Saracinesca had shot in his youth. It had been well cared for, and was a fine specimen.

"Palazzo Saracinesca," he said to the cabman.

It chanced, as such things will chance in the inscrutable ways of fate, that Sant' Ilario was just then in that very room, and was busy with his correspondence. Orsino had hoped to carry off what he wanted without being questioned, in order to save time, but he now found himself obliged to explain his errand.

Sant' Ilario looked up in some surprise as his son entered.

"Well, Orsino? Is anything the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing serious, father. I want to borrow your tiger's skin for Gouache. Will you lend it to me?"

"Of course. But what in the world does Gouache want of it? Is he painting you in skins, the primeval youth of the forest?"

"No, not exactly. The fact is, there is a lady there. Gouache talks of painting her as a modern Omphale, with a tiger's skin, and a cast of Hercules in the background."

"Hercules wore a lion's skin, not a tiger's. He killed the Nemean lion."

"Did he?" inquired Orsino indifferently. "It is all the same. They do not know it, and they want a tiger. When I left they were debating whether they wanted it alive or dead. I thought of buying one at the Prati di Castello, but it seemed cheaper to borrow the skin of you. May I take it?"

Sant' Ilario laughed. Orsino rolled up the great hide and carried it to the door.

"Who is the lady, my boy?"

"I never saw her before, — a certain Donna Maria Aranjuez d'Aragona. I fancy she must be a kind of cousin. Do you know anything about her?"

"I never heard of such a person. Is that her own name?"

"No; she seems to be somebody's widow."

"That is definite. What is she like?"

"Passably handsome, — yellow eyes, reddish hair; one eye wanders."

"What an awful picture! Do not fall in love with her, Orsino."

"No fear of that; but she is amusing, and she wants the tiger."

"You seem to be in a hurry," observed Sant' Ilario, considerably amused.

"Naturally. They are waiting for me."

"Well, go as fast as you can. Never keep a woman waiting. By the way, bring the skin back. I would rather you should buy twenty live tigers at the Prati than lose that old thing."

Orsino promised, and was soon in his cab on the way to Gouache's studio, having the skin rolled up on his knees, the head hanging out on one side and the tail on the other, to the infinite interest of the people in the street. He was just congratulating himself on having wasted so little time in conversation with his father when the figure of a tall woman walking towards him on the pavement arrested his attention. His cab must pass close by her, and there was no mistaking his mother at a hun-

dred yards' distance. She saw him, too, and made a sign with her parasol for him to stop.

"Good-morning, Orsino," said the sweet, deep voice.

"Good-morning, mother," he answered, as he descended, hat in hand, and kissed the gloved fingers she extended to him.

He could not help thinking, as he looked at her, that she was infinitely more beautiful even now than Madame d'Aragona. As for Corona, it seemed to her that there was no man on earth to compare with her eldest son, except Giovanni himself, and there all comparison ceased. Their eyes met affectionately, and it would have been hard to say which was the more proud of the other, the son of his mother, or the mother of her son. Nevertheless Orsino was in a hurry. Anticipating all questions, he told her in as few words as possible the nature of his errand, the object of the tiger's skin, and the name of the lady who was sitting to Gouache.

"It's strange," said Corona. "I have never heard your father speak of her."

"He has never heard of her, either. He just told me so."

"I have almost enough curiosity to get into your cab and go with you."

"Do, mother." There was not much enthusiasm in the answer.

Corona looked at him, smiled, and shook her head.

"Foolish boy! Did you think I was in earnest? I should only spoil your amusement in the studio, and the lady would see that I had come to inspect her. Two good reasons, but the first is the better, dear. Go; do not keep them waiting."

"Will you not take my cab? I can get another."

"No. I am in no hurry. Good-by." And nodding to him with an affectionate smile, Corona passed on, leaving Orsino free at last to carry the skin to its destination.

When he entered the studio he found Madame d'Aragona absorbed in the contemplation of a piece of old tapestry which hung opposite to her, while Gouache was drawing in a tiny Hercules high up in the right-hand corner of the picture, as he had proposed. The conversation seemed to have languished, and Orsino was immediately conscious that the atmosphere had changed since he had left. He unrolled the skin as he entered, and Madame d'Aragona looked at it critically. She saw that the tawny colors would become her in the portrait, and her expression became more animated.

"It is really very good of you," she said, with a grateful glance.

"I have a disappointment in store for you," answered Orsino. "My father says that Hercules wore a lion's skin. He is quite right; I remember all about it."

"Of course," said Gouache. "How could we make such a mistake!"

He dropped the bit of chalk he held, and looked at Madame d'Aragona.

"What difference does it make?" asked the latter. "A lion, — a tiger! I am sure they are very much alike."

"After all, it is a tiresome idea," said the painter. "You will be much better in the damask cloak. Besides, with the lion's skin you should have the club. Imagine a club in your hands! And Hercules should be spinning at your feet, — a man in a black coat and a high collar, with a distaff! It is an absurd idea."

"You should not call my ideas absurd and tiresome. It is not civil."

"I thought it had been mine," observed Gouache.

"Not at all. I thought of it; it was quite original."

Gouache laughed a little, and looked at Orsino as though asking his opinion.

"Madame is right," said the latter. "She suggested the whole idea — by having yellow eyes."

"You see, Gouache. I told you so. The prince takes my view. What will you do?"

"Whatever you command."

"But I do not want to be ridiculous."

"I do not see" —

"And yet I must have the tiger."

"I am ready."

"Doubtless; but you must think of another subject, with a tiger in it."

"Nothing easier. Noble Roman damsel — Colosseum — tiger about to spring — rose" —

"Just heaven! What an old story! Besides, I have not the type."

"The Mysteries of Dionysus," suggested Gouache. "Thyrus, leopard's skin" —

"A Bacchante! Fie, monsieur! And then the leopard, when we have only a tiger!"

"Indian princess interviewed by a man-eater — jungle — new moon — tropical vegetation" —

"You can think of nothing but subjects for a dark type," said Madame d'Aragona impatiently.

"The fact is, in countries where the tiger walks abroad the women are generally brunettes."

"I hate facts. You who are enthusiastic, can you not help us?" She turned to Orsino.

"Am I enthusiastic?"

"Yes, I am sure of it. Think of something."

Orsino was not pleased. He would have preferred to be thought cold and impassive.

"What can I say? The first idea was the best. Get a lion instead of a tiger; nothing is simpler."

"For my part, I prefer the damask cloak and the original picture," said Gouache, with decision. "All this mythology is too complicated — too Pompeian — how shall I say? Besides, there is no distinct allusion. A Hercules on a bracket, — anybody may have that. If you were the Marchesa di San Gia-

cinto, for instance, — oh, then every one would laugh."

"Why? What is that?"

"She married my cousin," said Orsino. "He is an enormous giant, and they say that she has tamed him."

"Ah, no! My poor Aranjuez was a little man. People might even think — how shall I say — a satire on his memory" —

Gouache smiled behind his canvas at the affectionate allusion to the deceased. Orsino involuntarily thought of a sphinx as he looked at the massive brow, the yellow, sleepy eyes, and the heavy mouth. He wondered how the late Aranjuez had lived, and what death he had died. He offered the suggestion.

"It would be appropriate," replied Madame d'Aragona. "The Sphinx in the Desert. Rome is a desert to me."

"It only depends on you" — Orsino began.

"Oh, of course! To make acquaintances, to show myself a little everywhere, — it is simple enough. But it wearies me. Until one is caught up in the machinery, a toothed wheel going round with the rest, one only bores one's self, and I may leave so soon. Decidedly it is not worth the trouble. Is it?"

She turned her eyes to Orsino as though asking his advice. He laughed.

"How can you ask that question?" he exclaimed. "Only let the trouble be ours."

"Ah! I said you were enthusiastic." She shook her head, and rose from her seat. "It is time for me to go. We have done nothing this morning, and it is all your fault, prince."

"I am distressed; I will not intrude upon your next sitting."

"Oh, as far as that is concerned" — She did not finish the sentence, but took up the neglected tiger's skin from the chair on which it lay.

She threw it over her shoulders, bringing the grinning head over her hair and holding the forepaws in her pointed

white fingers. She came very near to Gouache and looked into his eyes, her closed lips smiling.

"Admirable!" cried Gouache. "It is impossible to tell where the woman ends and the tiger begins. Let me draw you like that."

"Oh, no, not for anything in the world."

She turned away quickly and dropped the skin from her shoulders.

"You will not stay a little longer? You will not let me try?" Gouache seemed disappointed.

"Impossible," she answered, putting on her hat and beginning to arrange her veil before a mirror.

Orsino watched her as she stood, her arms uplifted, in an attitude which is almost always graceful, even for an otherwise ungraceful woman. Madame d'Aragona was perhaps a little too short, but she was justly proportioned and appeared to be rather slight, though the tight-fitting sleeves of her frock betrayed a remarkably well-turned arm. Not seeing her face, one might not have singled her out of many as a very striking woman, for she had neither the stateliness of Orsino's mother nor the enchanting grace which distinguished Gouache's wife. But no one could look into her eyes without feeling that she was very far from being an ordinary woman.

"Quite impossible," she repeated, as she tucked in the ends of her veil and then turned upon the two men. "The next sitting? Whenever you like; to-morrow — the day after — name the time."

"When to-morrow is possible, there is no choice," said Gouache, "unless you will come again to-day."

"To-morrow, then; good-by." She held out her hand.

"There are sketches on each of my fingers, madame; principally of tigers."

"Good-by, then; consider your hand shaken. Are you going, prince?"

Orsino had taken his hat and was standing beside her.

"You will allow me to put you into your carriage?"

"I shall walk."

"So much the better. Good-by, Monsieur Gouache."

"Why say 'monsieur'?"

"As you like; you are older than I."

"I? Who has told you that legend? It is only a myth. When you are sixty years old, I shall still be five-and-twenty."

"And I?" inquired Madame d'Aragona, who was still young enough to laugh at age.

"As old as you were yesterday; not a day older."

"Why not say to-day?"

"Because to-day has a to-morrow; yesterday has none."

"You are delicious, my dear Gouache. Good-by."

Madame d'Aragona went out with Orsino, and they descended the broad staircase together. Orsino was not sure whether he might not be showing too much anxiety to remain in the company of his new acquaintance, and as he realized how unpleasant it would be to sacrifice the walk with her, he endeavored to excuse to himself his derogation from his self-imposed character of cool superiority and indifference. She was very amusing, he said to himself, and he had nothing in the world to do. He never had anything to do, since his education had been completed. Why should he not walk with Madame d'Aragona, and talk to her? It would be better than hanging about the club or reading a novel at home. The hounds did not meet on that day, or he would not have been at Gouache's at all. But they were to meet to-morrow, and he would therefore not see Madame d'Aragona.

"Gouache is an old friend of yours, I suppose?" observed the lady.

"He was a friend of my father's. He is almost a Roman. He married a dis-

tant connection of mine, Donna Faustina Montevarchi."

"Ah, yes, I have heard. He is a man of immense genius."

"He is a man I envy with all my heart," said Orsino.

"You envy Gouache? I should not have thought" —

"No? Ah, madame, to me a man who has a career, a profession, an interest, is a god."

"I like that," answered Madame d'Aragona. "But it seems to me you have your choice. You have the world before you. Write your name upon it. You do not lack enthusiasm. Is it the inspiration that you need?"

"Perhaps," remarked Orsino, glancing meaningly at her as she looked at him.

"That is not new," thought she, "but he is charming, all the same." Then she added aloud, "They say that genius finds inspiration everywhere."

"Alas, I am not a genius. What I ask is an occupation and permanent interest. The thing is impossible, but I am not resigned."

"Before thirty everything is possible," said Madame d'Aragona. She knew that the mere mention of so mature an age would be flattering to such a boy.

"The objections are insurmountable," replied Orsino.

"What objections? Remember that I do not know Rome nor the Romans."

"We are petrified in traditions. Spicca said, the other day, that there was but one hope for us. The Americans may yet discover Italy, as we once discovered America."

Madame d'Aragona smiled.

"Who is Spicca?" she inquired, with a lazy glance at her companion's face.

"Spicca? Surely you have heard of him. He used to be a famous duelist. He is our great wit. My father likes him very much. He is an odd character."

"There will be all the more credit in

succeeding, if you have to break through a barrier of tradition and prejudice," said Madame d'Aragona, reverting rather abruptly to the first subject.

"You do not know what that means." Orsino shook his head incredulously.

"You have never tried it."

"No. How could a woman be placed in such a position?"

"That is just it. You cannot understand me."

"That does not follow. Women often understand men — men they love or detest — better than men themselves."

"Do you love me, madame?" asked Orsino, with a smile.

"I have just made your acquaintance," laughed Madame d'Aragona. "It is a little too soon."

"But then, according to you, if you understand me, you detest me."

"Well? If I do?" She was still laughing.

"Then I ought to disappear, I suppose."

"You do not understand women. Anything is better than indifference. When you see that you are disliked, then refuse to go away. It is the very moment to remain. Do not submit to dislike. Revenge yourself."

"I will try," said Orsino, considerably amused.

"Upon me?"

"Since you advise it" —

"Have I said that I detest you?"

"More or less."

"It was only by way of illustration to my argument. I was not serious."

"You have not a serious character, I fancy," remarked Orsino.

"Do you dare to pass judgment on me after an hour's acquaintance?"

"Since you have judged me! You have said five times that I am enthusiastic."

"That is an exaggeration. Besides, one cannot say a true thing too many times."

"How you run on, madame!"

"And you—to tell me to my face that I am not serious! It is unheard of. Is that the way you talk to your compatriots?"

"It would not be true. But they would contradict me, as you do. They wish to be thought gay."

"Do they? I should like to know them."

"Nothing is easier. Will you allow me the honor of undertaking the matter?"

They had reached the door of Ma-

dame d'Aragona's hotel. She stood still and looked curiously at Orsino.

"Certainly not," she replied, rather coldly. "It would be asking too much of you,—too much of society, and far too much of me. Thanks. Good-by."

"May I come and see you?" asked Orsino. He knew very well that he had gone too far, and his voice was correctly contrite.

"I dare say we shall meet somewhere," answered Madame d'Aragona, entering the hotel.

F. Marion Crawford.

BOSTON.

THE old physiologists said, "There is in the air a hidden food of life;" and they watched the effect of different climates. They believed the air of mountains and the seashore a potent predisposer to rebellion. The air was a good republican, and it was remarked that insular people are versatile and addicted to change, both in religious and secular affairs.

The air that we breathe is an exhalation of all the solid material globe. An aerial fluid streams all day, all night, from every flower and leaf, from every water and soil, from every rock-ledge; and from every stratum a different aroma and air according to its quality. According to quality and according to temperature, it must have effect on manners.

There is the climate of the Sahara: a climate where the sunbeams are vertical; where is day after day, sunstroke after sunstroke, with a frosty shadow between. "There are countries," said Howell, "where the heaven is a fiery furnace, or a blowing bellows, or a dropping sponge, most parts of the year." Such is the assimilating force of the Indian climate that, Sir Erskine Perry says, "the usage and opinion of the Hindoos so in-

vades men of all castes and colors who deal with them that all take a Hindoo tint. Parsee, Mongol, Afghan, Israelite, Christian, have all passed under this influence, and exchanged a good part of their patrimony of ideas for the notions, manner of seeing, and habitual tone of Indian society." He compares it to the geologic phenomenon which the black soil of the Dhakkan offers,—the property, namely, of assimilating to itself every foreign substance introduced into its bosom.

How can we not believe in influences of climate and air, when, as true philosophers, we must believe that chemical atoms also have their spiritual cause why they are thus and not other; that carbon, oxygen, alum, and iron each has its origin in spiritual nature?

Even at this day men are to be found superstitious enough to believe that to certain spots on the surface of the planet special powers attach, and an exalted influence on the genius of man. And it appears as if some localities of the earth, through wholesome springs, or as the habitat of rare plants and minerals, or through ravishing beauties of Nature, were preferred before others. There is

great testimony of discriminating persons to the effect that Rome is endowed with the enchanting property of inspiring a longing in men there to live and there to die.

Who lives one year in Boston ranges through all the climates of the globe. And if the character of the people has a larger range and greater versatility, causing them to exhibit equal dexterity in what are elsewhere reckoned incompatible works, perhaps they may thank their climate of extremes, which at one season gives them the splendor of the equator and a touch of Syria, and then runs down to a cold which approaches the temperature of the celestial spaces.

It is not a country of luxury or of pictures; of snows rather, of east winds and changing skies; visited by icebergs, which, floating by, nip with their cool breath our blossoms. Not a luxurious climate, but wisdom is not found with those who dwell at their ease. Give me a climate where people think well and construct well: I will spend six months there, and you may have all the rest of my years.

What Vasari said, three hundred years ago, of the republican city of Florence might be said of Boston: "that the desire for glory and honor is powerfully generated by the air of that place in the men of every profession; whereby all who possess talent are impelled to struggle that they may not remain in the same grade with those whom they perceive to be only men like themselves, even though they may acknowledge such indeed to be masters; but all labor by every means to be foremost."

We find no less stimulus in our native air; no less ambition in our blood, which Puritanism has not sufficiently chastised; and at least an equal freedom in our laws and customs, with as many and as tempting rewards to toil, with so many philanthropies, humanities, charities, soliciting us to be great and good.

New England is a sort of Scotland. 'T is hard to say why. Climate is much; then, old accumulation of the means, — books, schools, colleges, literary society; as New Bedford is not nearer to the whales than New London or Portland, yet it has all the equipments for a whaler ready, and it hugs an oil-cask like a brother.

I do not know that Charles River or Merrimac water is more clarifying to the brain than that of the Savannah or Alabama River, yet the men that drink it get up earlier, and some of the morning light lasts through the day. I notice that they who drink for some little time of the Potomac water lose their relish for the water of the Charles River, of the Merrimac and the Connecticut, — even of the Hudson. I think the Potomac water is a little acrid, and should be corrected by copious infusions of these provincial streams.

Of great cities you cannot compute the influences. In New York, in Montreal, in New Orleans and the farthest colonies, in Guiana, in Guadeloupe, a middle-aged gentleman is just embarking with all his property to fulfill the dream of his life and spend his old age in Paris; so that a fortune falls into the massive wealth of that city every day in the year. Astronomers come because there they can find apparatus and companions; chemist, geologist, artist, musician, dancer, because there only are grandees and their patronage, appreciators and patrons. Demand and supply run into every invisible and unnamed province of whim and passion.

Each great city gathers these values and delights for mankind, and comes to be the brag of its age and population. The Greeks thought him unhappy who died without seeing the statue of Jove at Olympia. With still more reason, they praised Athens, the "Violet City." It was said of Rome in its proudest days, looking at the vast radiation of the privilege of Roman citizenship through the

then known world, "The extent of the city and of the world is the same" (*Spacium et urbis et orbis idem*). London now for a thousand years has been in an affirmative or energizing mood; has not stopped growing. Linnaeus, like a naturalist, esteeming the globe a big egg, called London the *punctum saliens* in the yolk of the world.

This town of Boston has a history. It is not an accident, not a windmill, or a railroad station, or cross-roads tavern, or an army-barracks, grown up by time and luck to a place of wealth, but a seat of humanity, of men of principle, obeying a sentiment and marching loyally whither that should lead them; so that its annals are great historical lines, inextricably national, part of the history of political liberty. I do not speak with any fondness, but the language of coldest history, when I say that Boston commands attention as the town which was appointed in the destiny of nations to lead the civilization of North America.

A capital fact distinguishing this colony from all other colonies was that the persons composing it consented to come on the one condition that the charter should be transferred from the company in England to themselves; and so they brought the government with them.

On the 3d of November, 1620, King James incorporated forty of his subjects. Sir F. Gorges and others, the council established at Plymouth, in the county of Devon, for the planting, ruling, ordering, and governing of New England in America. The territory—conferred on the patentees in absolute property, with unlimited jurisdiction, the sole power of legislation, the appointment of all officers and all forms of government—extended from the fortieth to the forty-eighth degree of north latitude, and in length from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

John Smith writes (1624): "Of all the four parts of the world that I have yet seen not inhabited, could I but have

means to transplant a colony, I would rather live here than anywhere: and if it did not maintain itself, were we but once indifferently well fitted, let us starve. Here are many isles planted with corn, groves, mulberries, salvage gardens, and good harbors. The seacoast, as you pass, shows you all along large cornfields and great troops of well-proportioned people." Massachusetts, in particular, he calls "the paradise of these parts;" notices its high mountain and its river, "which doth pierce many days' journey into the entrails of that country." Morton arrived in 1622, in June, beheld the country, and "the more he looked, the more he liked it."

In sixty-eight years after the foundation of Boston Dr. Mather writes of it: "The town hath indeed three elder sisters in this colony, but it hath wonderfully outgrown them all, and her mother, Old Boston in England, also; yea, within a few years after the first settlement it grew to be the metropolis of the whole English America."

How easy it is, after the city is built, to see where it ought to stand! In our beautiful bay, with its broad and deep waters covered with sails from every port; with its islands hospitably shining in the sun; with its waters bounded and marked by lighthouses, buoys, and sea-marks, every foot sounded and charted; with its shores trending steadily from the two arms which the capes of Massachusetts stretch out to sea, down to the bottom of the bay where the city domes and spires sparkle through the haze, a good boatman can easily find his way for the first time to the State House, and wonder that Governor Carver had not better eyes than to stop on the Plymouth sands.

But it took ten years to find this out. The colony of 1620 had landed at Plymouth. It was December, and the ground was covered with snow. Snow and moonlight make all places alike; and the weariness of the sea, the shrink-

ing from cold weather, and the pangs of hunger must justify them.

But the next colony planted itself at Salem, and the next at Weymouth, another at Medford, before these men, instead of jumping on to the first land that offered, wisely judged that the best point for a city was at the bottom of a deep and islanded bay, where a copious river entered it, and where a bold shore was bounded by a country of rich undulating woodland.

The planters of Massachusetts do not appear to have been hardy men; rather, comfortable citizens, not at all accustomed to the rough task of discoverers; and they exaggerated their troubles. Bears and wolves were many, but early they believed there were lions; Monadnock was burned over to kill them. John Smith was stung near to death by the most poisonous tail of a fish called a sting-ray. In the journey of Rev. Peter Bulkley and his company through the forest from Boston to Concord, they fainted from the powerful odor of the sweetfern in the sun, — like what befell, still earlier, Biörn and Thorfinn. Northmen, in their expedition to the same coast, who ate so many grapes from the wild vines that they were reeling drunk. The lions have never appeared since — nor before. Their crops suffered from pigeons and mice. Nature has never again indulged in these exasperations. It seems to have been the last outrage ever committed by the sting-rays, or by the sweetfern, or by the fox-grapes; they have been of peaceable behavior ever since.

Any geologist or engineer is accustomed to face more serious dangers than any enumerated, excepting the hostile Indians. But the awe was real and overpowering in the superstition with which every new object was magnified. The superstition which hung over the new ocean had not yet been scattered; the powers of the savage were not

known; the dangers of the wilderness were unexplored; and, in that time, terrors of witchcraft, terrors of evil spirits, and a certain degree of terror still clouded the idea of God in the mind of the purest.

The divine will descends into the barbarous mind in some strange disguise; its pure truth not to be guessed from the rude vizard under which it goes masquerading. The common eye cannot tell what the bird will be from the egg, nor the pure truth from the grotesque tenet which sheathes it. But by some secret tie it holds the poor savage to it, and he goes muttering his rude ritual or mythology, which yet conceals some grand commandment, as courage, veracity, honesty, or chastity and generosity.

So these Englishmen, with the Middle Ages still obscuring their reason, were filled with Christian thought. They had a culture of their own. They read Milton, Thomas à Kempis, Bunyan, and Flavel with religious awe and delight, not for entertainment. They were precisely the idealists of England, the most religious in a religious era. An old lady who remembered these pious people said of them that "they had to hold on hard to the huckleberry bushes to hinder themselves from being translated."

In our own age we are learning to look as on chivalry at the sweetness of that ancient piety which makes the genius of St. Bernard, Latimer, Scougal, Jeremy Taylor, Herbert, and Leighton. Who can read the fiery ejaculations of St. Augustine, a man of as clear a sight as almost any other, of Thomas à Kempis, of Milton, of Bunyan even, without feeling how rich and expansive a culture — not so much a culture as a higher life — they owed to the promptings of this sentiment; without contrasting their immortal heat with the cold complexion of our recent wits? Who can read the pious diaries of the Eng-

lishmen in the time of the Commonwealth, and later, without a sigh that we write no diaries to-day? Who shall restore to us the odoriferous Sabbaths which made the earth and the humble roof a sanctity?

This spirit, of course, involved that of Stoicism, as, in its turn, Stoicism did this. Yet how much more attractive and true that this piety should be the central trait, and the stern virtues follow, than that Stoicism should face the gods and put Jove on his defense! That piety is a refutation of every skeptical doubt. These men are a bridge to us between the unparalleled piety of the Hebrew epoch and our own. These ancient men, like great gardens with great banks of flowers, send out their perfumed breath across the great tracts of time. How needful are David, Paul, Leighton, Fénelon, to our devotion! Of these writers, of this spirit which deified them, I will say with Confucius, "If in the morning I hear of the right way, and in the evening die, I can be happy."

I trace to this deep religious sentiment and to its culture great and salutary results to the people of New England, namely, the culture of the intellect, which has always been found in the Calvinistic church. The colony was planted in 1620; in 1638 Harvard College was founded. The General Court of Massachusetts, in 1647: "To the end that learning may not be buried in the graves of the forefathers, ordered, that every township, after the Lord has increased them to the number of fifty householders, shall appoint one to teach all children to write and read; and where any town shall increase to the number of a hundred families, they shall set up a Grammar School, the Masters thereof being able to instruct youth so far as they may be fitted for the University."

Many and rich are the fruits of that simple statute. The universality of an elementary education in New England

is her praise and her power in the whole world. To the schools succeeds the village lyceum, — now very general throughout all the country towns of New England, — where every week through the winter lectures are read and debates sustained which prove a college for the young rustic. Hence it happens that the young farmers and mechanics, who work all summer in the field or shop, in the winter often go into a neighboring town to teach the district school arithmetic and grammar. As you know, too, New England supplies annually a large detachment of preachers and schoolmasters and private tutors to the interior of the South and West.

New England lies in the cold and hostile latitude which, by shutting men up in houses and tight and heated rooms a large part of the year, and then again shutting up the body in flannel and leather, defrauds the human being in some degree of his relations to external nature, — takes from the muscles their suppleness, from the skin its exposure to the air; and the New Englander, like every other Northerner, lacks that beauty and grace which the habit of living much in the air, and the activity of the limbs not in labor but in graceful exercise, tend to produce in climates nearer to the sun. Then the necessity, which always presses the Northerner, of providing fuel and many clothes and tight houses and much food against the long winter makes him anxiously frugal, and generates in him that spirit of detail which is not grand and enlarging, but goes rather to pinch the features and degrade the character.

As an antidote to the spirit of commerce and of economy, the religious spirit — always enlarging, firing man, prompting the pursuit of the vast, the beautiful, the unattainable — was especially necessary to the culture of New England. In the midst of her laborious and economical and rude and awk-

ward population, where is little elegance and no facility, with great accuracy in details, little spirit of society or knowledge of the world, you shall not unfrequently meet that refinement which no education and no habit of society can bestow; which makes the elegance of wealth look stupid, and unites itself by natural affinity to the highest minds of the world; nourishes itself on Plato and Dante, Michael Angelo and Milton, on whatever is pure and sublime in art, and, I may say, gave a hospitality in this country to the spirit of Coleridge and Wordsworth, and to the music of Beethoven, before yet their genius had found a hearty welcome in Great Britain.

I do not look to find in England better manners than the best manners here. We can show native examples, and I may almost say (travelers as we are) natives who never crossed the sea, who possess all the elements of noble behavior.

It is the property of the religious sentiment to be the most refining of all influences. No external advantages, no good birth or breeding, no culture of the taste, no habit of command, no association with the elegant, even no depth of affection that does not rise to a religious sentiment, can bestow that delicacy and grandeur of bearing which belong only to a mind accustomed to celestial conversation. All else is coarse and external; all else is tailoring and cosmetics, beside this;¹ for thoughts are expressed in every look or gesture, and these thoughts are as if angels had talked with the child.

By this instinct we are lifted to higher ground. The religious sentiment gave the iron purpose and arm. That colonizing was a great and generous scheme, manly meant and manly done. When one thinks of the enterprises that are attempted in the heats of youth,

the Zoars, New Harmonies and Brook Farms, Oakdales and phalansteries, which have been so profoundly ventilated, but end in a protracted picnic, which after a few weeks or months dismisses the partakers to their old homes, we see with new-increased respect the solid, well-calculated scheme of these emigrants, sitting down hard and fast where they came, and building their empire by due degrees.

John Smith says: "Thirty, forty, or fifty sail went yearly to America only to trade and fish, but nothing would be done for a plantation till about some hundred of your Brownists of England, Amsterdam, and Leyden went to New Plymouth; whose humorous ignorances caused them for more than a year to endure a wonderful deal of misery with an infinite patience."

What should hinder that this America, so long kept in reserve from the intellectual races until they should grow to it, glimpses being afforded which spoke to the imagination, yet the firm shore hid until science and art should be ripe to propose it as a fixed aim, and a man should be found who should sail steadily west sixty-eight days from the port of Palos to find it,—what should hinder that this New Atlantis should have its happy ports, its mountains of security, its gardens fit for human abode, where all elements were right for the health, power, and virtue of man?

America is growing like a cloud,—towns on towns, States on States; and wealth (always interesting, since from wealth power cannot be divorced) is piled in every form invented for comfort or pride.

If John Bull interests you at home, come and see him under new conditions,—come and see the Jonathanization of John.

There are always men ready for ad-

¹ "Come dal fuoco il caldo, esser diviso,
Non può! bel dall' eterno."

(Michael Angelo.)

[As from fire heat cannot be separated, neither can beauty from the eternal.]

ventures, — more in an over-governed, over-peopled country, where all the professions are crowded and all character suppressed, than elsewhere. This thirst for adventure is the vent which Destiny offers; a war, a crusade, a gold mine, a new country, speak to the imagination, and offer swing and play to the confined powers.

The American idea, Emancipation, appears in our freedom of intellection, in our reforms, and in our bad politics. It has, of course, its sinister side, which is most felt by the drilled and scholastic, but if followed it leads to heavenly places.

European and American are each ridiculous out of his sphere. There is a Columbia of thought and art and character, which is the last and endless sequel of Columbus's adventure.

European critics regret the detachment of the Puritans to this country without aristocracy; which a little reminds one of the pity of the Swiss mountaineers when shown a handsome Englishman: "What a pity he has no goitre!" The future historian will regard the detachment of the Puritans without aristocracy the supreme fortune of the colony, as great a gain to mankind as the opening of this continent.

There is a little formula, couched in pure Saxon, which you may hear at the corners of streets and in the yard of the dame's school, from very little republicans, "I'm as good as you be," which contains the essence of the Massachusetts Bill of Rights and of the American Declaration of Independence. And this was at the bottom of Plymouth Rock and of Boston Stone; and this could be heard (by an acute ear) in the Petitions to the King and the platforms of churches, and was said and sung in every tone of the psalmody of the Puritans; in every note of Old Hundred and Hallelujah and Short Particular Metre.

What is very conspicuous is the saucy independence which shines in all their eyes. They could say to themselves: "Well, at least this yoke of man, of bishops, of courtiers, of dukes, is off my neck. We are a little too close to wolf and famine than that anybody should give himself airs here in the swamp. London is a long way off, with beadles and pursuivants and horse-guards. Here in the clam-banks and the beech and chestnut forest I shall take leave to breathe and think freely. If you do not like it, if you molest me, I can cross the brook and plant a new state out of reach of anything but squirrels and wild pigeons."

Bonaparte sighed for his republicans of 1789. The soul of a political party is by no means usually the officers and pets of the party, who wear the honors and fill the high seats and spend the salaries. No, but the theorists and extremists, the men who are never contented and never to be contented with the work actually accomplished, but who from conscience are engaged to what that party professes, — these men will work and watch and rally and never tire in carrying their point. The theology and the instinct of freedom that grew here in the dark in serious men furnished a certain rancor which consumed all opposition, fed the party and carried it, over every rampart and obstacle, to victory.

Boston never wanted a good principle of rebellion in it, from the planting until now. There is always a minority unconvinced, always a heresiarch whom the governor and deputies labor with, but cannot silence; some new light; some new doctrinaire who makes an unnecessary ado to establish his dogma; some Wheelwright or defender of Wheelwright; some protester against the cruelty of the magistrates to the Quakers; some tender minister hospitable to Whitefield against the counsel of all the ministers; some John Adams

and Josiah Quincy and Governor Andrew to undertake and carry the defense of patriots in the courts against the uproar of all the province; some defender of the slave against the politician and the merchant; some champion of first principles of humanity against the rich and luxurious; some adversary of the death penalty; some pleader for peace; some noble protestant, who will not stoop to infamy when all are gone mad, but who will stand for liberty and justice, if alone, until all come back to him.

I confess I do not find in our people, with all their education, a fair share of originality of thought; not any remarkable book of wisdom; not any broad generalization, any equal power of imagination. No *Novum Organum*, no *Mécanique Céleste*, no *Principia*, no *Paradise Lost*, no *Hamlet*, no *Wealth of Nations*, no *National Anthem*, have we yet contributed.

Nature is a frugal mother, and never gives without measure. When she has work to do, she qualifies men for that and sends them equipped for that. In Massachusetts she did not want epic poems and dramas yet, but first planters of towns, fellers of the forest, builders of mills and forges, builders of roads, and farmers to till and harvest corn for the world. Corn, yes, but honest corn; corn with thanks to the Giver of corn; and the best thanks, namely, obedience to his law. This was the office imposed on our founders and people: liberty, clean and wise. It was to be built on Religion, the emancipator, — Religion which teaches equality of all men in view of the spirit which created man.

The seed of prosperity was planted. The people did not gather where they had not sown. They did not try to unlock the treasure of the world except by honest keys of labor and skill. They knew, as God knew, that command of nature comes by obedience to nature;

VOL. LXIX. — NO. 411.

that reward comes by faithful service; that the most noble motto is that of the Prince of Wales, — "I serve," — and that he is greatest who serves best. There was no secret of labor which they disdained.

They accepted the divine ordination that man is for use; that intelligent being exists to the utmost use; and that his ruin is to live for pleasure and for show. And when, within our memory, some flippant Senator wished to taunt the people of this country by calling them "the mudsills of society," he paid them ignorantly a true praise; for good men are as the green plain of the earth is, as the rocks and the beds of rivers are, the foundation and flooring and sills of the State.

The power of labor which belongs to the English race fell here into a climate which befriended it, and into a maritime country made for trade, where was no rival and no envious lawgiver. The sailor and the merchant made the law to suit themselves, so that there was never. I suppose, a more rapid expansion in population, wealth, and all the elements of power, and in the citizens' consciousness of power and sustained assertion of it, than was exhibited here.

Moral values become also money values. When men saw that these people, besides their industry and thrift, had a heart and soul and would stand by each other at all hazards, they desired to come and live here. A house in Boston was worth as much again as a house just as good in a town of timorous people, because here the neighbors would defend each other against bad governors and against troops. Quite naturally house-rents rose in Boston.

Besides, youth and health like a stirring town above a torpid place where nothing is doing. In Boston they were sure to see something going forward before the year was out. For here was the moving principle itself, the *primum mobile*, a living mind agitating the mass



and always afflicting the conservative class with some odious novelty or other: a new religious sect, a political point, a point of honor, a reform in education, a philanthropy.

From Roger Williams and Eliot and Robinson and the Quaker women who for a testimony walked naked into the streets, and as the record tells us "were arrested and publicly whipped,—the baggages that they were;" from Wheelwright the Antinomian and Ann Hutchinson and Whitefield and Mother Ann the first Shaker, down to Abner Kneeland and Father Lamson and William Garrison, there never was wanting some thorn of dissent and innovation and heresy to prick the sides of conservatism.

With all their love of his person, they took immense pleasure in turning out the governor and deputy and assistants, and contravening the counsel of the clergy, as they had come so far for the sweet satisfaction of resisting the bishops and the king.

The Massachusetts colony grew and filled its own borders with a denser population than any other American State (Kossuth called it the City State), all the while sending out colonies to every part of New England; then South and West, until it has infused all the Union with its blood.

We are willing to see our sons emigrate, as to see our hives swarm. That is what they were made to do, and what the land wants and invites. The towns or countries in which the man lives and dies where he was born, and his son and son's son live and die where he did, are of no great account.

I know that this history contains many black lines of cruel injustice,—murder, persecution, and execution of women for witchcraft. I am afraid there are anecdotes of poverty and disease in Broad Street that match the dismal statistics of New York and London. No doubt all manner of vices can be found in this as

in every city,—infinite meanness, scarlet crime. Granted. But there is yet in every city a certain permanent tone, a tendency to be in the right or in the wrong, audacity or slowness, labor or luxury, giving or parsimony: which side is it on? And I hold that a community, as a man, is entitled to be judged by its best.

We are often praised for what is least ours. Boston too is sometimes pushed into a theatrical attitude of virtue, to which she is not entitled and which she cannot keep. But the genius of Boston is seen in her real independence, productive power, and Northern acuteness of mind, which is in nature hostile to oppression. It is a good city as cities go. Nature is good. The climate is electric, good for wit and good for character. What public souls have lived here, what social benefactors, what eloquent preachers, skillful workmen, stout captains, wise merchants; what fine artists, what gifted conversers, what mathematicians, what lawyers, what wits! And where is the middle class so able, virtuous, and instructed?

And thus our little city thrives and enlarges, striking deep roots, and sending out boughs and buds, and propagating itself like a banyan over the continent. Greater cities there are that sprung from it, full of its blood and names and traditions. It is very willing to be outnumbered and outgrown, so long as they carry forward its life of civil and religious freedom, of education, of social order, and of loyalty to law. It is very willing to be outrun in numbers and in wealth; but it is very jealous of any superiority in these its natural instincts and privileges. You cannot conquer it by numbers, or by square miles, or by counted millions of wealth. For it owes its existence and its power to principles not of yesterday, and the deeper principle will always prevail over whatever material accumulations.

As long as she cleaves to her liberty,

her education, and to her spiritual faith as the foundation of these, she will teach the teachers and rule the rulers of America. Her mechanics, her farmers, will toil better; she will repair mischief; she will furnish what is wanted in the hour of need; her sailors will man the Constitution, her mechanics repair the broken rail; her troops will be the first in the field to vindicate the majesty of a free nation, and remain last on the field to secure it. Her genius will write the laws and her historians record the fate of nations.

In an age of trade and material prosperity, we have stood a little stupefied by the elevation of our ancestors. We praised the Puritans because we did not find in ourselves the spirit to do the like. We praised with a certain adulation the invariable valor of the old war-gods and war-councilors of the Revolution. Washington has seemed an exceptional virtue. This praise was a concession of unworthiness in those who had so much to say of it. The heroes only shared this power of a sentiment which, if it now breathes into us, will make it easy for us to understand them, and we shall not longer flatter them. Let us shame the fathers by superior virtue in the sons.

It is almost a proverb that a great man has not a great son. Bacon, Newton, and Washington were childless. But in Boston Nature is more indulgent, and has given good sons to good sires, or at least continued merit in the same blood. The elder President Adams has to divide voices of fame with the younger President Adams. The elder Otis could hardly excel the popular eloquence of the younger Otis; and the Quincy of the Revolution seems compensated for the shortness of his bright career in the son who so long lingers among the last of those bright clouds,

"That on the steady breeze of honor sail
In long succession calm and beautiful."

Here stands to-day as of yore our little city of the rocks; here let her stand forever, on the man-bearing granite of the North! Let her stand fast by herself! She has grown great. She is filled with strangers, but she can prosper only by adhering to her faith. Let every child that is born of her and every child of her adoption see to it to keep the name of Boston as clean as the sun; and in distant ages her motto shall be the prayer of millions on all the hills that gird the town, "As with our fathers, so God be with us!" (*Sicut patribus, sit Deus nobis!*)

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Spring, 1861.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

AFTER a man's long work is over and the sound of his voice is still, those in whose regard he has held a high place find his image strangely simplified and summarized. The hand of death, in passing over it, has smoothed the folds, has made it more typical and general. The figure retained by the memory is compressed and intensified; accidents have dropped away from it and shades

have ceased to count; it stands, sharply, for a few estimated and cherished things, rather than, nebulously, for a swarm of possibilities. We cut the silhouette, in a word, out of the confusion of life, we save and fix the outline, and it is with his eye on this profiled distinction that the critic speaks. It is his function to speak with assurance, when once his impression has become final; and it is in

noting this circumstance that I perceive how slenderly prompted I am to deliver myself on such an occasion as a critic. It is not that due conviction is absent; it is only that the function is a cold one. It is not that the final impression is dim; it is only that it is made on a softer part of the spirit than the critical sense. The process is more mystical, the deposited image is insistently personal, the generalizing principle is that of loyalty. I can therefore not pretend to write of James Russell Lowell in the tone of detachment and classification; I can only offer a few anticipatory touches for a portrait that asks for a steadier hand.

It may be professional prejudice, but as the whole color of his life was literary, so it seems to me that we may see in his high and happy fortune the most substantial honor gathered by the practice of letters from a world preoccupied with other things. It was in looking at him as a man of letters that one got closest to him, and some of his more fanatical friends are not to be deterred from regarding his career as in the last analysis a tribute to the dominion of style. This is the idea that his name most promptly evokes, to my sense; and though it was not by any means the only idea he cherished, the unity of his career is surely to be found in it. He carried style — the style of literature — into regions in which we rarely look for it: into politics, of all places in the world, into diplomacy, into stammering civic dinners and ponderous anniversaries, into letters and notes and telegrams, into every turn of the hour — absolutely into conversation, where indeed it freely disguised itself as intensely colloquial wit. Any friendly estimate of him is foredoomed to savor potently of reminiscence, so that I may mention how vividly I recall the occasion on which he first struck me as completely representative.

The association could only grow, but

the essence of it was all there, on the eve of his going as minister to Spain. It was late in the summer of 1877; he spent a few days in London on his way to Madrid, in the hushed gray August, and I remember dining with him at a dim little hotel in Park Street, which I had never entered before and have never entered since, but which, whenever I pass it, seems to look at me with the melancholy of those inanimate things that have participated. That particular evening remained, in my fancy, a kind of bridge between his old bookish and his new worldly life; which however had much more in common than they had in distinction. He turned the pages of the later experience with very much the same contemplative reader's sense with which, in his library, he had, for years, smoked the student's pipe over a thousand volumes; the only difference was that a good many of the leaves were still to cut. At any rate, he was enviably gay and amused, and this preliminary hour struck me, literally, as the reward of consistency. It was tinted with the promise of a singularly interesting future, but the saturated American time was all behind it, and what was to come seemed an ideal opportunity for the nourished mind. That the American years had been diluted with several visits to Europe was not a flaw in the harmony, for to recollect certain other foreign occasions — pleasant Parisian and delightful Italian strolls — was to remember that if these had been months of absence for him, they were for me, on the wings of his talk, hours of repatriation. This talk was humorously and readily fond, charged with a perfect drollery of reference to the *other* country (there were always two — the one we were in and the one we were n't), the details of my too sketchy conception of which, admitted for argument, he showed endless good nature in filling in. It was a joke polished by much use that I was dread-

fully at sea about my native land; and it would have been pleasant indeed to know even less than I did, so that I might have learned the whole story from Mr. Lowell's lips.

His America was a country worth hearing about, a magnificent conception, an admirably consistent and lovable object of allegiance. If the sign that, in Europe, one knew him best by was his intense national consciousness, one felt that this consciousness could not sit lightly on a man in whom it was the strongest form of piety. Fortunately for him, and for his friends, he was one of the most whimsical, one of the wittiest, of human beings, so that he could play with his patriotism and make it various. All the same, one felt in it, in talk, the depth of passion that hums through much of his finest verse — almost the only passion that, to my sense, his poetry contains, the accent of chivalry, of the lover, the knight ready to do battle for his mistress. Above all it was a particular allegiance to New England — a quarter of the earth in respect to which the hand of long habit, of that affection which is usually half convenience, never let go the prime idea, the standard. New England was heroic to him, for he felt in his pulses the whole history of her *origines*; it was impossible to know him without a sense that he had a rare divination of the hard realities of her past. The Biglow Papers show to what a tune he could play with his patriotism — all literature contains, I think, no finer sport; but he is serious enough when he speaks of the

... "strange New World, that yit wast never
young,
Whose youth, from thee, by gripin' need was
wrung,
Brown foundlin' of the woods whose baby-bed
Was prowled round by the Injun's cracklin'
tread,
And who grew'st strong thro' shifts and wants
and pains,
Nussed by stern men with empires in their
brains."

He was never at trouble to conceal his respect for such an origin as that, and when he came to Europe in 1877 this sentiment was one of the things he brought with him at the top of his luggage.

One of the others was the extraordinary youthfulness which could make a man considerably younger than himself (so that it was only with the lapse of years that the relation of age settled upon the right note) constantly forget that he had copious antecedents. In the times when the difference counted for more — old Cambridge days that seem far away now — I doubtless thought him more professorial than he felt, but I am sure that in the sequel I never thought him younger. The boy in him was never more articulate than during the last summer that he spent in England, two years before his death. Since the recollection comes of itself, I may mention, as my earliest impression of him, the charm that certain of his Harvard lectures — on English literature, on Old French — had for a very immature person who was supposed to be pursuing, in one of the schools, a very different branch of knowledge, but who on dusky winter afternoons escaped with irresponsible zeal into the glow of Mr. Lowell's learned lamplight, the particular incidence of which, in the small, still lecture-room, and the illumination of his head and hands, I recall with extreme vividness. He talked communicatively of style, and where else, in all the place, was any such talk to be heard? It made a romance of the hour — it made even a picture of the scene; it was an unforgettable initiation. If he was American enough in Europe, in America he was abundantly European. He was so steeped in history and literature that to some yearning young persons he made the taste of knowledge sweeter, almost, than it was ever to be again. He was redolent, intellectually speaking, of Italy and Spain; he had lived in long intimacy with

Dante and Calderon; he embodied, to envious aspirants, the happy intellectual fortune — independent years in a full library, years of acquisition without haste and without rest, a robust love of study which went sociably arm in arm with a robust love of life. This love of life was so strong in him that he could lose himself in little diversions as well as in big books. He was fond of everything human and natural, everything that had color and character, and no gayety, no sense of comedy, was ever more easily kindled by contact. When he was not surrounded by great pleasures he could find his account in small ones, and no situation could be dull for a man in whom all reflection, all reaction, was witty.

I waited some years really to know him, but it was to find at once that he was delightful to walk with. He spent the winter of 1872-73 in Paris, and if I had not already been fond of the streets of that city, his example and companionship would have made me so. We both had the habit of long walks, and he knew his Paris as he knew all his subjects. The history of a thing was always what he first saw in it — he recognized it as a link in an interminable chain. He led, at this season, the most home-keeping, book-buying life, and Old French texts made his evenings dear to him. He had dropped (and where he dropped he usually stayed) into an intensely local and extremely savory little hotel in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, unknown to tourists but patronized by deputies, where the *table d'hôte*, at which the host sat down with the guests and contradiction flourished, was a page of Balzac, full of illustration for the humorist. I used sometimes, of a Sunday evening, to dine there, and to this day, on rainy winter nights, I never cross the Seine amid the wet flare of the myriad lamps, never note the varnished rush of the river or the way the Louvre grows superb in the darkness, without a recur-

rent consciousness of the old sociable errand, the sense of dipping into a still denser Paris, with the Temps and M. Sarcy in my pocket.

We both spent the following winter — he at least the larger part of it — in Florence, out of manifold memories of which certain hours in his company, certain charmed Italian afternoons in Boboli gardens, on San Miniato terraces, come back to me with a glow of their own. He had indeed memories of earlier Italian times, some of which he has admirably recorded — anecdotes, tormenting to a late comer, of the superseded, the missed. He himself, in his perpetual freshness, seemed to come so late that it was always a surprise to me that he had started so early. Almost any Italy, however, was good enough for him, and he kept criticism for great occasions, for the wise relapse, the study-chair and the vanquished hesitation (not timid, but overbrimming, like a vessel dangerous to move) of that large prose pen which was so firm when once set in motion. He liked the Italian people — he liked the people everywhere, and the warm street life and the exquisite idiom; the Tuscan tongue, indeed, so early ripe and yet still so perfectly alive, was one of the comforts of the world to him. He produced that winter a poem so ample and noble that it was worthy to come into being in classic air — the magnificent elegy on the death of Agassiz, which strikes me as a summary of all his vigors and felicities, his most genial achievement, and (after the Harvard Commemoration Ode) the truest expression of his poetic nature. It is hard to lend to a great old house, in Italy, even when it has become a modern inn, any associations as romantic as those it already wears; but what the high-windowed face of the Florentine Hôtel du Nord speaks to me of to-day, over its chattering cab-stand and across the statued pillar of the little square of the Holy Trinity, is neither its ancient

honor nor its actual fall, but the sound, one December evening, by the fire the poet pronounces "starved," of

"I cannot think he wished so soon to die
With all his senses full of eager heat,
And rosy years that stood expectant by
To buckle the winged sandals on their feet,
He that was friends with Earth, and all her
sweet
Took with both hands unsparingly."

Of Mr. Lowell's residence in Spain I know nothing but what I gathered from his talk, after he took possession, late in the spring of 1879, of the post in London rendered vacant by the retirement of Mr. John Welsh; much of it inevitably referring to the domestic sorrow — the prolonged illness of his admirable wife — which cast over these years a cloud that darkened further during the early part of his English period. I remember getting from him a sense that a diplomatic situation at Madrid was not quite so enlivening as might have been expected, and that for the American representative, at least, there was not enough business to give a savor to duty. This particular representative's solution of every personal problem, however, was a page of philology in a cloud of tobacco, and as he had seen the picture before through his studies, so now he doubtless saw his studies through the picture. The palace was a part of it, where the ghost of Charles V. still walked and the princesses were what is called in princesses literary. The diplomatic circle was animated — if that be the word — by whist; what his own share of the game was animated by may be left to the imagination of those who remember the irrepressibility, on his lips, of the comic idea. It might have been taken for granted he was well content to be transferred to England; but I have no definite recollection of the degree of his satisfaction beforehand. I think he was mainly conscious of the weight of the new responsibility, so that the unalloyed pleasure was that of his

friends and of the most enlightened part of the public in the two countries, to which the appointment appeared to have an unusual felicity. It was made, as it were, for quality, and that continued to be the sign of the function so long as Mr. Lowell exercised it. The difficulty — if I may speak of difficulty — was that all judgment of it was necessarily *a priori*. It was impossible for him to know what a success, in vulgar parlance, he might make of a totally untried character, and above all to foresee how this character would adapt itself to his own. During the years of his residence in London on an official footing it constantly struck me that it was the office that inclined, at every turn, to him, rather than he who inclined to the office.

I may appear to speak too much of this phase of his life as the most memorable part of it — especially considering how short a time it occupied in regard to the whole; but in addition to its being the only long phase of which I can speak at all closely from personal observation, it is just to remember that these were the years in which all the other years were made most evident. "We knew him and valued him ages before, and never stinted our appreciation, never waited to care for him till he had become the fashion," his American readers and listeners, his pupils and colleagues, might say; to which the answer is that those who admired him most were just those who might naturally rejoice in the multiplication of his opportunities. He came to London with only a vague notion, evidently, of what these opportunities were to be, and in fact there was no defining them in advance; what they proved to be, on the spot, was anything and everything that he might make them. I remember hearing him say, a day or two after his arrival, "Oh, I've lost all my wit — you must n't look to me for good things now." The words were uttered to a gentleman who had found one of his

"things" very good, and who, having a political speech to make in a day or two, had thriftily asked his leave to bring it in. There could have been no better example of the experimental nature of his acceptance of the post; for the very foundation of the distinction that he gave it was his great reserve of wit. He had no idea how much he had left till he tried it, and he had never before had so much occasion to try it. This uncertainty might pervade the minds even of such of his friends as had a near view of his start; but those friends would have had singularly little imagination if they had failed to be struck, in a general way, with the highly civilized character of his mission. There are circumstances in operation (too numerous to recite) which combine to undermine greatly the felicity of the representative of the United States in a foreign country; it is, to speak summarily, in many respects a singularly uncomfortable honor. I cannot express more strongly how happy Mr. Lowell's opportunity seemed to be than by saying that he struck people at the moment as enviable. It was an intensification of the impression given by the glimpse of him on his way to Spain. The true reward of an English style was to be sent to England, and if his career in that country was, throughout, amusing, in the highest sense of the term, this result was, for others at least, a part of their gratified suspense as to the further possibilities of the style.

From the friendly and intimate point of view it was presumable from the first that there would be a kind of drama, a spectacle; and if one had already lived a few years in London one could have an interesting prevision of some of its features. London is a great personage, and with those with whom she establishes a relation she always plays, as it were, her game. This game, throughout Mr. Lowell's residence, but especially during the early part, was exciting;

so much so that I remember being positively sorry, as if I were leaving the theatre before the fall of the curtain, when, at that time, more than once, I found myself, by visits to the Continent, obliged to turn my back upon it. The sight of his variety was a help to know London better; and it was a question whether *he* could ever know her so well as those who could freely consider the pair together. He offered her from the first a nut to crack, a morsel to roll under her tongue. She is the great consumer of spices and sweets; if I were not afraid of forcing the image, I should say that she is too unwieldy to feed herself, and requires, in recurring seasons, as she sits, prodigiously, at her banquet, to be approached with the consecrated ladle. She placed this implement in Mr. Lowell's hands with a confidence so immediate as to be truly touching—a confidence that speaks for the eventual amalgamation of the Anglo-Saxon race in a way that, surely, no casual friction can obliterate. She can confer conspicuity, at least for the hour, so well that she is constantly under the temptation to do so; she holds a court for those who speak to her, and she is perpetually trying voices. She recognized Mr. Lowell's from the first and appointed him really her speaker-in-chief. She has a peculiar need, which when you know her well you understand, of being eased off with herself, and the American minister speedily appeared just the man to ease her. He played into her talk and her speeches, her commemorations and functions, her dinners and discussions, her editorials and anecdotes. She has immense wheels which are always going round, and the ponderous precision of which can be observed only on the spot. They naturally demand something to grind, and the machine holds out great iron hands: it draws in reputations and talents, or sometimes only names and phrases.

Mr. Lowell immediately found him-

self, in England, whether to his surprise or no I am unable to say, the first of after-dinner speakers. It was perhaps somewhat to the surprise of his public there, for it was not to have been calculated in advance that he would have become so expert in his own country — a country sparing of feast-days and ceremonies. His practice had been great before he came to London, but his performance there would have been a strain upon any practice. It was a point of honor with him never to refuse a challenge, and this attitude, under the circumstances, was heroic, for he became a convenience that really tended to multiply occasions. It was exactly his high competence in these directions that constituted the practical good effect of his mission, the particular manner in which it made for civilization. It was the *revanche* of letters; that, throughout, was the particular note of the part he played. There would have been no *revanche* if he had played it inadequately; therefore it was a pleasure to feel that he was accomplished up to the hilt. Those who did not like him pronounced him too accomplished, too omniscient; but, save in a sense that I will specify, I never saw him commit himself unadvisedly, and much is to be forgiven a love of precise knowledge which keeps a man out of mistakes. He had a horror of them; no one was ever more in love with the idea of being right and of keeping others from being wrong. The famous Puritan conscience, which was a persistent part of his heredity, operated in him perhaps most strongly on the scholarly side. He enjoyed the detail of research and the discussion of differences, and he had an instinct for rectification which was unflinching. All this formed a part of the ennobility I have noted — the serenity of that larger reputation which came to him late in life, which had been paid for in advance, and in regard to which his finished discharge of his diplomatic duties acted, if not, cer-

tainly, as a cause, at least as a stimulus. The reputation was not, doubtless, the happiest thing; the happiest thing was the inward opportunity, the chance to absorb into an intelligence extraordinarily prepared a peculiarly full revelation.

He had studied English history for forty years in the texts, and at last he could study it in the pieces themselves, could handle and verify the relics. For the man who in such a position recognizes his advantages, England makes herself a museum of illustration. She is at home in the comfortable dust of her ages, where there is no need of excavation, as she has never been buried, and the explorer finds the ways as open to him as the corridors of an exhibition. It was an exhibition of which Mr. Lowell never grew tired, for it was infinitely various and living; it brought him back repeatedly after his public mission had expired, and it was perpetually suggestive to him while that mission lasted. If he played his part so well here — I allude now more particularly to the social and expressive side of it — it was because he was so open to suggestion. Old England spoke to him so much as a man of letters that it was inevitable he should answer her back. On the firmness and tact with which he acquitted himself of his strictly diplomatic work I shall not presume to touch; his success was promptly appreciated in quarters where the official record may be found, as well as in others less discoverable to-day, columns congruous with their vituperative "headings," where it must be looked for between the lines. These latter responsibilities, begotten mainly of the Irish complication, were heavy ones, but they were doubtless, for Mr. Lowell, the keenest interest of his term, and I include them essentially in the picture afforded by that term of the supremely symmetrical literary life — the life in which the contrasts have been effectively timed; in which the invading and acclaiming world has entered too late

to interfere, to distract, but still in time to fertilize; in which contacts have multiplied and horizons widened gradually; in which, in short, the dessert has come after the dinner, the answer after the question, and the proof after the patience.

I may seem to exaggerate in Mr. Lowell's history the importance of the last dozen years of his life — especially if the reckoning be made of the amount of characteristic production that preceded them. He was the same admirable writer that he appears to-day before he touched diplomacy — he had already given to the world the volumes on which his reputation rests. I cannot undertake in this place and at this hour a critical estimate of his writings; the perspective is too short and our acquaintance too recent. But I have been reading him over in fragments, not to judge him, but to recall him, and it is as impossible to speak of him without the sense of his high place as it would be with the pretension to be final about it. He looms, in such a renewed impression, very large and ripe and sane, and if he was an admirable man of letters there should be no want of emphasis on the first term of the title. He was indeed a man, in literature; essentially masculine and active and upright. Presenting to survivors that simplified face that I have spoken of, he almost already looks at us as the last accomplished representative of the joy of life. His robust and humorous optimism rounds itself more and more; he has even now something of the air of a classic, and if he really becomes one it will be in virtue of his having placed as fine an irony at the service of hope as certain masters of the other strain have placed at that of despair. Sturdy liberal as he was, and contemptuous of all timidities of advance and reservations of faith, one thinks of him to-day, at the point at which we leave him, as the last of the literary conservatives. He took his

stand on the ancient cheerful wisdom, many of the ingenious modern emendations of which seemed to him simply droll.

Few things were really so droll as he could make them, and not a great many, perhaps, are so absolute. The solution of the problem of life lay for him in action, in conduct, in decency: his imagination lighted up to him but scantily the region of analysis and apology. Like all interesting literary figures, he is full of tacit as well as of uttered reference to the conditions that engendered him; he really testifies as much as Hawthorne to the New England spirit, though in a totally different tone. The two writers, as witnesses, weigh against each other, and the picture would be imperfect if both had not had a hand in it. If Hawthorne expressed the mysticism and the gloom of the transplanted Puritan, his passive and haunted side, Lowell saw him in the familiar daylight of practice and prosperity and good health. The author of *The Biglow Papers* was surely the healthiest of highly cultivated geniuses, just as he was the least flippant of jesters and the least hysterical of poets. If Hawthorne fairly cherished the idea of evil in man, Lowell's vision of "sin" was operative mainly for a single purpose — that of putting in motion the civic lash. *The Biglow Papers* are mainly an exposure of national injustice and political dishonesty; his satiric ardor was simply the other side of the medal of his patriotism. His poetry is not all satirical, but the highest and most sustained flights of it are patriotic, and in reading it over I am struck with the peculiar definiteness it borrows, in parts at least, from this particular inspiration.

The look at life that it embodies is almost never vague or irresponsible; it is only the author's humor that is whimsical, never his emotion nor his passion. His poetical performance might sometimes, no doubt, be more intensely lyri-

cal, but it is hard to see how it could be more intensely moral—I mean, of course, in the widest sense of the term. His play is as good as a game in the open air; but when he is serious he is as serious as Wordsworth, and much more compact. He is the poet of pluck and purpose and action, of the gayety and liberty of virtue. He commemorates all manly pieties and affections, but does not conceal his mistrust of overbrimming sensibility. If the ancients and the Elizabethans, he somewhere says, “had not discovered the picturesque, as we understand it, they found surprisingly fine scenery in man and his destiny, and would have seen something ludicrous, it may be suspected, in the spectacle of a grown man running to hide his head in the apron of the Mighty Mother whenever he had an ache in his finger or got a bruise in the tussle for existence.” It is visible that the poetic occasion that was most after his own heart was the storm and stress of the civil war. He vibrated in this long tension more deeply than in any other experience. It was the time that kindled his steadiest fire, prompted his noblest verse, and gave him what he relished most, a ground for high assurance, a sense of being sturdily in the right and having something to stand up for. He never feared and never shirked the obligation to be positive. Firm and liberal critic as he was, and with nothing of party spirit in his utterance, save in the sense that his sincerity was his party, his mind had little affinity with superfine estimates and shades and tints of opinion; when he felt at all he felt altogether—was always on the same side as his likings and loyalties. He had no experimental sympathies, and no part of him was traitor to the rest.

This temper drove the principle of subtlety in his intelligence, which is the need of the last refinement, to take refuge in one particular and I must add very spacious corner, where indeed it

was capable of the widest expansion. The thing he loved most in the world after his country was the English tongue, of which he was an infallible master, and his devotion to which was in fact a sort of agent in his patriotism. The two passions, at any rate, were closely connected, and I will not pretend to have determined whether the western republic was dear to him because he held that it was a magnificent field for the language, or whether the language was dear to him because it had felt the impact of Massachusetts. He himself was not unhappily responsible for a large part of the latter occurrence. His linguistic sense is perhaps the thing his reputation may best be trusted to rest upon—I mean, of course, in its large outcome of style. There is a high strain of originality in it, for it is difficult to recall a writer of our day in whom the handling of words has been at once such an art and such a science. Mr. Lowell's generous temperament seems to triumph in one quarter, here, while his educated patience triumphs in the other. When a man loves words singly, he is apt not to care for them in an order, just as a very great painter may be quite indifferent to the chemical composition of his colors. But Mr. Lowell was both chemist and artist; the only wonder was that with so many theories about language he should have had so much lucidity left for practice. He used it both as an antiquarian and a lover of life, and was a capital instance of the possible harmony between imagination and knowledge—a living proof that the letter does not necessarily kill.

His work represents this reconciled opposition, referable as it is half to the critic and half to the poet. If either half suffers just a little, it is perhaps, in places, his poetry, a part of which is I know not what to say but too literary, more the result of an interest in the general form than of the stirred emotion. One feels at moments that he

speaks in verse mainly because he is penetrated with what verse has achieved. But these moments are occasional, and when the stirred emotion does give a hand to the interest in the general form, the product is always of the highest order. His poems written during the war all glow with a splendid fusion—one can think of nothing at once more personal and, in the highest sense of the word, more professional. To me, at any rate, there is something fascinating in the way in which, in the Harvard Commemoration Ode, for instance, the air of the study mingles with the current of passion. The reader who is eternally bribed by form may ask himself whether Mr. Lowell's prose or his poetry has the better chance of a long life—the hesitation being justified by the rare degree in which the prose has the great qualities of style; but in the presence of some of the splendid stanzas inspired by the war time (and among them I include, of course, the second series of *The Biglow Papers*) one feels that, whatever shall become of the essays, the transmission from generation to generation of such things as these may safely be left to the national conscience. They translate with equal exaltation and veracity the highest national mood, and it is in them that all younger Americans, those now and lately reaching manhood, may best feel the great historic throb, the throb unknown to plodding peace. No poet, surely, has ever placed the concrete idea of his country in a more romantic light than Mr. Lowell; none, certainly, speaking as an American to Americans, has found on its behalf accents more eloquently tender, more beguiling to the imagination:—

"Dear land whom triflers now make bold to scorn,

(Thee from whose forehead Earth awaits her morn.)"

"Oh Beautiful! my Country! ours once more!

Smoother thy gold of war-dishevelled hair

O'er such sweet brows as never other wore.

And letting thy set lips,

Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,

The rosy edges of their smile lay bare!"

Great poetry is made only by a great meaning, and the national bias, I know, never made anything better that was not good in itself; but each time I read over the Harvard Commemoration Ode, the more full and strong, the more august and pathetic, does it appear. This is only a proof that if Patriotism preserves it she will show excellent taste—which she has been known in some cases not to do.

If I were not afraid of falling into the tone of literary criticism, I should speak of several of the impressions—that is, of the charmed absorption—accompanying an attentive reperusal of the four or five volumes of Mr. Lowell's poetry. The word I have already used comes back to me—it is all so masculine, so fine without being thin, so peculiarly solid in its felicity. It is intensely literary and yet intensely warm—warm with the contact of friendly and domestic things, loved local sights and sounds, the color and odor of New England, and (here, particularly, warm without fever) with the sanest, lucidest intellectual life. There is something of seasonable nature in every verse—the freshness of the spirit sociable with earth and sky and stream. In the best things there is the incalculable magic note—all the more effective from the general ground tone of reason. What could be more strangely sweet than the little poem of *Phæbe*, in *Heartsease and Rue*—a reminiscence of the saddest of small bird-notes caught in the dimmest of wakeful dawns? What could be more largely vivid, more in the grand style of friendship and portraiture, than the masterly composition on the death of Agassiz, in which the very tenderness of regret flushes faintly with humor, and ingenuity broadens at every turn into eloquence? Such a poem as this—im-

menensely fortunate in reflecting an extraordinary personality — takes its place with the few great elegies in our language, gives a hand to *Lycidas* and to *Thyrsis*.

I may not go into detail, or I should speak of twenty other things, especially of the mellow, witty wisdom of *The Cathedral*, and of the infinite, intricate delicacy of *Endymion* — more tremulous, more penetrating, than any other of the author's poetic productions, I think, and exceptionally fine in surface. As for *The Biglow Papers*, they seem to me, in regard to Mr. Lowell, not so much produced as productive — productive of a clear, delightful image of the temper and nature of the man. One says of them, not that they are *by* him, but that they are his very self — full of his opinions and perceptions, his humor and his wit, his character, his experience, his talk, and his intense consciousness of race. They testify to many things, but most of all to the thing I have last named; and it may seem to those whose observation of the author was most complete during the concluding years of his life that they could testify to nothing more characteristic. If he was inveterately, in England and on the Continent, the American abroad (though jealous indeed of the liberty to be at home even there), so the lucubrations of Parson Wilbur and his contributors are an unsurpassably deliberate exhibition of the primitive home-quality. I may seem to be going far when I say that they constitute to my sense the author's most literary production; they illustrate, at any rate, his inexhaustible interest in the question of style and his extraordinary acuteness in dealing with it. They are a wonderful study of style — by which I mean of organized expression — and nothing could be more significant than the fact that he should have put his finest faculty for linguistics at the service of the Yankee character.

He knew more, I think, about the rustic American speech than all others together who have known anything of it, so much more closely, justly, and sympathetically had he noted it. He honored it with the strongest scientific interest, and indeed he may well have been on terms of reciprocity with a dialect that had enabled him to produce a masterpiece. The only drawback I can imagine to a just complacency in this transaction would have been the sense that the people are few, after all, who can measure the minute perfection of the success — a success not only of swift insight, but of patient observation. Mr. Lowell was as capable of patience in illustrating New England idiosyncrasies as he was capable of impatience. He never forgot, at any rate, that he stood for all such things — stood for them particularly during the years he spent in England; and his attitude was made up of many curious and complicated and admirable elements. He was so proud — not for himself, but for his country — that he felt the need of a kind of official version of everything that in other quarters might be judged anomalous there. Theoretically he cared little for the judgment of other quarters, and he was always amused — the good-natured British Lion in person could not have been more so — at "well-meaning" compliment or commendation; it required, it must be admitted, more tact than is usually current to incur the visitation of neither the sharper nor the sunnier form of his irony. But in fact the national consciousness was too acute in him for slumber at his post, and he paid, in a certain restlessness, the penalty of his imagination, of the fatal sense of perspective and the terrible faculty of comparison. It would have been intolerable to him, moreover, to be an empirical American, and he had organized his loyalty with a thoroughness of which his admirable wit was an efficient messenger. He never anticipated attack, though

it would be a meagre account of his attitude to say it was defensive; but he took appreciation for granted, and eased the way for it with reasons that were cleverer in nothing than in appearing casual. These reasons were innumerable, but they were all the reasons of a lover. It was not simply that he loved his country — he was literally in love with it.

If there be two kinds of patriotism, the latent and the patent, his kind was essentially the latter. Some people for whom the world is various and universal, and who dread nothing so much as seeing it cornered, regard this particular sentiment as a purely practical one, a prescription of duty in a given case, like a knack with the coiled hose when the house is on fire, or the plunge of the swimmer when a man is overboard. They grudge it a place in the foreground of the spirit — they consider that it shuts out the view. Others find it constantly comfortable and perpetually fresh — find, as it were, the case always given; for them the immediate view *is* the view and the very atmosphere of the mind, so that it is not a question only of performance, but of contemplation as well. Mr. Lowell's horizon was too wide to be curtained out, and his intellectual curiosity such as to have effectually prevented his shutting himself up in his birth chamber; but if the local idea never kept his intelligence at home, he solved the difficulty by at least never going forth without it. When he quitted the hearth it was with the household god in his hand, and as he delighted in Europe it was to Europe that he took it. Never had a household god such a magnificent outing, nor was made free of so many strange rites and climes; never, in short, had any patriotism such a liberal airing. If, however, Mr. Lowell was loath to admit that the American order could have an infirmity, I think it was because it would have cost him so much to ac-

knowledge that it could have communicated one to an object that he cherished as he cherished the English tongue. *That* was the innermost atmosphere of his mind, and he never could have afforded, on this general question, any policy but a policy of annexation. He was capable of convictions in the light of which it was clear that the language he wrote so admirably had encountered in the United States not corruption, but conservation. Any conviction of his on this subject was a contribution to science, and he was zealous to show that the speech of New England was most largely that of an older and more vernacular England than the England that to-day finds it queer. He was capable of writing perfect American to bring out this archaic element. He kept in general the two tongues apart, save in so far as his English style betrayed a connection by a certain American tact in the art of leaving out. He was perhaps sometimes slightly paradoxical in the contention that the language had incurred no peril in its western adventures; this is the sense in which I meant just now that he occasionally crossed the line. The difficulty was not that his vision of pure English could not fail in America sometimes to be clouded — the peril was for his vision of pure American. His standard was the highest, and the wish was often, no doubt, father to the thought. The Biglow Papers are delightful, but nothing could be less like The Biglow Papers than the style of the American newspaper. He lent his wit to his theories, but one or two of them lived on him like unthrifty sons.

None the less it was impossible to be witness of his general action during his residence in England without feeling that, not only by the particular things he did, but by the general thing he was, he contributed to a large ideal of peace. We certainly owe to him (and by "we" I mean both countries — he made that

plural elastic) a mitigation of danger. There is always danger between country and country, and danger in small and shameful forms as well as big and inspiring ones; but the danger is less and the dream of peace more rosy when they have been beguiled into a common admiration. A common aversion even will do—the essential thing is the disposition to share. The poet, the writer, the speaker, ministers to this community; he is Orpheus with his lute—the lute that pacifies the great stupid beasts of international prejudice; so that if a quarrel takes place over the piping form of the loved of Apollo it is as if he were rent again by the Mænads. It was a charm to the observant mind to see how Mr. Lowell kept the Mænads in their place—a work admirably continued by his successor in office, who had, indeed, under his roof, an inestimable assistant in the process. Mr. Phelps was not, as I may say, single-handed; which was his predecessor's case even for some time prior to an irreparable bereavement. The prying Furies, at any rate, during these years, were effectually snubbed, and will, it is to be hoped, never again hold their snaky heads very high. The spell that worked upon them was simply the voice of civilization, and Mr. Lowell's advantage was that he happened to find himself in a supremely good place for producing it. He produced it both consciously and unconsciously, both officially and privately, from principle and from instinct, in the hundred spots, on the thousand occasions, which it is one of the happiest idiosyncrasies of English life to supply; and since I have spoken so distinctly of his patriotism, I must add that after all he exercised the virtue most in this particular way. His new friends liked him because he was at once so fresh and so ripe, and this was predominantly what he understood by being a good American. It was by being one in this sense that he broke the heart of the Furies.

The combination made a quality which pervaded his whole intellectual character; for the quality of his diplomatic action, of his public speeches, of his talk, of his influence, was simply the genius that we had always appreciated in his critical writings. The hours and places with which he had to deal were not equally inspiring; there was, inevitably, colorless company, there were dull dinners, influences prosaic and functions mechanical; but he was, substantially, always the messenger of the Muses, and of that particular combination of them which had permitted him to include a tenth in their number—the infallible sister to whom humor is dear. I mean that the man and the author, in him, were singularly convertible; it was what made the author so vivid. It was also what made that voice of civilization to whose harmony I have alluded practically the same thing as the voice of literature. Mr. Lowell's style was an indefeasible part of him, as his correspondence, if it be ever published, will copiously show; it was in all relations his natural channel of communication. This is why, at the opening of this paper, I ventured to speak of his happy exercise of a great opportunity as at bottom the *revanche* of letters. This, at any rate, the literary observer was free to see in it; such an observer made a cross against the day, as an anniversary for form, and an anniversary the more memorable that form, when put to tests that might have been called severe, was so far from being found wanting in substance, met the occasion in fact so completely. I do not pretend that during Mr. Lowell's residence in England the public which he found constituted there spent most of its time in reading his essays; I only mean that the faculty it relished in him most was the faculty most preserved for us in his volumes of criticism.

It is not an accident that I do not linger over the contents of these vol-

umes — this has not been a part of my undertaking. They will not go out of fashion, they will keep their place and hold their own; for they are full of broad-based judgment, and of those stamped sentences of which we are as naturally retentive as of gold and silver coin. Reading them over lately in large portions, I was struck not only with the "good things" that abound in them, but with the soundness and fullness of their inspiration. It is intensely the air of letters, but it is like that of some temperate and restorative clime. I judge them perhaps with extravagant fondness, for I am attached to the class to which they belong; I like such an atmosphere, I like the living fragrance of the book-room. In turning over Mr. Lowell's critical pages, I seem to hear the door close softly behind me, and to see in the shaded lamplight one of the sweetest chances that life gives us of being happy. I see an apartment brown and book-lined, which is the place in the world most convertible into fairyland. The turning of the leaves and the crackling of the fire are the only things that break its stillness — the stillness in which mild miracles are wrought. These are the miracles of evocation, of resurrection, of transmission, of insight, of history, of poetry. It may be a little room, but it is a great world; it may be a deep solitude, but it is a mighty company. In this critical chamber of Mr. Lowell's there is a charm, to my sense, in knowing what is outside of the closed door — it intensifies both the isolation and the experience. The big new western order is outside, and yet within all seems as immemorial as Persia. It is like a little lighted cabin, full of the ingenuities of home, in the gray of a great ocean. Such ingenuities of home are what represent, in Mr. Lowell's case, the conservatism of the author. His home was the receding past — it was there that his taste was at ease. From what quarter his disciples in the United

States will draw their sustenance it is too soon to say; the question will be better answered when we have the disciples more clearly in our eye. We seem already, however, to distinguish the quarter from which they will *not* draw it. Few of them, as yet, appear to have in their hand, or rather in their head, any such treasure of knowledge.

It was when his lifetime was longest that the fruit of culture was finest in him and that his wit was most profuse. In the admirable address on Democracy that he pronounced at Birmingham in 1884, in the beautiful speech on the Harvard anniversary of 1886, everything is so supremely well said that we seem to be reading some consecrated masterpiece; they represent, in the highest perfection, the maturity of a masterly talent. There are places where he seems in a sort of mystical communication with the richest sources of English prose. "But this imputed and vicarious longevity, though it may be obscurely operative in our lives and fortunes, is no valid offset for the shortness of our days, nor widens by a hair's breadth the horizon of our memories." He sounds like a younger brother of Bacon and of Milton, either of whom, for instance, could not have uttered a statelier word on the subject of the relinquishment of the required study of Greek than that "oblivion looks in the face of the Grecian Muse only to forget her errand." On the other hand, in the address delivered in 1884 before the English Wordsworth Society, he sounds like no one but his inveterately felicitous self. In certain cases, Wordsworth, like Elias the prophet, "'stands up as fire and his word burns like a lamp.' But too often, when left to his own resources and to the conscientious performance of the duty laid upon him to be a great poet *quand même*, he seems diligently intent on producing fire by the primitive method of rubbing the dry sticks of his blank verse one against the other,

while we stand in shivering expectation of the flame that never comes." It would be difficult to express better the curious evening chill of the author of *The Excursion*, which is so like the conscious mistake of camping out in autumn.

It was an extreme satisfaction to the very many persons in England who valued Mr. Lowell's society that the termination of his official mission there proved not the termination of the episode. He came back for his friends—he would have done anything for his friends. He also, I surmise, came back somewhat for himself, inasmuch as he entertained an affection for London which he had no reason for concealing. For several successive years he reappeared there with the brightening months, and I am not sure that this irresponsible and less rigorously sociable period did not give him his justest impressions. It surrendered him, at any rate, more completely to his friends and to several close and particularly valued ties. He felt that he had earned the right to a few frank predilections. English life is a big pictured story-book, and he could dip into the volume where he liked. It was altogether delightful to turn some of the pages with him, and especially to pause—for the marginal commentary in finer type, some of it the model of the illuminating footnote—over the massive chapter of London.

It is very possible not to feel the charm of London at all; the foreigner indeed who does so is a very rare bird. It marks the comparative community of the two big branches of the English race that of all aliens Americans are most susceptible to this many-voiced appeal. They are capable of loving the capital of their race almost with passion, which for the most part is the way it is loved when it is not hated. The sentiment was strong in Mr. Lowell; a part of the spirit of his maturity (or shall I say

of his youth?) was lodged here, and at the end he came back every year to feel the touch of it. He gave himself English summers, and if some people should say that the gift was scarcely liberal, others, who met him on this ground, will reply that such seasons drew from him, in the circle of friendship, a radiance not inherent in their complexion. This association became a feature of the London May and June—it held its own even in the rank confusion of July. It pervaded the quarter he repeatedly inhabited, where a commonplace little house, in the neighborhood of the Paddington station, will long wear in its narrow front, to the inner sense of many passers, a mystical gold-lettered tablet. Here he came and went, during several months, for such and such a succession of years; here one could find him at home in the late afternoon, in his lengthened chair, with his cherished pipe and his table piled high with books. Here he practiced little jesting hospitalities, for he was irrepressibly and amusingly hospitable. Whatever he was in his latest time, it was, even in muffled miseries of gout, with a mastery of laughter and forgetfulness. Nothing amused him more than for people to dine with him, and few things, certainly, amused *them* as much. His youth came back to him not once for all, but twenty times for every occasion. He was certainly the most boyish of learned doctors.

This was always particularly striking during the several weeks of August and September that he had formed the habit of spending at Whitby, on the Yorkshire coast. It was here, I think, that he was most naturally at his ease, most humorously evaded the hard bargain of Time. The place is admirable—an old red-roofed fishing-town, in one of the indentations of a high, brave coast, with the ruins of a great abbey just above it, an expanse of purple moor behind, and a convenient extension in the way of an informal little modern watering-place.

The mingled breath of the sea and the heather makes a medium that it is a joy to inhale, and all the land is picturesque and noble, a happy hunting-ground for the good walker and the lover of grand lines and fine detail. Mr. Lowell was wonderful in both of these characters, and it was in the active exercise of them that I saw him last. He was, in such conditions, a delightful host and a prime initiator. Two of these happy summer days, on the occasion of his last visit to Whitby, are marked possessions of my memory: one of them a ramble on the warm wide moors, after a rough lunch at a little stony upland inn, in company charming and intimate, the thought of which, to-day, is a reference to a double loss; the other an excursion, made partly by a longish piece of railway, in his society alone, to Rievaulx Abbey, most fragmentary but most graceful of ruins. The day at Rievaulx was as exquisite as I could have wished it if I had known that it denoted a limit, and in the happy absence of any such revelation altogether given up to adventure and success. I remember the great curving green terrace in Lord Feversham's park — prodigious and surely unique; it hangs over the abbey like a theatrical curtain — and the temples of concord, or whatever they are, at either end of it, and the lovable view, and the dear little dowdy inn parlor at Helmsley, where there is, moreover, a massive fragment of profaner ruin, a bit of battered old castle, in the grassy *préau* of which (it was a perfect English picture) a company of well-grown young Yorkshire folk of both sexes were making lawn-tennis balls fly

in and out of the past. I recall with vividness the very waits and changes of the return and our pleased acceptance of everything. We parted on the morrow, but I met Mr. Lowell a little later in Devonshire — O clustered charms of Ottery! — and spent three days in his company. I traveled back to London with him, and saw him for the last time at Paddington. He was to sail immediately for America. I went to take leave of him, but I missed him, and a day or two later he was gone.

I note these particulars, as may easily be imagined, wholly for their reference to himself — for the emphasized occasion they give to remembrance and regret. Yet even remembrance and regret, in such a case, have a certain free relief, for our final thought of James Russell Lowell is that what he consistently lived for remains of him. There is nothing ineffectual in his name and fame — they stand for delightful things. He is one of the happy figures of literature. He had his trammels and his sorrows, but he drank deep of the full, sweet cup, and he will long count as an erect fighting figure on the side of optimism and beauty. He was strong without narrowness; he was wise without bitterness and bright without folly. That appears for the most part the clearest ideal of those who handle the English form, and he was altogether in the straight tradition. This tradition will surely not forfeit its great part in the world so long as we continue occasionally to know it by what is so solid in performance and so stainless in character.

Henry James.

BIRDS AND "BIRDS."

"All best good things that befall men come
from us birds, as is plain to all reason;
For first we proclaim and make known to them
spring and the winter and autumn in
season,

Bid sow when the crane starts clanging for
Afric in shrill-voiced emigrant number,
And calls to the pilot to hang up his rudder
again for the season and slumber.

Thus are we as Ammon or Delphi unto you —
Dodona — nay, Phœbus Apollo;

For as first ye come all to get auguries of birds,
even such is in all things your ear-
riage,

Be the matter a matter of trade, or of earning
your living, or any one's marriage.

And all things ye lay to the charge of a bird,
that belong to concerning prediction:

Winged Fame is a bird, as you reckon; you
sneeze, and the sign 's as a bird for con-
viction!

... Then must it not follow
That we are to you all as the manifest godhead
that speaks in prophetic Apollo?"

ARISTOPHANES, *Grand Chorus of Birds*.
(Translated by Swinburne.)

I.

WITH the desire to record certain
fond and unscientific observations with
regard to our winged friends and neigh-
bors came the fanciful persuasion that
this design would be furthered could the
writer obtain, for scriptorial purposes,
an eagle's quill. Then, as if to satirize
an ambition so overweening, there was
placed in my path one of the longer feath-
ers from a humming-bird's wing. The
omen was accepted, and although the of-
fered pen (*penna*) was impracticable to
my hand, it was preserved, to remind
me that the *Chorus of Birds* must be
left to Aristophanes, and to Ruskin all
defining of the spiritual mystery con-
tained within that exquisite embodiment
of beauty, the bird. No less to the *sa-*
rant must be left the consideration of
its specific description and curious data
of a biological character. But in pass-
ing, somewhat unwillingly I recall that

occasionally in the glance of a bird's eye,
so open yet so subtle, and occasionally
in the markings upon its coat of imbricated
plumes, an emphasis has been
given to the suggestion of a remote com-
mon ancestor for my lovely subject and
for the reptilian cousin that never ex-
changed its scales for plumes, or the ooze
of the ancient strand for the realms of
air. But if a varied adaptability and
varied locomotive powers were taken as
indications of superior organism, I know
not, then, why the bird should not stand
at the head of all created orders, — the
one family to whom, in its range, is
given right of way by earth, water, air;
and ability also to walk or run, to wade,
swim, or dive, and the consummate gift
of flight. Until man shall learn to fly
should he boast preëminence?

Exclusion from the privilege of speak-
ing with learned intelligence and author-
ity regarding the names conferred upon
the birds by the student must also be
accepted. Ignorance or aptitude, it is
all the same to the birds, happily I re-
member. They have no concern in any

QUESTION OF NOMENCLATURE.

Said one, "For crumbs that friendly sparrow
came."

"You mean the hair-bird, there?" "No,"
said a third,

"*Spizella Socialis* is his name."

(Poor Chippy ate his crumbs, and naught de-
murred.)

Technical disputations of this sort are
most absurd; yet, on the other hand, it
could be wished that an acquaintance
with birds by sight and a recognition of
their individual notes, with some knowl-
edge of their popular names, were more
general among those who have the op-
portunity for such pleasant intimacy.
There are but some half dozen birds in
the average farmer's range of practical

observation, — the robin, sparrow, meadow lark, blackbird, crow, and quail.

It is, of course, the poet's special prerogative to claim comradeship and kinship with the singing ones whose lyrics are flung about the air "in profuse strains of unpremeditated art," and die with no commemorative record of the written character; for what is so futile as the attempt to render a bird's song by the use of musical notes, or to venture its interpretation, even, in any collocation of human words? However, I do not go so far in the matter of reprehension as does a lady of my acquaintance, who thinks it a "positive wickedness" in the small boy when he attempts a whistled mimicry of her favorites. It is to overlay a violet with sugar or to gild refined gold, when one sets out to *poetize* the melody or movement of a bird's song. But may I say that I have a half sympathy with those youthful friends of the Muse who are found guilty of solecisms in their sweeping impressment of ornithological subjects from afar? True, we cannot have skylarks afloat on the sea of air that sweeps our Western prairies, nor can we have nightingales singing where the whip-poor-will is head chorister; yet does it seem to me that the poet and the idealist have a prescriptive right to all the birds there are (and to those that are *not*, as the doves of Dodona, the birds that flew from Memnon's funeral pyre, the phoenix and the dodo, and the little bird that sings one's soul away in Arabia Deserta). The true lover and diviner of birds will keep an eye on those which share his own habitat, and an ear cognizant of their songs; yet, as he is true poet, will he own a quenchless sense of pleasure in those unheard songs that are sweeter, in the land of Keats and Shelley. A bird of passage itself, his soul follows the lure of voices and flight beyond his own horizon. Still, a special betrayal awaits that idealist who in the midst of nature takes up with the pleasing

assumption that all things there relate themselves to him and to his capacity for enjoying them. Some time must he overhear that the flowers bloom for themselves, and not, primarily, for him; and as to the birds, it may chance there will be conveyed to him some bit of current and humiliating public sentiment like the following: —

"They say," said the wren to the thrush, —

"I know, for I build at their eaves, —

They say every song that we sing on the wing,
or hid in the leaves,

Is sung for their pleasure!

And you know 't is for Love and ourselves
that we sing!"

"Did they say," said the thrush to the wren. —

"I'm out of their circle, I own. —

Did they say that the songs they sing were
not for themselves alone,

But to give us pleasure?"

"Why, no," said the wren, "they said no such thing!"

II.

Were it required to give on the moment a symbol for the universal principle of wholesome hunger, natural *avidity*, I would but cross my two forefingers as indicating the young bird's ever open mouth. Indeed, I should not be surprised to learn that some ancient picture-writing had anticipated this hieroglyphic suggestion. That the suggestion is justifiable any one will bear witness who has attempted to bring up "by hand" a kidnapped or a foundling bird. The quantum of food consumed daily by an under-fledgeling (if I may so call the infant bird not yet at all able to shift for itself) is something startling; and the matter of "providing," even for a giant adoptive parent, is by no means a light task, if the constant appeal of the open and accusing mouth is to be duly regarded. How long before the baby bird gets the coöperative use of the bifid beak! A human child could not be more awkward in learning to feed itself; but then, the poor bird-child has, as it were, a knife and fork for its mouth. In my experience, the care of a young

bird is accompanied with a grotesque sense of tenderness, as of nurse Glum-dalclich for little Gulliver, in the foster-parent's feeling towards this downy nestling, — this mere feathered egg so long retaining the contour of the walls of its brittle prison. There is nothing to parallel the supreme and pathetic confidence of the young bird in the hand which feeds it, and which might crush it on the instant if that hand would. Such pleasing "Auguries of Innocence" have in this way been shown me as nearly to cause forgetfulness of the annexed menace : —

"A robin redbreast in a cage
Puts all heaven in a rage."

I shall not shirk the confession that in several instances I have been accessory to the taking of young birds from the parent nest, but the nemesis that followed up the act was in each case distinct and unsparing. I shall not soon forget the accusation levied at me when, stooping with lighted lamp, I beheld, resting halfway down the stairs, one of these detained innocents. It had somehow managed to escape durance, but, benighted on its way to freedom, it had halted, and, with head under wing, and apparently having trustingly committed itself to Providence, it awaited the light, to continue its righteous quest. I had, moreover, a poignant fancy that, before going to sleep, it had put up a prayer (in the bird's way) soliciting forgiveness for its enemy. Again, helping a friend to secure a young thrush, it was my lot to experience what a bird's curse is like, — a note not to be forgotten, rapid, guttural, instinct with hate, denunciatory, from the very soul of the mother-thrush it came. My companion declared that its equivalent sound and meaning in human vocables could be approximated only by the line, —

"Gr-r-r! there, go, my heart's abhorrence!"

While speaking of nests and traits of bird nature, one questions why the fea-

thered founders of a home so readily desert it, not only in case of actual disturbance, but sometimes on mere suspicion of a too interested surveillance. This resentful abandonment of domestic hopes does not, somehow, comport with the devotion and toil which characterize the bird-parents' rearing of their young; nor, to my knowledge, does any other creature behave in a like fashion.

THE DESERTED NEST.

Now all the young leaves stirred in soft unrest

As Morning hastened to the thrush's nest.

Her best loved thrush's nest in sylvan nook

She bent her lovely head to overlook;

She started back, then sorely grieved she stood,

For time it was, full time, the wide-mouthed brood

Their wondrous prison should have broken through.

Instead, she saw four eggs impearled with dew:

Alas, alas! the tears that Night had wept, —

Big-hearted, helpless Night, as past she crept,

And felt with groping fingers, kind but chill,

The treasure that almost had caught the thrill

Of airy life, but, brooding love withdrawn,

Now rests with all sweet chary hopes foregone.

I have spoken of subtlety in the glance of a bird's eye as betokening a remote kinship in primeval time with the saurian kind. But my heart misgives me when I think of the alleged (and perhaps actual) charming of the bird by ophidian witchcraft, and also when I reflect upon the defenselessness of the bird, how devoid it is of predatory arts; neither lying in wait for its victim, after the manner of feline nature, nor delighting in the prolonged pangs of the feeble creature it may have caught. Even the acknowledged birds of prey are not chargeable with this relish for playful cruelty. Such craft, for instance, as any of our familiar song-birds may display is directed merely towards the protection of itself or its offspring: it feigns dead that you may not regard it as "worth your while;" it trails an unhurt

wing, with pitiful cries, to lead you away from its nest. These devices do not impress us as real cunning, but rather as the artless arts of the infantine and inexperienced. In view of the multiplied dangers that beset the bird from the nest, its lover could almost complain that, by some oversight, Providence had left it as unpossessed of strategy as of strength against its foes.

It may well be that the instinct of the fowler is not to be rooted from the human breast. I do not exactly know why we should wish to catch birds and tame them, but true it is of the most of those interested at all in the subject — and quite literally true — that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." I do not know why we should wish to tame the creatures they were than a wood-flower is of the woods when in a vase on the mantelpiece. Essentially, the wings are the bird; and captive song cannot make up to the imagination what is lost when the bird's free flight is foregone. Yet there is a distinct though rather unaccountable pleasure in holding in one's hand this slight creature of paradox (so timorous yet so fearless, so helpless yet so defying), — this soft, wild, mysterious ranger that no word could stay nor cord bind but the moment before. Whoever cherishes a cage-bird has by him what serves as a perpetual symbol of the human spirit, environed, ignorant-contented or ignorant-protesting; usually, in the bird's case at least, ignorant-contented, if the bird was in its infancy deprived of liberty.

Poor Robin of the ruddy breast,
(Unwitting captive from the nest,)
Cage-bound, for freedom never pines.
But when a leisure hour inclines,
I ope his door; he ventures out,
And half in wonder, half in doubt,
A perilous journey takes around
The wide, wide world these four walls bound!

A sudden fright, — he flutters back,
And if the door is closed, alack!
"I can't get in!" the rover cries,
And round his prison home he pries.

Poor Robin Rover! I divine
Whose lot so closely matches thine:
A cage-bird from my birth am I,
Whom Nature's subtle wires defy;
Yet of the cage am I full fond.
Perchance the seeming vast, beyond,
Is otherwise than I assume, —
No world, but some four-cornered room!
And great, perchance, were my dismay.
If Heaven should let me out some day!
I'd flutter back, — and better so;
Of freedom what may cage-birds know?

But the same bird that in the foregoing points the moral of a fable, upon his actual introduction to the out-door world appeared well aware of having come into his heritage; and I shall not forget the glance of the round, innocent, inspective eye, for the first time turned upon the vast orb of the sky, — two disks of unconscious speculation thus opposed to each other. While I was speaking about "Auguries of Innocence" I should have mentioned a token of this sort which not long ago came under my observation. From a last year's robin's nest which the storms had thrown to the ground was trailing a tatter of newspaper. The rain had effaced the type thereon to illegibility, with the exception of a paragraph noting an appointment for a meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty, in a neighboring city. Had the former nest-holder been interested in that meeting? Had he attended it, in a public-spirited way, and in behalf of the whole bird community entered his protest against some crying evil of the hour?

III.

It is but to think of the widely differentiated individuals of the feathered tribe, to give a delightful diversity to any landscape held in the mind's eye. The grass-lands have their own broods. The forests theirs; nay, more, the denizens of the pine grove are often other

than those to whom the deciduous trees give shelter. The shore and the great waters are haunted by the osprey, while the inland streams know well the little sand-lark and its tremulous cry. Also, in character and in voice the birds are distinguished in a manner to give a kaleidoscopic pleasure to the imagination through the eye and the ear. The silence we ascribe to the eagle, the volubility which speaks for itself in the chickadee, the boisterous fusillade of the high-holder's notes, the clever sweetness of the song sparrow's, the drumming of the partridge from the deep woods, the musical susurrus of the humming-bird's wings as it hovers at the door of the trumpet-flower, — these few contrarities serve to illustrate the riches of the inexhaustible antitheses which the birds themselves and their songs present. Seasonal divisions, also, the mind readily makes: the bluejay to the stormy stream of the March winds, the warbler in the blossoming orchard, the meadow lark to the summer meadows (how like an antheming echo running through some sacred sylvan interior is his call!). And in the autumn, what note so characteristic as the interrupted quavering, plaintive syllable of inquiry incessantly repeated by the flocking thistle-birds! Though now no thorn blossoms, yet might one reply: —

"Ye 'll break my heart, ye little birds
That wander through you flowering thorn;
Ye mind me of departed days, —
Departed, never to return!"

Those slightly utilitarian lovers of nature who are given to arranging floral timepieces might advisably take the hint which is afforded in the succession of bird-songs between dawn and evening dusk, and thereby portion out the hours of the day. For instance, the time between daybreak and morning-red is claimed by the wood pewee's aerial note moving in undulatory sound through the dark treetops (never perchance from the earth). This note is silent before

any save lightest sleepers, much visited by morning dreams, blend with their dreams, from time to time, slight realities from the outer world. Tree-nesting birds, having a natural observatory and superior point of view, might therefore be expected to send out the first notes of an aubade soon taken up by the full chorus, — robins, song sparrows, and others. The wonted four-o'clock morning concert has usually subsided by the time the sun peeps over the horizon. What the birds may be about during the silent interval that succeeds has always been an interesting question for me; but this musical rest between the early prelude and the full song service of the day seems to be a matter of general consent and intelligent understanding. With hot summer noons is connected the shrill, rapid, monotonous, and insect-like note of the little chipping sparrow. In the late afternoon the brown thrush mounts to his favorite high branch, and there for a half hour or more continues his delicious performance, oblivious of all worldly cares. In the evening, if you walk through the dusking fields or by the deeper-shadowed wood borders, an enchanted bird flits on before you, lighting now on the fence rail, now on some conspicuous stone, and thence throwing out a lure of brief, sweet melody touched by twilight and the dew. This is the vesper swallow. Nocturnal voices we do not lack, though the nightingale is denied us. Yet the one most notable voice of the night can scarcely be said to be a popular favorite, for when the whip-poor-will in new countries strays out of the near woods, and in its darkling ignorance and blundering unsuspicion lights in the porch of the settler's house, the inmates hear in its song, so full of the vague conjecture and sombre rumination of the night, only the announcement of an impending death. A voice not commonly noticed among voices of the dark hours is that of the killdeer. On moonlight nights, from chosen meadow

haunts goes a quick, glancing alarm note which belongs to this bird. Other birds occasionally sing after dark, perhaps dreamingly, often with striking regularity, as in the case of a certain song sparrow whose record I kept for several nights in succession. Faithfully at 9.20 P. M. the little bellman of his own precinct rang out a clear "All's well!"

Such is the impression that the first spring days make upon the mind that the sunshine "sounds and sweet airs" follow one far into the dusk and stillness of the night. I no sooner settle my head upon the pillow than I begin to hear bluebird antiphonies, soft whistling calls sent back and forth through the smooth air as I have heard them all day. Notable among these bird-songs of the day that penetrate into the night is that of

THE ORIOLE.

Through orchards tinted with the rose
In middle May the oriole goes,
His flute-notes trying ever
In a sweet but vain endeavor
To find the full, the perfect close.

So that dim voice of many cries,
That rules the wind-harp, seems to rise
Unto some height Elysian,
Yet, in the chord's division,
Nearing the goal, defeated dies.

Not only is the time of day kept by the winged community, but also barometrical conditions are indicated by their movements, activity or passivity. Will it rain? Will the winter be a cold one? are questions which it is supposed are within the province of the bird to answer. Not alone in the days of Aristophanes might the bird boast of being Apollo's oracle to portent-seeking mortals; for there are yet believers in the flying omen. Of my own acquaintance is a good old dame for whom the casual intruding bird, as well as her every dream, enters by the horn gate. For myself, I cannot deny that once when a swallow (in pursuit of an insect,

doubtless) darted in at my window, made a rapid circuit of the room, and out again, I experienced a sense of being designated by fate in some peculiar and occult way. It seemed that the day thus marked with live hieroglyphic should have been fraught with unusual significance in its occurrences. I still think there may have been augury and import in the behavior of the housewren who had all summer, with his family, lived in the little "addition" under the eaves built for his benefit, and who but yesterday came to take a hurried good-by of other householders. A quick, silent token at the window, a flip of his absurd perpendicular tail, a meaningful glance from his bright mischievous eye, and he was a-wing, South-bound, a minute eddy in the unceasing migratory current that sets in from our autumnal shore to summer seats of the blessed, named for the halcyon. Again, a touch of glamour was laid upon the hour and the scene, when, looking out of the window, I observed that a row of young trees, whose leaves had been shed some days before, appeared to be re-clothed with leafage, and leafage of a peculiar sharp-cut, purplish description. The next instant, however, as though a sudden autumn gust had swept the trees, this pseudo-leafage rose and fluttered into the still air, —

"And gathering swallows twitter in the skies!"

My leaves were only an extensive flock of these birds, probably in consultation as to the journey soon to be made towards the wooing South. When the air is finally almost emptied of song and flight, the imagination has its own pleasure in picturing the bird of passage arrived, and in the midst of the new-old environments of its *other* home. Yet where its young have been reared must its fuller allegiance always be, and the seductions of the South shall not stifle the equally strong instinct of return, when some months are gone.

The first large flakes of the winter are falling. Looking through their descending cloud, which is as a sort of loose "solid contents," giving to the unmeasured air the three dimensions, I also seem to see the hyperborean flocks which Herodotus had heard of as constantly stirring in the heavens of the far north. Collecting, they brood with soft cold tenderness the empty robin's nest, or from the recesses of pine branches present the "great snowy owl," or even lodged among marginal *débris* and whipped-up foam glide down the swollen streams as white swans, dissolving with inaudible death-song, as befits their kind. And among these snowbirds of the fancy flies the occasional snowbird of actuality, with the chickadee and the woodpecker, for all of whom I pray there may be no other enemy than winter and rough weather!

Withdrawing from the snowy prospect to the fireside, reminiscence mingles with the present, and the long-past summer confers mysteriously with the powers of the dead of the year, and still a bird shall interpret for me.

CHIMNEY-SWIFTS.

In winter, up the chimney go
Bright covies from the fire below,
As curling flame and glancing spark
Are hurried through the passage dark.
The draft that bears them to the skies
Lends whirling wings and shrilly cries.
They seek the frosty starlit air;
They fledge, and go I know not where!

In summer, in the ancient flue
A restless brood their ways pursue;
Small glowing sparks of vital fire,
They glance about in bird's attire.
With shrilly cry and whirling wing,
The sound of winter winds they bring.
So in and out the swallows fare,
Then fledge, and go I know not where!

THE RING OF CANACE.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO CHAUCER, SPENSER,
MILTON.)

Ere the Princess Canace
Slept beneath the cypress-tree,
To the bird she loved the best
The sweet lady made bequest
Of her ring,
Saying, "If with men it stay,
It will bring ye grief some day,
When they overhear your words;
Therefore do I to the birds
Leave my ring."

And the falcon mournfully
Heard the lady Canace,
And the falcon nothing spake,
But her dusky flight did take
With the ring;
And her brood the falcon taught
How with fate the gift was fraught.
Many an age has slipped away;
In the falcon's line this day
Goes the ring!

Hidden in some lonely nest,
Safe from pillage it may rest,
Or, by flegdy plumes o'spread,
Strung upon a magic thread,
Flies the ring!
Others hunt with falcon — ho!
I to hunt the falcon go!
All the wings in the wide air,
All the songs, could I ensnare
With that ring!

Edith M. Thomas.

JOHN STUART MILL AND THE LONDON AND WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

IN the summer of 1834, the party of political reformers in England "who thought themselves, and were called by their friends, the philosophic Radicals" came to the conclusion that the impor-

tance of their convictions made it necessary for them to have, as an organ of their own, the exclusive command of a quarterly periodical. The most notable men of this party were James and John

Stuart Mill, George Grote, Arthur Roebuck, Charles Buller, and Sir William Molesworth. Personal circumstances, which are fully detailed in John Stuart Mill's *Autobiography*, had justified these gentlemen in withdrawing their support from the *Westminster Review*, which had been founded in 1823 by Jeremy Bentham for the diffusion of his own advanced theories and doctrines. Sir William Molesworth, the member for East Cornwall, was a young man of twenty-five, full of ardor for political, ecclesiastical, and colonial reform. He very generously resolved to supply the funds required to start the *London Review*, four numbers of which were accordingly published, and sufficiently exhibited the distinctive characteristics of the party. The experience of a year, however, taught the proprietors both of the *London* and of the *Westminster Review* that the direct rivalry of two periodicals, neither of which had ever paid its own expenses, was, financially, far from desirable, and Sir William Molesworth again came forward and bought the *Westminster Review* from its proprietor, General Perronet Thompson, for £1000. The four numbers of the *London Review* were added to those of the *Westminster*, and the periodical was henceforth called the *London and Westminster Review*.

John Stuart Mill, largely aided by his father, was the real, while General Thompson was the ostensible editor, as the acknowledged holding of such a position was incompatible with an India House appointment. On the death of James Mill, in June, 1836, John Stuart Mill associated with himself as editor a young Scotchman named John Robertson, whose articles on Bacon and Shakespeare, in the *London Review*, had attracted a good deal of favorable notice. After the issue of the first number under the new editorship, Sir William Molesworth abandoned the proprietorship to Mill, having become tired of a loss of

about £100 a number. John Robertson continued as editor until 1840, when Mill gave the *Review* to Mr. Hickson, on the stipulation that the old name, *Westminster Review*, should be resumed. During this period, 1836-40, many letters were received by John Robertson from John Stuart Mill, which, read by the light of subsequent events and elucidated by Mill's *Autobiography*, are singularly interesting reading to the present generation, and are here printed for the first time.

The first letter of note was sent to Boulogne, France, where John Robertson had gone for a brief holiday:—

July 12, 1837. H[OUSE], 1837.

DEAR ROBERTSON, — . . . I have had a letter from Tocqueville which shows that we can scarcely have his book before our April number, and one from Nisard, alluding to a previous letter, which I never received, coming into our plans, and having no doubt of his being in time for this number. I send you a letter to him.

I do not think I can write anything worth having about Whewell this time. Blackie's I do not think will do, for an article on Menzel is an article on Goethe, of whom Menzel is the great literary enemy. Moore, if favorable, is not worth doing; if unfavorable, Peacock should do it, and it should not be in the same number as Southey. . . .

If I had known you meant to write to Harriet Martineau, I should have wished for a consultation first, as the manner of doing it is of considerable interest to me personally. She and I are not upon terms, and I know her too well to make it likely that we ever shall be. I am therefore desirous, 1st, that she should not be identified with the *Review* more than its interest requires; 2d, that all communications with her should take place through another medium than mine; 3d, that nevertheless she should not think, as she is exactly the person

to think, that her connection with the Review is in spite of me, — that I would prevent it if I could, but am unable.

If I knew exactly how you have written to her, I should know how to comport myself with a view to making the other impression. There is a letter for you from her at Hooper's: have you left any instructions with Hooper about forwarding letters? I have read her book, and like it less than I expected. I like all the feeling of it, but not the thought; but I should think an article by her on Miss Sedgwick's writings, such as you suggest, would be interesting and useful to us.

Besides the letter to Nisard I send you one to Guilbert; if he is not in town he is at Saint-Germain, and you should go to him there. Those will be the most useful letters to you. Both Guilbert and Nisard speak English well; Guilbert excellently, and Nisard is married to an Englishwoman. I do not know anybody else who is likely to be in town except the D'Eichshals: Adolphe is too busy to be of any use to you, and Gustave you can always, if you like, call upon and use my name; he is the ex-St. Simonian author of a book on Greece (and the East generally) which he wants reviewed, but which will scarcely do for us. . . . I advanced £25 to Bisset on my own account, not for the Review. I do not wish to have anything more to do with the Review in that capacity. . . .

I saw Dickens yesterday; he reminds me of Carlyle's picture of Camille Desmoulins, and his "face of dingy blackguardism irradiated with genius." Such a phenomenon does not often appear in a lady's drawing-room.

Yours ever, J. S. MILL.

On July 28 Mill again writes to Robertson, who had by that time left Paris, and after mentioning how vexed Guilbert was to have missed him goes on:—

Guilbert's offer, however, promises fair,

but I have never found that a Frenchman's promise to do anything punctually could be depended upon. They promise everything and do nothing. They are not men of business. Guilbert is better, being half an Englishman. Do you, however, decide.

The sheets of Mignet will be a catch. Those of Hugo not, because he is exhausted and effete. Châles is a humbug, whom I showed up in a letter intended for the National, but published in the Monthly Repository, and the bare idea of his reviewing George Sand is enough to make one split. I would not give a farthing for the opinion of Galebert, or anybody connected with his review, about writers, for they are mere milkshops themselves; and Hugo's opinions, like most French literary men's opinions of one another, are affairs of coterie and puffery. I thought your Statistical Society article was for the January. I of course defer to you about all questions of timing. But I differ from you about geology not being called for. I think the zoölogical speculations connected with geology are quite in season just now, and Nichol, I am sure, would do it with originality and well, judging from his articles for us, both of which were written when ill or in a hurry. You may think him not a popular writer, but you will think quite differently when you read his *Architecture of the Heavens*.

The falling off to be guarded against in substantial merit and originality does not arise from our having lost any of our writers, but in our *not using them*. I do not understand the false position you speak of, nor do I know what friends of ours we have attacked. Written, as you see, in a great hurry, and just as one chatters in walking *quick* from the India House to Hooper's.

Ever truly, J. S. MILL.

This third letter was also sent to France:—

INDIA HOUSE, Saturday,
August 6, 1837.

DEAR ROBERTSON, — I entirely approve your intention of remaining at Boulogne as long as possible, and I hope you will remain as long as what requires to be done here can be done by me, of which you are the most proper judge.

None of the three articles you expect are at Hooper's, nor any other article except one on Poland by a Pole, which I have not looked at. There are a few books, chiefly Spencer's *Circassia* (from Colburn) and a translation of the King of Bavaria's Poems. Hooper says he was mistaken about 1025 copies having been sold; it was only 925. That is only 25 since you went away. . . . Nichol says his article will be here next week. You do not know Nichol. He is one of the three or four persons living for whom I would answer that whatever they think and say they can do they *can*. He says: "I expect that the article will direct scientific attention to some few moot points in a mode not quite so limited as that of existing discussion regarding them. At all events, I shall show general readers at what geology has arrived." I will write to him immediately about connecting it with the geological transactions.

As for me, I am so immersed in Logic and am getting on so triumphantly with it that I loathe the idea of leaving off to write articles. I do not think you are right about the elections. The Tories, where they have gained, have gained impartially from the Whigs and Radicals, and so where they have lost. The only exceptions are Middlesex and the City; in both of which many Tories chose to split with Whigs for the express purpose of turning out Hume and Grote. Whenever the Tories choose to do this, of course the Radical candidates will, in the present state of parties, be in great danger. The Radicals *seem* to have lost most only because they have lost some of their most leading men, but those

will come in again for some other place very soon; and a great number of the new members are very decided Radicals, though generally not intemperate ones. Neither are the Tories who are turned out the *extreme* Tories. They almost all belong to the hack official jobbing adventurer Tories, who are seldom ultras, as Twiss, Bonham, Ross, and such like. On the whole, this election will so increase the already great difficulties of the Whigs that they must either propose the ballot and dissolve on it, or contrive to divide the Tory party, and make a compromise with one section of it. They stand much nearer to both goals than they ever did before, and have, I think, got clean up to the parting of the two roads. Either would be a decided improvement on the present aspect of affairs. For the present politics are wonderfully dull; and for the first time these ten years I have no wish to be in Parliament. If the offer you speak of is made me, which I shall not think at all probable until it is done, I shall not accept it unless I find by inquiry here that I can hold it with my situation in this house. For an object of importance I should not mind sacrificing my own pleasures and comforts, and obliging all connected with me to alter their style of living and go (as the vulgar phrase is) down in the world; but I certainly would not do it in order to exchange the speculative pursuits which I like, and in which I can do great things, for the position of a Radical member of this coming Parliament. Ever yours faithfully,

J. S. MILL.

I can do nothing about Hanover without you. Châles is the man I mean. He writes in the *Journal des Débats* and is a humbug; his reputation is, however, high.

It was now Mill's turn to take a holiday, it would appear, as the date of the next letter of importance shows: —

LEAMINGTON [probably September,
1837], Friday morning.

DEAR ROBERTSON, — I agree with you in thinking the Sedgwick quite unobjectionable, though there is less in it than I expected. . . . I think your Theodore Hook a much better article, though I have canceled one or two portions of sentences positively. . . . There are one or two ideas which I think questionable, but with those I have not meddled, nor do I propose to do so. In reading the article this time, it has struck me that there is a fault in some of your best sentences which there used to be very often in mine, and perhaps is still: that of crowding too much into them, and, in doing that, falling into a Latinism of construction which, in our non-inflected language, leaves it doubtful what substantives some of your adjectives are intended for. In this article there is also, I think (but not so often as I should have expected in an article written as you said this was, *invita Minerva*), the fault of using three or four words which do not exactly fit instead of one which does. In the few instances where this fault appeared to me to amount to a serious one I have tried to correct it, and I hope you will find not at the sacrifice of any portion of your meaning. In other respects I like the article. The subject is, I think, viewed in the right light, and disposed of by making a few points, and those the important ones, and treating them in a decided manner.

The Italian article came to me in, I suppose, a proof from which corrections had already been made, but as I have made many more it will require to be carefully gone over. . . . I doubt very much the expediency of the deviation from the old plan of keeping the same heading throughout a whole article. I think, in our last number, the headings puzzled and displeased people; and though the modification you now propose is not so objectionable, I think it is still rather so; . . . but if you wish

decidedly to try the experiment, I do not object, provided you will follow the old plan as to my own particular articles. . . . I hope exceedingly you will be able to finish your other article as it was begun, and for this number. If you cannot, it must lie over to the next, for the subject is not pressing, and it is much better to have it later in time than inferior in quality; in which case it will not do us the good we expect from it. . . . Of course you have *carte blanche* about fill-up matter as long as I see it at some stage or other. I would not be particular about going to the extent of sixteen sheets, when we have a good number and plenty of bills so as to make it look thick. . . .

I have written to Napier. Most likely his terms are per *article*, and may not be higher than ours when the article is long, which I hope this will be. You will see that I have attended to your suggestions about the political article, and have altered besides some passages which were rather declamatory. Pray attend carefully to the revise. I tremble for it. As we shall so soon meet, I leave off.

Ever yours. J. S. MILL.

To this period seem to belong some undated letters: —

Saturday.

DEAR ROBERTSON, — To my great satisfaction Carlyle consents to do at least the Scott, and wishes to begin on Monday morning.

I should not like to baffle him in that, but in order to do it he wants Volume I. of the Scott; so, pray, if you can buy, beg, or borrow it before that time, do. He has also a great wish to have the two books of and about Colonel Crockett, and I think has a "month's mind" to write about them. So, pray, send those too, and if the Review does not find its account therein I will pay for them.

Yours in haste,

J. S. MILL.

DEAR R.,—I shall not be in town this evening, but will meet you at Hooper's to-morrow. I wish you would verify two queries of mine in the second sheet of Montaigne. You will see them in a corrected proof which I have returned to Reynell's, and from which, when that is done, it may be printed off. S. has overlooked some bad mistakes.

I send the Arctic with my corrections. They relate solely to small matters, but I do not think you are aware how often your sentences are not only unscholarlike, but absolutely unintelligible, from inattention to ambiguities of small words and of collocation. This article is a splendid instance of it.

Simpson has made all his corrections in such a manner that the printers are sure not to attend to them, but I have left this to you to remedy when you have determined how far to adopt them.

J. S. MILL.

If we are *much* above our fourteen sheets, I think H. M. ought to wait till October. It will do as well then, if not better, and I am very anxious to save expense of that kind.

It will be expedient here to give part of a letter from Harriet Martineau, as it led to a short but sharp controversy between Mill and Robertson, of which Mill's letters only are preserved:—

SWISS COTTAGE, CHESHUNT, HERTS.
August 26, 1837.

DEAR SIR,—Here is my say about the Queen. It will appear to you very obvious, I fear, and perhaps too sermon-like; but indeed I think this strain of meditation much wanted to be uttered.

I have put my address in full above, that you may find fault through the post if you wish to alter. I have avoided the subject of the Rights of Women (except in the way of passing allusion) as not being absolutely necessary. If you dislike the reference to Sydney Smith's reference to Singleton, I have not the

least objection to its being expunged. It was something that Mr. Roebuck said that put it into my head to write this article. . . .

Mill's three letters on this article now follow:—

ROSS, 28 September, 1837.

DEAR ROBERTSON,—I have read Harriet Martineau's article with the greatest desire to do it justice, and the result is more unfavorable to it than ever before. I always thought the notion it presupposes of the Queen's position an incorrect one, and I now think that even if that notion were correct she does not speak to the Queen in the right tone or give her the right advice. It seems to me that if we occupy ourselves with the Queen at all, we ought to make her believe that people feel interested about her just at present from mere curiosity, and not because they really believe she can do much; and that unless she has the qualities of an Elizabeth she will be nothing, but that she should aspire to have these qualities, and that if she has she may be as great a ruler as Elizabeth.

Instead of that, H. M. says to her that Elizabeth in these days could do comparatively little for us, and that she must not aim at being like her; and why? Because she has many wills besides her own to consult—as if Elizabeth had not!—and a giant democracy to struggle with; yes, *to struggle with!* (is that what we should teach her?) as if Elizabeth had not Catholicism and Puritanism, and Philip and Catherine di Medici and Mary! I think this paper altogether contrary to the character which we are trying to give to the Review, namely, a character of dignity, and besides of *practicalness*. It is most completely unpractical; it is what a woman's view of practical affairs is supposed to be, and what the view of a person ignorant of life always is. She al-

ways treats the Queen like a young person. Now the Queen cannot be young, except in ignorance of the world, and kings and queens are that even at sixty. She always treats the Queen as *artless*. She cannot be artless, as a person full of anxieties, or who will be so, about doing her duty to her subjects. I am convinced she is just a lively, spirited young lady, thinking only of enjoying herself, and who never is nor ever will be conscious of any difficulties or responsibilities, — no more than Marie Antoinette, who was a much cleverer woman and had much more *will* and *character* than she is ever likely to have. She is conscious, I dare say, of good intentions, as every other young lady is; she is not conscious of wishing any harm to any one, unless they have offended her, nor of intending to break any one article of the Decalogue. That is the nature of the well-meanings of a person like her, and if we wish to give her any higher feelings or notions about her duties, we cannot go a worse way to work than H. M. does. If she reads us, she will not recognize any one of her own feelings in what the article says, and therefore will not mind us at all; besides, the article is a ready-made apology to her for being and for doing nothing.

This is a very small part indeed of what this last reading of the article has made me think to its disadvantage. It seems to me childish, and if we take away the prettiness and masculine structure of some of the sentences it is what people may forgive and like well enough in a woman, but not in a parcel of men. There is continual *trying hard* for philosophy in the article, and not an opinion or observation that you may not drive a coach and six through. I could not have believed how much this was the case till I examined it minutely, for I was imposed upon at first by the writing, which is in the style of a better kind of thought, and yet just the writing one would expect from Miss Mit-

ford, or any other woman who has written tragedies, and learnt to put good woman's feelings into men's words, and to make small things look like great ones. It is not like a person who knows what she is writing about, or who knows life in the world or the feelings produced by particular circumstances, and it will give us an air of *attempting* and not *attaining*, the sort of ignorance of courts which most excites the ridicule of those who know them, especially when exhibited in sententious, goody, small moralizing.

Altogether I cannot reconcile myself to its insertion in any shape, nor can I think of any note to prefix to it which would not in my view have a still worse effect, if possible, than inserting it just as it is, though even Dilke, you see, thinks we ought to separate ourselves from it to a certain extent; and Dilke's opinion in favor of inserting it may be influenced by a wish to do her a good turn which might serve *his* turn in many ways, and this without any impeachment of his sincerity. I would not tell H. M. all I think of the article, but I would tell her what is true, — that I think it all very well from a woman to a woman, but not such as should be addressed by a body of men who aim at having authority to a woman and the public *of* that woman. We want *now* to give a *character* to the Review, as Carrel gave one to the National; and I am sure, if you attempt to scheme out to yourself the sort of article which with that view it would suit *us* to write to and of the Queen, you would arrive at an idea of one which this would not at all answer to. I dare not violate my instinct of suitableness, which we must the more strive to keep up the more we are exposed to swerve from it by our attempts to make the Review acceptable to the public. If you are not convinced by my reasons, consider it as a caprice which I cannot help. I hope you do not consider my putting a negative upon

any article on such grounds as inconsistent with our conventions. . . . I will write to you from Chepstow to tell you where next to write to me. I want to hear how you are getting on, and whether your foot is recovered.

Ever yours, J. S. MILL.

I will try to send you my article from Chepstow further improved.

BRECON, Thursday,
October 6, 1837.

DEAR ROBERTSON, — I sent off my article from Chepstow yesterday. . . . I got your letter the same morning. I detest that vile Queen thing more than ever for being the cause of the first real difference we have ever had about the Review. But I cannot see the force of what you say about our being committed. I am not committed, nor are you in any way which you cannot get rid of by throwing all upon me. You cannot be serious in what you say about Dilke. . . . We never thought of taking his opinion but in conjunction with others. As for H. M., you have only to say to her that it is necessary for the Review to *ménager* me, and that I have seen the article and decidedly object to it. You may say, if it will assist you, that you tried to overcome my objection, and thought you had succeeded, but were mistaken. This will relieve you entirely, at the price only of admitting yourself to be under the restraint of considerations of expediency from which no editor is or can be free. As for me, I am willing, as in this case I am bound, to take entirely upon myself the resentment of a very spiteful person rather than admit the article. The truth is, I feel that I never can have stronger objections to any article, nor justified to myself by stronger reasons, and that to let them be overruled would be to give up all power whatever over the Review; for a power which does not amount even to the power of excluding in an extreme case is no power at all. You com-

pletely misunderstood my meaning in what passed between us that evening: I never considered anything as settled, and I expressly said, two or three times, that I would take time to consider. I did think, towards the end of the evening, that you were assuming rather too confidently that the compromise we proposed would be adopted, and I blame myself exceedingly that I led you into mistake by a foolish repugnance to put myself on the defensive and weigh words when I was discussing confidentially with you. Until I had made up my mind to say *no* decidedly, it was unpleasant to be constantly pulling up and drawing in. We should never have been in this embarrassment if I had not been so extremely averse to bring a matter about which you had so strong an opinion to a direct "collision," as they say in Parliament; one house throwing out a bill which the other has passed. I caught eagerly every straw which offered in the shape of a compromise, and the one you suggested of sending the article forth as H. M.'s, and not as our own, seemed to me the last chance of our settling the matter "without a division." But on reading the thing again I felt my objections to it so much strengthened, and my idea of its counterbalancing good qualities so much lowered, that nothing could reconcile me to its being inserted with any note which did not express *dissent* from it, with the reasons; and you must see how ridiculous that would make us. Putting it in an obscure place only adds a fresh ridicule to the rest; no place but a conspicuous one suits the subject, the first place or the last. I did not think that anything relating to the Review would have given me the worry and annoyance this has, from first to last. It was in an evil hour we asked her to write. But it was *she* who proposed the subject. I only said it promised the best of several which she proposed. If it is but left out of this number, we will leave the question open for next number if you

like. If we cannot settle it so, I must come to town, which will be a great bore to me.

Ever yours, J. S. MILL.

FARNBOROUGH, Sunday,
October 31, 1837.

. . . As to the H. M. matter, I have no objection to discussing it in any way you think best, though if your feelings did not appear to be so much involved in it I should say the way you propose was making very much of a small matter. At all events, I can say little about it until I know how and why you consider your honor implicated or your self-respect endangered. To me these seem words greatly disproportioned to the occasion, which appears to me a very simple one. Did I, or did I not, give you sufficient reason to think that I had waived my objection to the insertion of the article? I say I did not; you, I suppose, say I did: if so, we have only for the future to take care to understand one another better, and to settle everything finally and clearly between us two before we implicate ourselves with contributors, — a caution which it would have been well if I had observed with Bisset as well as you with H. M. Unless indeed you understood our conventions to be such that while they lasted I could not exercise any veto. But if you understood that, then certainly we quite misunderstood each other. I not only did not, but could not so long as I was carrying on the Review for another person (who looked to me, and not to you, as responsible for its maintaining a certain character and a certain general spirit), give up all control over the contents. But it is of no use saying any more about it till I hear from you.

Ever yours, J. S. MILL.

These letters, if they do nothing else, afford abundant proof of Mill's gentleness, calmness, and tact, and show how strong was his personal attachment to

the fiery young editor, who was risking a valuable friendship as well as personal advantage for the sake of a woman about whom he could have known little, and whose character Mill judged more correctly than himself. We do not know to what extent Harriet Martineau was aware of the strong objections urged by Mill to her article, or the zeal with which Robertson pressed its insertion; but we can be quite sure that Mill's criticism would have wounded her to the quick by its reiteration of her weakness in argument, her "goody" tone, her vain assumption of philosophy, and by the contrasting of her imitation of a masculine style with her feminine feebleness of reasoning. For Miss Martineau prided herself on seeing things as men did, and on being admitted by them to a certain equality on account of her mental superiority to her sex.

Here is an undated critique by Mill of another article: —

DEAR ROBERTSON. — I cannot bestow upon B.'s article any milder name than despicable, and nothing could reconcile me to inserting it in any shape but the absolute impossibility of finding any substitute for it in time. I have drawn my pen through some of the stupidest and most concealed things, and sent the rest to press; and God grant that nobody may read it, or that whoever does will instantaneously forget every word of it.

Ever yours, J. S. MILL.

From another undated letter it appears that other writers failed to come up to Mill's standard of review article writing: —

13 PALL MALL, EAST, Friday.

DEAR ROBERTSON, — Though I cannot find fault with you for not coming to town this week, it has happened unluckily, as I was waiting impatiently to talk with you about Horne's article and Mrs. Hall's.



The former I send. You will hardly believe that the fellow has not even *mentioned* any one of the plays he pretends to review. It is a mere dissertation (though for him tolerably well done) on his dreadful *ennuyeux* subject of the "precarious state of the drama," which nobody on earth cares for except playwrights by profession, and which he and a few others have made so dreadfully vulgar by their raving about it that the very sight of the words is disgusting to everybody of common good taste. Will you decide as to this article as you like, and write to Horne about it? He has already been at the printer's, it seems.

As for Mrs. Hall's, I have not yet dared to touch it. It is beyond all measure bad, and impossible to be made better. It has no one good point but a few of the stories towards the end, and those are told cleverly and with sprightliness, no doubt, but in the tone of a London shopkeeper's daughter.

If I have my way we shall reject it totally, but if you could possibly suggest to me any means of making it endurable I should be happy to try them.

One thing I am determined on: nothing shall go to Paris under my sanction and responsibility showing such ignorance and such cockney notions of France and French matters as this does.

J. S. M.

Leigh Hunt's article is with the printers, and with some leaving out it does very well.

A letter from Mrs. Samuel Carter Hall explains the "badness" of the article alluded to by Mill:—

MY DEAR SIR,—Do what you like with it. I will work it up greatly in the proof. It is not my best, but when I tell you that I have been up with poor Carter two nights your kind heart will forgive me if it is not quite as good as you expected. It wants unity, oneness, and a purpose; a little of your philoso-

phy will give it a *backbone*. Adieu, dear sir. I really don't know what business a woman has with literature, for when her home fears are roused or her domestic affections disturbed it's little she cares for her pen's doings. A literary woman ought never to marry if she would be great; but my husband has the sin to answer for; he made me so,—*not great*, but literary. I won't be the least bit in the world angry at any changes you may make.

Most sincerely yours,

A. M. HALL.

In a letter dated Axminster, October 2, 1838, Mill writes:—

I have been thinking very little about the Review, but a good deal about my Logic, of which I have, since I left town, completely planned the concluding portion and written a large piece of it, which I hope I shall add to during my stay at Weymouth.

I have also read the third (newly published) volume of Comte's book, which is almost, if not quite, equal to the two former.

This is much pleasanter work than planning the next number of the Review, for which I have not a single idea beyond what we had when we last talked on the subject.

Our not coming out in October is of no consequence at all, for people will hardly say, after our last brilliant number and our second edition, that the Review is dropped.

I have seen scarcely any newspapers, and none which contain reports of the Palace Yard meeting. Those particulars about the *arming* are very ominous of important results at no long distance, but I cannot see in the menacing attitude of the working classes anything to prevent a Tory ministry; and the middle classes are still very far indeed from the time when they will cry *Concede*; they will be much more likely to cry *Resist*!

Your idea about Mazzini's article seems to me good. If Carlyle cannot take to either of the subjects we had in view for him, we must be thankful for anything he can take to.

I am sorry James Martineau has given up the Catholic subject.

What answer have you given to Lucas? As for the American Slavery article, I think it a good subject for making the number interesting and salable, and more likely to be well treated by H. M. than any subject on which she has yet written for us; but it must be a condition that she shall not be sentimental, which she has more tendency to than any other writer we have.

You do not think of it for this number, I believe. I cannot judge of the other two subjects you mention, and, as I said before, I have not a single idea of my own, and am too glad at not having to think on the subject for a fortnight yet to come.

I am sorry you have been unwell. I have not been quite well myself, but am getting better. It was only a cold.

Ever yours, J. S. MILL.

P. S. I think we are bound to give some answer to the *Globe* man, driveler or not. I have no doubt he *is* a driveler, or in the hands of drivellers on that subject.

In the April number of 1839 there appeared an article by Robertson which, under the title of *Criticism on Women*, was a defense of women generally, and of literary women more particularly, from what he calls "*Crokerism*," meaning thereby the personal attacks on the reputation of certain women, and the satirical depreciatory sneers on others, by a party known at the time by that nickname, of which J. W. Croker was one. The young Queen, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Lady Morgan, Miss Edgeworth, and Miss Martineau are shown in this article to have been among those attacked and taunted by anonymous writers. and

Robertson does battle in their defense with his pen as chivalrously as ever did knight for fair ladies in the olden times of romance.

The article, however, brought down on Robertson an angry letter from Mill:—

DEAR ROBERTSON,—I have been very much annoyed by seeing announced in the advertisement of the *Review* the article which, in a letter that must have reached you in time, I so very particularly requested you to omit; and my annoyance has not been diminished by the manner in which the announcement is made, which is fitter for the *Satirist* or the *Age* than for any periodical which lays claim either to a literary character or a gentlemanly one.

I certainly never contemplated making any work in which I was engaged a vehicle for either attacking or defending the reputation of women, and in whatever way it has been done, it must make the *Review* consummately ridiculous. However, it is of no use writing more about what is past mending.

The same article was the cause of the following:—

Saturday.

DEAR ROBERTSON,—I am going to have to fight a duel on your account. I have had a half-hostile, half-expostulating letter from Hayward on the subject of that passage in the Martineau article, in reply to which I have owned the proprietorship, disowned authorship and editorship, admitted having seen the article before it was printed off, and said that I did not consider the terms "*blackguardizing*" and "*lying*" as applied to any one individually, but to a *class*, to which it was made matter of complaint against certain superior men that they allowed themselves to be assimilated. I of course did not tell him either who wrote the article or who edited it, and I told him that I had ordered any letter he might send to be

forwarded to me; . . . so hold yourself prepared in case he should write a letter to you.

N. B. I told him that the writer had no malice against him, and I believed had never seen him.

Ever yours, J. S. MILL.

We must now go back to 1837, when the important subject of the Canada coercion and rebellion was agitating the minds of statesmen and engrossing the attention of the public. J. S. Mill published in the Review a vindication of the Canadians, and the Radical Working Men of England sent forth, through William Lovett, a spirited address of sympathy and encouragement, viewing the rebellion as a struggle for popular freedom against the oppression of aristocratic and bureaucratic government. When some of the rebels were sent to England for trial, the sympathies of all advanced and liberal minds were on their side. Lord Durham had shown himself disposed to be advised by the Radicals, and in his appointment by the government to ascertain and remove the grievances of the Canadians Mill saw an occasion for the triumph of Radical opinions. Towards this end he and his friends were working by letters, by conversations, and by the influence of the Review. But the men he could rely upon were few; not but what a certain number of waverers were pretty sure to join this set, did they see it to be to their advantage. The first letter on this subject is undated, as also is the second:—

13 Pall Mall, East, Monday.

DEAR ROBERTSON, — The inclosed is from Bulwer, and is exactly what we would expect from him. In the mean time Rintoul has shown me a letter from Wakefield, enthusiastic about Lord Durham, and full of the predictions respecting him which we most wish to see realized, though in general terms.

There is no concealing from ourselves that there is almost an equal chance of Lord D. acting either way, and that his doing the one or the other will wholly depend upon whether Wakefield, we ourselves, and probably Buller and his own resentment, or Bulwer, Fonblanque, Edward Ellice, the herd of professing Liberals, and the indecision and cowardice indigenous to English noblemen, have the greatest influence in his councils.

Give us access to him *early* and I will be d—d if we do not make a hard fight for it.

Ever yours, J. S. MILL.

I. H., Tuesday.

DEAR ROBERTSON, — It seems to me that in any future communication we have with Bulwer the points which it is our interest to make him feel, with the least possible appearance of intending to do so, are these: *first*, that we have the power, from our next number inclusive, either to begin preparing the Radicals to support, and even to call for, their ministry, or to begin impressing them with the uselessness of their looking to any ministry for a long time to come, — that we shall certainly take one line or the other, and it will depend upon the opinion we form of them which; and *secondly*, that our support of them will depend not only upon their embracing the policy which we think suitable to rally the body of moderate Radicals round them, who are to be *our* party whoever is minister, but also upon our confidence in their *personnel*. That Ellice and Stanley (and we need not add himself, but he will see that *we* see through him, which always vastly increases such a man's respect for one) will make it their object to render the ministry a ministry of *intrigants*. That we need only call it that and treat it as that to damage it exceedingly, and that *we will* treat it as that if it *is* that. That we have no earthly objection to act *with* intrigants, but that we do

not choose to act *under* intriguers; that therefore, if their ministry is *made up* of loose fish, and does not contain a due proportion of men who have a high character for private integrity and political earnestness, we will, even if we support their measures, attack and ridicule their persons; and then beware, Messrs. Bulwer, Ellice, and even Lord Durham himself. The ways and times proper for insinuating such of these things as are to be insinuated, and for stating such of them as are to be stated, will present themselves to you as occasion arises.

I have written to Fonblanque as I wrote to Black, informing him of the facts, telling him I think him excessively unfair towards us, and that no provocation shall induce me to attack him, and appealing to his love of truth not to mix us up with Roebuck, etc.

Ever yours, J. S. MILL.

At the end of December, 1838, Mill left England for Paris, *en route* for Marseilles, not being able, without risk to his health, to wait to witness what would have been of the greatest interest to him, — the return of Lord Durham and Charles Buller from Canada, and the reception given to the former, a reception which doubtless owed its tone to Mill's previous articles.

From Paris Mill wrote under date

28th December, 1838.

DEAR ROBERTSON, — The steamboat by which I shall go from Marseilles does not leave till the *tenth*; therefore you may direct to me there as late as the 2d, or you may risk even the 3d, if there be any reason for it.

Use Browning's means of conveyance as much as you can, but if he sends Sordello we must not let him suppose that we can promise a review of it in the February number.

I cannot, on looking forward to my movements, and the time it will take be-

fore I feel settled enough to write, feel it at all likely, if even *possible*, that I can do more than the organization in time to send you for publication in February. When we asked him for Sordello, it was in hopes of finishing it before I set out.

If it must be reviewed in the February number, somebody else must do it; and perhaps that is best, at any rate, for I *cannot* honestly give much praise either to Strafford or Paracelsus. Yet I do not know whom we could get to do it.

Is the account I have seen copied from the English papers of Lord D.'s Canada plans authentic? They seem good mostly, but the notion of a separate colonial office for North America seems rather foolish in itself (as if, instead of curing the defects of the whole system, we were to try to get one set of colonies *excepted* from it) and quite unpractical to propose, because impossible to carry out, or even to make acceptable to anybody.

The idea of adding British America to the Queen's title is laughably pedantic and absurd, and the notion of giving the colonies representatives in the H. of C. cannot be entertained by anybody who has one grain of statesmanship in his head.

I do hope the report will contain no such nonsense, and if you think there is the slightest chance of it pray tell me, that I may write strongly to Buller against it.

I have inquired yesterday morning and this morning for letters, but found none. I doubt not I shall find some from you (if not from other people) at Marseilles.

Yours ever truly, J. S. MILL.

Write fully to me on the reception Lord D.'s plans meet with, if these *be* his plans, and the sort of attacks made on them.

Write long letters and often, — you will have so much to write about. Your

letters will be a great pleasure to me, as I expect from them the particulars of a game well played in which I have a deep stake.

J. S. MILL.

That the policy of Lord Durham was the cause of serious disappointment to Mill is very evident from the following letter : —

ROME, 6th April, 1839.

I have, as you see, taken plenty of time to consider about the manner in which what you told me about Lord Durham in your last letter affects the position of the Review and the question of continuing or not to carry it on.

The result is to strengthen very greatly the inclination I had before to get it off my hands. I shall form no sudden resolution, and above all shall wait till I see Lord Durham myself before I make up my mind finally. But if his purposes are such as he appears to have declared to you, I do not feel myself particularly called upon to tender him any other aid than that of my good wishes. He may be quite right, and there may be no better course to be taken than the one he means to take, but it cannot lead to the organization of a radical party, or the placing the radicals at the head of the movement, — it leaves them as they are already, a mere appendage of the Whigs; and if there is to be no radical party there need be no Westminster Review, for there is no position for it to take, distinguishing it from the Edinburgh.

For my own part, I feel that if the time is come when a radical review should support the Whigs, the time is come when I should withdraw from politics. I can employ myself much better than in conducting a ministerial review, and should think my time and money ill spent in doing only what the Examiner and the Chronicle and all that class of publications can do and are doing much more effectually. In short, it is one thing to support Lord Durham in

forming a party; another to follow him when he is only joining one, and that one which I have so long been crying out against.

If he shows any desire to cultivate my acquaintance I shall respond to it, shall give him my opinion freely whenever he asks it, and any help in a private way which he may think that he needs and that I can give; but as for the Review, even if he would bear the whole expense and leave me the entire control, I doubt *now* whether I should accept it. On the other hand, any chance of the Review's paying its expenses without being considered as his organ, or that of persons who are acting in concert with him, is still farther off than before.

I am sorry that my political article should have been inserted in any shape in a posture of affairs so unsuitable to it, and as I am sure it must have been very much altered to be put in at all, I do hope you have not put my signature to it.

I do not feel clear about publishing even another number. I have not put pen to paper except to write letters since I left Pisa, and I do not intend to do so: when I reach England I shall for some time be extremely busy; and to work hard for a thing one has almost determined to give up seems waste of labor. I shall be glad if you can avoid entering into any *positive* engagements about articles for the July number till I return and can look about me.

I have begun to improve in health (I think so, at least) since the weather grew hot, — it is now complete summer here, — and I expect much more benefit from the three months to come than I have derived from the three that are past. When will you write again?

Ever yours, J. S. MILL.

The following letter from Buller to Robertson explains to some extent what was going on behind the scenes : —

NDON, May 21, 1839.

MY DEAR ROBERTSON, — I have written John Mill a very full letter and sent it to Munich.

There is nothing, I fear, in the consequences of the late strange events on which you should congratulate either individuals or the public. This golden opportunity will be let slip by like so many others, and the Liberal party be only more discredited and divided thereby.

I know something of what is going on behind the scenes: and it is *nothing*. There will be no change, or at least no useful change, in *persons*. My only hope is that Lord John will bring in his plan of reform — repeal of rate-paying clauses — extension of county franchise to £10 householders and of the class of freemen. Our policy is to insist on nothing further. Let him once do this: the quarrel between the two sections of the aristocracy will then be irreconcilable and the coalition impossible, and the Whigs embarked in a boat which they must get better men to steer.

This is my most favorable idea of things; but I must own that I much doubt whether any good will come. And to tell the plain truth, I feel both on public and far more on personal grounds great regrets that the Tories have been interrupted in making their government.

I don't believe in their being able to carry on the government a year. We should have formed again in Opposition, and I should have been in the next cabinet.

What are your plans for dividing the Tories? Pray let me know them.

Yours very truly,

CHARLES BULLER, JR.

Mill's last letter from abroad is dated

MUNICH, 31st May, 1839.

DEAR ROBERTSON, — On arriving here I found your letter of the 13th of May from Edinburgh.

Another letter had followed me from

Rome to Venice, though it must have reached Rome in time to have been given to me there.

I hope by this time you see your way through your troubles and annoyances, and are in better spirits and health.

About the state of politics and about the Review it is of no use writing much when we shall see each other so soon. I have seen no English papers since the turn-out and turn-in of the ministry, and what I know of it is chiefly from letters, the latest and most explicit of which is from Buller. But I expect no change whatever in the politics of the ministry as long as Melbourne is at their head; and when a change does come it will be so gradual and imperceptible that the Review will not profit much by it. I must get rid of the Review not only on account of the expense, but the time and exertion. I think myself, and still more everybody else, including the doctors and the India House people, will think, that I must not undertake so much work; especially when I first come back and have a long arrear of business at the I. H. It will be quite impossible for me to write *anything* for the Review, and the next number must certainly appear without anything of mine in it. I can better spare even money than time and labor for that number.

And I see no prospect of Lord Durham or anybody else taking it off my hands, as matters stand at present. I ought not to drop it without trying to preserve an organ for radicalism by offering it to any radical who would carry it on, on radical lines. Do you think Dilke would now be willing to take it, and would you sound him on the subject? I have not yet seen the last number, for though the reading-room at Florence takes it, everything is so long in coming that they are always far behind. I shall probably see it at Brussels. Will you thank Buller for his letter, and say I would answer it if I were not likely to see him so soon? — but I

am so little able to judge of the present state of the public mind in England that I cannot judge whether he or the ten radicals who voted against the ministry were in the right. I think it likely that I should have done as he did, because the ministerial measure was probably right in itself, however absurdly defended; but if Grote and Molesworth thought the measure bad, I think they were right in voting against it. Buller's remarks on the general state of politics seem to me sensible and right; whether his practical views are right or not will depend very much on the conduct of the ministry, which I feel persuaded will entirely disappoint both him and you. The radicals will not insist on any conditions, and if they did the ministry would reject them.

I shall leave this place in a day or two for Mannheim and the Rhine, from whence I shall go to Brussels, where I hope to find a letter from you. I shall be in London at latest on the 30th of June. I am coming back not at all cured, but cured of caring much about cure. I have no doubt I shall in time get accustomed to dyspepsia, as Lafontaine hoped he should to the regions below.

Ever yours,

J. S. MILL.

The correspondence following this period leads us to suppose that Mill had endeavored to gain some position for Robertson on the *Review*, when it passed from his hands. There then seems to have been an idea of coöperation between Henry Cole as proprietor and Robertson as editor; but after due consideration Cole came to the conclusion, not without pain, that such an arrangement would not and could not be successful, and after much deliberation Mill concurred in that conclusion.

Mill writes:—

I am exceedingly grieved by the consciousness that I must appear to you

(what I never have been nor could be intentionally) unkind to you. The thought of this matter has been, ever since it was first mentioned by you in a letter last July, but especially of late, no small addition to the burthens of various sorts that have lain upon me.

I feel, however, that I have meant rightly to you and to every other interest concerned, and that I have acted to the best of my judgment; and though I feel painfully the impossibility of my convincing you that I am right, I am sure you will respect me more for acting upon my own conviction than for giving way, from feelings of friendship and confidence, without being convinced.

Cole repeatedly expressed his wish not to stand in the way of any arrangement more beneficial to you and independent of him; but we seemed to have already exhausted the possibilities of such, and as it was impossible to keep Hickson any longer without an answer, I have told Cole that I considered the *Review* as made over to them, although the formal transfer has not yet taken place.

I am sure you have that in you which a disappointment in so poor a hope as this cannot unnerve or permanently discourage.

Ever yours,

J. S. MILL.

The "hope" entertained by Robertson was one, however distant, of getting into Parliament; and he would have used the *Review*, had he continued his editorship, to support the Whigs,—that is, the radical section among them,—which Mill had felt himself unable to do conscientiously. Lord Normanby had had one interview, if not more, with Robertson with reference to this subject.

The last letter we shall quote is undated, but fully explains itself:—

KENSINGTON, Monday.

DEAR ROBERTSON,—Some points in your letter positively require from me a few words to set right a few matters in

which you have quite misunderstood me, and in which it would be very unpleasant to me that you should continue to do so.

First. I did not allude to that number of the Review for any purpose of disparagement. Why should I? It has fully less of the defects to which I alluded than I thought it would have. I referred to it *bona fide*, as I professed to do, namely, as evidence you could appeal to in contradiction to my opinion if I was wrong.

Second. When I spoke of unconciliativeness to contributors, I never meant that you were in the wrong in your disputes with them, but that you gave them unnecessary offense by matters of mere manner, and did not spare their vanity, which I am sure I have often said to you before; and also that I think you, in that particular, extremely impractical, since no one can use others as instruments unless he makes them like his service.

Third. When I spoke of subserviency, I carefully explained that I was not speaking of your intentions or feelings, but of *their* expectations.

Fourth. I never said that *you* would get a character like Fonblanque's, but that the *Review* would. I have distinctly said to you several times that *you* personally would not suffer in any way, and I said it most distinctly in the very same sentence by saying I should be glad to aid you in a ministerial course by any other means than the Review.

Fifth. Finally, I *do* feel that I can and ought to support the ministry, but not connect myself with them (unless I had a voice in their councils); that is, I can neither take their money nor make over power which is in my hands and put it into theirs, though any power in my own hands I would, while I see as much cause as I now do, use in their support.

Having endeavored to put myself right in these points, I will now say that your

readiness to give up a project, in my objections to which you do not at all concur, is a thing which, you may rely upon it, I shall not forget.

I think your letter to Lord Northampton in perfectly good taste, as well as right feeling towards him.

Ever yours, J. S. MILL.

Thus ended John Stuart Mill's four years' proprietorship of the Review, — a period spoken of by Dr. Thomas Chalmers as "the palmy days of the London and Westminster Review." Opinions may differ as to the importance of the Review as a factor in the great events of those days; but that Mill was thoroughly sincere and earnest in his support of the cause the English Radicals of fifty years ago had at heart there cannot be the slightest doubt. Outside his labor and anxieties the publication of the Review caused him a very serious financial loss, as will be seen from a letter now before us dated 1856, in which Mr. Robertson says: "The loss on the Review during the proprietorship of Sir William Molesworth had been about £100 a number. As I was a paid editor, and every contributor (with the only exception, I believe, of John Sterling) was paid a pound a page, the loss on my first number exceeded £100. We printed 2000 copies, of which 1500 were generally taken off by the first sales, and the rest in the course of time. Mill's article in vindication of the Canadians at the time of the rebellion had a singularly unfavorable effect on the sale of the Review. Of that number we sold only 1303. The loss on the last number I edited amounted to £33. It should be observed that Mr. Hooper, the publisher, in addition to his publishing dues, was allowed to farm the advertisements for his own profit."

It seems only just to give here the testimony of Dr. Channing to John Robertson's merits as editor of the London and Westminster Review: —

"Mr. Robertson gave a noble character to the Westminster. What gratified me particularly in that work was its enlarged, candid, liberal tone of thought. It was just to conservatism, just to the past, — rare merits amongst us Liberals. Perhaps we have been as bigoted as our opponents; nor is it to be wondered at. The terrible abuses of the past, contrasted with the bright hues which the

imagination throws over the future, naturally enough put us out of patience. . . .

"I ought to be more just, and some articles in the Westminster have helped me in this particular. I do not mean that this is its only merit, but in this way it has done much for the Liberal cause; for nothing serves a cause more than to give a large wisdom to its advocates."¹

C. Marion D. [Robertson] Towers.

DOWN BY THE SHORE IN DECEMBER.

THEY come and go; their shadows pass
Beyond the bound where blue and brine
Kiss, and the orient clouds amass
White piles above the horizon's line.

Some of yon vessels will return,
And some shall never touch their port!
Full many hearts that in them burn
Will find life's voyage all too short.

Inconstant Ocean! who canst look
So calm, with murder in thy frown,
For whom those meadows I forsook,
And all the allurements of the town,

I did not feel till here I dwelt
How terrible the mighty main,
Nor think how bright Orion's belt
Gleams nightly on thy drowned and slain.

O give me back my Wayland meads,
Where Sudbury's loitering eddies glide,
And one long line of lilies leads
My skiff to Concord's harmless tide!

There let me with protecting woods
Shield my reposing age, afar
From the wild fury of the floods
To watch in peace that evening star.

Thomas William Parsons.

¹ Memoir of William Ellery Channing, vol. ii. p. 401. From a letter to Miss Harriet Martineau.

THE CREED OF THE OLD SOUTH.

A FEW months ago, as I was leaving Baltimore for a summer sojourn on the coast of Maine, two old soldiers of the war between the States took their seats immediately behind me in the car, and began a lively conversation about the various battles in which they had faced each other more than a quarter of a century ago, when a trip to New England would have been no holiday jaunt for one of their fellow-travelers. The veterans went into the minute detail that always puts me to shame, when I think how poor an account I should give if pressed to describe the military movements that I have happened to witness; and I may as well acknowledge at the outset that I have as little aptitude for the soldier's trade as I have for the romancer's. Single incidents I remember as if they were of yesterday. Single pictures have burned themselves into my brain. But I have no vocation to tell how fields were lost and won; and my experience of military life was too brief and fitful to be of any value to the historian of the war. For my own life that experience has been of the utmost significance, and despite the heavy price I have had to pay for my outings, despite the daily reminder of five long months of intense suffering, I have no regrets. An able-bodied young man, with a long vacation at his disposal, could not have done otherwise, and the right to teach Southern youth for nine months was earned by sharing the fortunes of their fathers and brothers at the front for three. Self-respect is everything; and it is something to have belonged in deed and in truth to an heroic generation, to have shared in a measure its perils and privations. But that heroic generation is apt to be a bore to a generation whose heroism is of a different type, and I doubt whether the young people in our car took much

interest in the very audible conversation of the two veterans. Twenty-five years hence, when the survivors will be curiosities, as were Revolutionary pensioners in my childhood, there may be a renewal of interest. As it is, few of the present generation pore over *The Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, and a grizzled old Confederate has been heard to declare that he intended to bequeath his copy of that valuable work to some one outside of the family, so provoked was he at the supineness of his children. And yet, for the truth's sake, all these battles must be fought over and over again, until the account is cleared, and until justice is done to the valor and skill of both sides.

The two old soldiers were talking amicably enough, as all old soldiers do, but they "yarned," as all old soldiers do, and though they talked from Baltimore to Philadelphia, and from Philadelphia to New York, their conversation was lost on me, for my thoughts went back into my own past, and two pictures came up to me from the time of the war.

In the midsummer of 1863 I was serving as a private in the First Virginia Cavalry. Gettysburg was in the past, and there was not much fighting to be done, but the cavalry was not wholly idle. Raids had to be intercepted, and the enemy was not to be allowed to vaunt himself too much; so that I gained some experience of the hardships of that arm of the service, and found out by practical participation what is meant by a cavalry charge. To a looker-on nothing can be finer. To the one who charges, or is supposed to charge, — for the horse seemed to me mainly responsible, — the details are somewhat cumbersome. Now in one of these charges some of us captured a number of the opposing force, among them a young lieutenant. Why this particular capture

should have impressed me so I cannot tell, but memory is a tricky thing. A large red fox scared up from his lair by the fight at Castleman's Ferry stood for a moment looking at me; and I shall never forget the stare of that red fox. At one of our fights near Kernstown a spent bullet struck a horse on the side of his nose, which happened to be white, and left a perfect imprint of itself; and the jerk of the horse's head and the outline of the bullet are present to me still. The explosion of a particular caisson, the shriek of a special shell, will ring in one's ears for life. A captured lieutenant was no novelty, and yet this captured lieutenant caught my eye and held it. A handsomer young fellow, a more noble-looking, I never beheld among Federals or Confederates, as he stood there, bare-headed, among his captors, erect and silent. His eyes were full of fire, his lips showed a slight quiver of scorn, and his hair seemed to tighten its curls in defiance. Doubtless I had seen as fine specimens of young manhood before, but if so, I had seen without looking, and this man was evidently what we called a gentleman.

Southern men were proud of being gentlemen, although they have been told in every conceivable tone that it was a foolish pride, — foolish in itself, foolish in that it did not have the heraldic backing that was claimed for it; the utmost concession being that a number of "deboshed" younger sons of decayed gentry had been shipped to Virginia in the early settlement of that colony. But the very pride played its part in making us what we were proud of being, and whether descendants of the aforesaid "deboshed," of simple English yeomen, of plain Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, a doughty stock, of Huguenots of various ranks of life, we all held to the same standard, and showed, as was thought, undue exclusiveness on this subject. But this prisoner was the embodiment of the best type of Northern youth, with a spirit as

high, as resolute, as could be found in the ranks of Southern gentlemen; and though in theory all enlightened Southerners recognized the high qualities of some of our opponents, this one noble figure in "flesh and blood" was better calculated to inspire respect for "those people," as we had learned to call our adversaries, than many pages of "gray theory."

A little more than a year afterwards, in Early's Valley campaign, — a rude school of warfare. — I was serving as a volunteer aide on General Gordon's staff. The day before the disaster of Fisher's Hill I was ordered, together with another staff officer, to accompany the general on a ride to the front. The general had a well-known weakness for inspecting the outposts, — a weakness that made a position in his suite somewhat precarious. The officer with whom I was riding had not been with us long, and when he joined the staff had just recovered from wounds and imprisonment. A man of winning appearance, sweet temper, and attractive manners, he soon made friends of the military family, and I never learned to love a man so much in so brief an acquaintance, though hearts knit quickly in the stress of war. He was highly educated, and foreign residence and travel had widened his vision without affecting the simple faith and thorough consecration of the Christian. Here let me say that the bearing of the Confederates is not to be understood without taking into account the deep religious feeling of the army and its great leaders. It is an historical element, like any other, and is not to be passed over in summing up the forces of the conflict. "A soldier without religion," says a Prussian officer, who knew our army as well as the German, "is an instrument without value;" and it is not unlikely that the knowledge of the part that faith played in sustaining the Southern people may have lent emphasis to the expression of his conviction.

We rode together towards the front, and as we rode our talk fell on Goethe and on Faust, and of all passages the soldiers' song came up to my lips, — the song of soldiers of fortune, not the chant of men whose business it was to defend their country. Two lines, however, were significant: —

“Kühn ist das Mühlen,
Herrlich der Lohn.”

We reached the front. An occasional “zip” gave warning that the sharpshooters were not asleep, and the quick eye of the general saw that our line needed rectification and how. Brief orders were given to the officer in command. My comrade was left to aid in carrying them out. The rest of us withdrew. Scarcely had we ridden a hundred yards towards camp when a shout was heard, and, turning round, we saw one of the men running after us. “The captain had been killed.” The peace of heaven was on his face, as I gazed on the noble features that afternoon. The bullet had passed through his official papers and found his heart. He had received his discharge, and the glorious reward had been won.

This is the other picture that the talk of the two old soldiers called up, — dead Confederate against living Federal; and these two pictures stand out before me again, as I am trying to make others understand and to understand myself what it was to be a Southern man twenty-five years ago; what it was to accept with the whole heart the creed of the Old South. The image of the living Federal bids me refrain from harsh words in the presence of those who were my captors. The dead Confederate bids me uncover the sacred memories that the dust of life's Appian Way hides from the tenderest and truest of those whose business it is to live and work. For my dead comrade of the Valley campaign is one of many; some of them my friends, some of them my pupils as well.

The 18th of July, 1861, laid low one of my Princeton College room-mates; on the 21st, the day of the great battle, the other fell, — both bearers of historic names, both upholding the cause of their State with as unclouded a conscience as any saint in the martyrology ever wore; and from that day to the end, great battle and outpost skirmish brought me, week by week, a personal loss in men of the same type.

The surrender of the Spartans on the island of Sphacteria was a surprise to friend and foe alike; and the severe historian of the Peloponnesian war pauses to record the answer of a Spartan to the jeering question of one of the allies of the Athenians, — a question which implied that the only brave Spartans were those who had been slain. The answer was tipped with Spartan wit; the only thing Spartan, as some one has said, in the whole un-Spartan affair. “The arrow,” said he, “would be of great price if it distinguished the brave men from the cowards.” But it did seem to us, in our passionate grief, that the remorseless bullet, the remorseless shell, had picked out the bravest and the purest. It is an old cry, —

“Ja, der Krieg verschlingt die Besten.”

Still, when Schiller says in the poem just quoted,

“Denn Patroklos liegt begraben
Und Thersites kommt zurück,”

his illustration is only half right. The Greek Thersites did not return to claim a pension.

Of course, what was to all true Confederates beyond a question “a holy cause,” “the holiest of causes,” this fight in defense of “the sacred soil” of our native land, was to the other side “a wicked rebellion” and “damnable treason,” and both parties to the quarrel were not sparing of epithets which, at this distance of time, may seem to our children unnecessarily undignified; and no doubt some of these *epitheta*

ornantia continue to flourish in remote regions, just as pictorial representations of Yankees and rebels in all their respective fiendishness are still cherished here and there. At the Centennial Exposition of 1876, by way of conciliating the sections, the place of honor in the Art Annex, or by whatever un-English name they called it, was given to Rothermel's painting of the battle of Gettysburg, in which the face of every dying Union soldier is lighted up with a celestial smile, while guilt and despair are stamped on the wan countenances of the moribund rebels. At least such is my recollection of the painting; and I hope that I may be pardoned for the malicious pleasure I felt when I was informed of the high price that the State of Pennsylvania had paid for that work of art. The dominant feeling was amusement, not indignation. But as I looked at it I recalled another picture of a battle scene, painted by a friend of mine, a French artist, who had watched our life with an artist's eye. One of the figures in the foreground was a dead Confederate boy, lying in the angle of a worm fence. His uniform was worn and ragged, mud-stained as well as blood-stained; the cap which had fallen from his head was a tatter, and the torn shoes were ready to drop from his stiffening feet; but in a buttonhole of his tunic was stuck the inevitable toothbrush, which continued even to the end of the war to be the distinguishing mark of gentle nurture, — the souvenir that the Confederate so often received from fair sympathizers in border towns. I am not a realist, but I would not exchange that homely toothbrush in the Confederate's buttonhole for the most angelic smile that Rothermel's brush could have conjured up.

Now I make no doubt that most of the readers of *The Atlantic* have got beyond the Rothermel stage, and yet I am not certain that all of them appreciate the entire clearness of conscience

with which we of the South went into the war. A new patriotism is one of the results of the great conflict, and the power of local patriotism is no longer felt to the same degree. In one of his recent deliverances Mr. Carnegie, a canny Scot who has constituted himself the representative of American patriotism, not without profit, says, "The citizen of the republic to-day is prouder of being an American than he is of being a native of any State in the country." What it is to be a native of any State in the country, especially an old State with an ancient and honorable history, is something that Mr. Carnegie cannot possibly understand. But the "to-day" is superfluous. The Union was a word of power in 1861 as it is in 1891. Before the secession of Virginia a Virginian Breckinridge asked: "If exiled in a foreign land, would the heart turn back to Virginia, or South Carolina, or New York, or to any one State as the cherished home of its pride? No. We would remember only that we were Americans." Surely this seems quite as patriotic as Mr. Carnegie's utterance; and yet, to the native Virginian just quoted, so much stronger was the State than the central government that, a few weeks after this bold speech, he went into the war, and finally perished in the war. "A Union man," says his biographer, "fighting for the rights of his old mother Virginia." And there were many men of his mind, noted generals, valiant soldiers. The University Memorial, which records the names and lives of the alumni of the University of Virginia who fell in the Confederate war, two hundred in number, — this volume, full "of memories and of sighs" to every Southern man of my age, lies open before me as I write, and some of the noblest men who figure in its pages were Union men; and the Memorial of the Virginia Military Institute tells the same story with the same eloquence. The State was imperiled, and parties disappeared; and of the

combatants in the field, some of the bravest and the most conspicuous belonged to those whose love of the old Union was warm and strong, to whom the severance of the tie that bound the States together was a personal grief. But even those who prophesied the worst, who predicted a long and bloody struggle and a doubtful result, had no question about the duty of the citizen; shared the common burden and submitted to the individual sacrifice as readily as the veriest fire-eater, — nay, as they claimed, more readily. The most intimate friend I ever had, who fell after heroic services, was known by all our circle to be utterly at variance with the prevalent Southern view of the quarrel, and died upholding a right which was not a right to him except so far as the mandate of his State made it a right; and while he would have preferred to see "the old flag" floating over a united people, he restored the new banner to its place time after time when it had been cut down by shot and shell.

Those who were bred in the opposite political faith, who read their right of withdrawal in the Constitution, had less heart-searching to begin with than the Union men of the South; but when the State called there were no parties, and the only trace of the old difference was a certain rivalry which should do the better fighting. This ready response to the call of the State showed very clearly that, despite varying theories of government, the people of the Southern States were practically of one mind as to the seat of the paramount obligation. Adherence to the Union was a matter of sentiment, a matter of interest. The arguments urged on the South against secession were addressed to the memories of the glorious struggle for independence, to the anticipation of the glorious future that awaited the united country, to the difficulties and the burdens of a separate life. Especial stress was laid on the last argument; and the expense

of a separate government, of a standing army, was set forth in appalling figures. A Northern student of the war once said to me, "If the Southern people had been of a statistical turn, there would have been no secession, there would have been no war." But there were men enough of a statistical turn in the South to warn the people against the enormous expense of independence, just as there are men enough of a statistical turn in Italy to remind the Italians of the enormous cost of national unity. "Counting the cost" is in things temporal the only wise course, as in the building of a tower; but there are times in the life of an individual, of a people, when the things that are eternal force themselves into the calculation, and the abacus is nowhere. "Neither count I my life dear unto myself" is a sentiment that does not enter into the domain of statistics. The great Athenian statesman who saw the necessity of the Peloponnesian war was not above statistics, as he showed when he passed in review the resources of the Athenian empire, the tribute from the allies, the treasure laid up in the House of the Virgin. But when he addressed the people in justification of the war, he based his argument, not on a calculation of material resources, but on a simple principle of right. Submission to any encroachment, the least as well as the greatest, on the rights of a State means slavery. To us submission meant slavery, as it did to Pericles and the Athenians; as it did to the great historian of Greece, who had learned this lesson from the Peloponnesian war, and who took sides with the Southern States, to the great dismay of his fellow-radicals, who could not see, as George Grote saw, the real point at issue in the controversy. Submission is slavery, and the bitterest taunt in the vocabulary of those who advocated secession was "submissionist." But where does submission begin? Who is to mark the point of

encroachment? That is a matter which must be decided by the sovereign; and on the theory that the States are sovereign, each State must be the judge. The extreme Southern States considered their rights menaced by the issue of the presidential election. Virginia and the Border States were more deliberate; and Virginia's "pausing" was the theme of much mockery in the State and out of it, from friend and from foe alike. Her love of peace, her love of the Union, were set down now to cowardice, now to cunning. The Mother of States and Queller of Tyrants was caricatured as Mrs. Facing-both-ways; and the great commonwealth that even Mr. Lodge's statistics cannot displace from her leadership in the history of the country was charged with trading on her neutrality. Her solemn protest was unheeded. The "serried phalanx of her gallant sons" that should "prevent the passage of the United States forces" was an expression that amused Northern critics of style as a bit of antiquated Southern rodomontade. But the call for troops showed that the rodomontade meant something. Virginia had made her decision; and if the United States forces did not find a serried phalanx barring their way, — a serried phalanx is somewhat out of date, — they found something that answered the purpose as well.

The war began, the war went on. Passion was roused to fever heat. Both sides "saw red," that physiological condition which to a Frenchman excuses everything. The proverbial good humor of the American people did not, it is true, desert the country, and the Southern men who were in the field, as they were much happier than those who stayed at home, if I may judge by my own experience, were often merry enough by the camp fire, and exchanged rough jests with the enemy's pickets. But the invaded people were very much in earnest, however lightly some of their adversaries treated the matter, and as

the pressure of the war grew tighter the more sombre did life become. A friend of mine, describing the crowd that besieged the Gare de Lyon in Paris, when the circle of fire was drawing round the city, and foreigners were hastening to escape, told me that the press was so great that he could touch in every direction those who had been crushed to death as they stood, and had not had room to fall. Not wholly unlike this was the pressure brought to bear on the Confederacy. It was only necessary to put out your hand and you touched a corpse; and that not an alien corpse, but the corpse of a brother or a friend. Every Southern man becomes grave when he thinks of that terrible stretch of time, partly, it is true, because life was nobler, but chiefly because of the memories of sorrow and suffering. A professional Southern humorist once undertook to write in dialect a Comic History of the War, but his heart failed him, as his public would have failed him, and the serial lived only for a number or two.

The war began, the war went on. War is a rough game. It is an omelet that cannot be made without breaking eggs, not only eggs *in esse*, but also eggs *in posse*. So far as I have read about war, ours was no worse than other wars. While it lasted, the conduct of the combatants on either side was represented in the blackest colors by the other. Even the ordinary and legitimate doing to death was considered criminal if the deed was done by a ruthless rebel or a ruffianly invader. Non-combatants were especially eloquent. In describing the end of a brother who had been killed while trying to get a shot at a Yankee, a Southern girl raved about the "murdered patriot" and the "dastardly wretch" who had anticipated him. But I do not criticise, for I remember an English account of the battle of New Orleans, in which General Pakenham was represented as having been picked

off by a "sneaking Yankee rifle." Those who were engaged in the actual conflict took more reasonable views, and the annals of the war are full of stories of battlefield and hospital in which a common humanity asserted itself. But brotherhood there was none. No alienation could have been more complete. Into the fissure made by the disruption poured all the bad blood that had been breeding from colonial times, from Revolutionary times, from constitutional struggles, from congressional debates, from "bleeding Kansas" and the engine-house at Harper's Ferry; and a great gulf was fixed, as it seemed forever, between North and South. The hostility was a very satisfactory one — for military purposes.

The war began, the war went on, — this politicians' conspiracy, this slaveholders' rebellion, as it was variously called by those who sought its source, now in the disappointed ambition of the Southern leaders, now in the desperate determination of a slaveholding oligarchy to perpetuate their power, and to secure forever their proprietorship in their "human chattels." On this theory the mass of the Southern people were but puppets in the hands of political wirepullers, or blind followers of hectoring "patricians." To those who know the Southern people nothing can be more absurd; to those who know their personal independence, to those who know the deep interest which they have always taken in politics, the keen intelligence with which they have always followed the questions of the day. The court-house green was the political university of the Southern masses, and the hustings the professorial chair, from which the great political and economical questions of the day were presented, to say the least, as fully and intelligently as in the newspapers to which so much enlightenment is attributed. There was no such system of rotten boroughs, no such domination of a landed aristocracy, throughout the

South as has been imagined, and venality, which is the disgrace of current politics, was practically unknown. The men who represented the Southern people in Washington came from the people, and not from a ring. Northern writers who have ascribed the firm control in Congress of the national government which the South held so long to the superior character, ability, and experience of its representatives do not seem to be aware that the choice of such representatives and their prolonged tenure show that in politics, at least, the education of the Southerner had not been neglected. The rank and file then were not swayed simply by blind passion or duped by the representations of political gamesters. Nor did the lump need the leavening of the large percentage of men of the upper classes who served as privates, some of them from the beginning to the end of the war. The rank and file were, to begin with, in full accord with the great principles of the war, and were sustained by the abiding conviction of the justice of the cause. Of course there were in the Southern army, as in every army, many who went with the multitude in the first enthusiastic rush, or who were brought into the ranks by the needful process of conscription; but it is not a little remarkable that few of the poorest and the most ignorant could be induced to forswear the cause and to purchase release from the sufferings of imprisonment by the simple process of taking the oath. Those who have seen the light of battle on the faces of these humble sons of the South, or witnessed their steadfastness in camp, on the march, in the hospital, have not been ashamed of the brotherhood.

There is such a thing as fighting for a principle, an idea; but principle and idea must be incarnate, and the principle of States' rights was incarnate in the historical life of the Southern people. Of the thirteen original States, Virginia,

North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia were openly and officially upon the side of the South. Maryland as a State was bound hand and foot. We counted her as ours, for the Potomac and Chesapeake Bay united as well as divided. Each of these States had a history, had an individuality. Every one was something more than a certain aggregate of square miles wherein dwelt an uncertain number of uncertain inhabitants, something more than a Territory transformed into a State by the magic of political legerdemain; a creature of the central government, and duly loyal to its creator.

In claiming this individuality, nothing more is claimed for Virginia and for South Carolina than would be conceded to Massachusetts and Connecticut; and we believed then that Massachusetts and Connecticut would not have behaved otherwise than we did, if the parts had been reversed. The brandished sword would have shown what manner of *placida quies* would have ensued, if demands had been made on Massachusetts at all commensurate with the Federal demands on Virginia. These older Southern States were proud of their history, and they showed their pride by girding at their neighbors. South Carolina had her fling at Georgia, her fling at North Carolina; and the wish that the little State had been scuttled at an early day was a plagiarism from classical literature that might have emanated from the South as well as from the North. Virginia assumed a superiority that was resented by her Southern sisters as well as by her Northern partners. The Old North State derided the pretensions of the commonwealths that flanked her on either side, and Georgia was not slow to give South Carolina as good as she sent. All this seemed to be harmless banter, but the rivalry was old enough and strong enough to encourage the hopes of the Union leaders that the Confederacy would split along state lines. The

cohesive power of the Revolutionary war was not sufficiently strong to make the States sink their contributions to the common cause in the common glory. Washington was the one national hero, and yet the Washington Light Infantry of Charleston was named, not after the illustrious George, but after his kinsman, William. The story of Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill did not thrill the South Carolinian of an earlier day, and those great achievements were actually criticised. Who were Putnam and Stark that South Carolinians should worship them, when they had a Marion and a Sumter of their own? Vermont went wild, the other day, over Bennington as she did not over the centenary of the surrender at Yorktown. Take away this local patriotism and you take out all the color that is left in American life. That the local patriotism may not only consist with a wider patriotism, but may serve as a most important element in wider patriotism, is true. Witness the strong local life in the old provinces of France. No student of history, no painter of manners, can neglect it. In Gerfaut, a novel written before the Franco-Prussian war, Charles de Bernard represents an Alsatian shepherd as saying, "I am not French; I am Alsatian," — "*trait de patriotisme de clocher assez commun dans la belle province du Rhin*," adds the author, little dreaming of the national significance of that "*patriotisme de clocher*." The Breton's love of his home is familiar to every one who has read his Renan, and Blanche Willis Howard, in Guenn, makes her priest exclaim, "Monsieur, I would fight with France against any other nation, but I would fight with Brittany against France. I love France. I am a Frenchman. But first of all I am a Breton." The Provençal speaks of France as if she were a foreign country, and fights for her as if she were his alone. What is true of France is true in a measure of England. Devonshire

men are notoriously Devonshire men first and last. If this is true of what have become integral parts of kingdom or republic by centuries of incorporation, what is to be said of the States that had never renounced their sovereignty, that had only suspended it in part?

The example of state pride set by the older States was not lost on the younger Southern States, and the Alabamian and the Mississippian lived in the same faith as did the stock from which they sprang; and the community of views, of interest, of social order, soon made a larger unit and prepared the way for a true nationality, and with the nationality a great conflict. The heterogeneousness of the elements that made up the Confederacy did not prove the great source of weakness that was expected. The Border States looked on the world with different eyes from the Gulf States. The Virginia farmer and the Creole planter of Louisiana were of different strains; and yet there was a solidarity that has never failed to surprise the few Northerners who penetrated the South for study and pleasure. There was an extraordinary ramification of family and social ties throughout the Southern States, and a few minutes' conversation sufficed to place any member of the social organism from Virginia to Texas. Great schools, like the University of Virginia, within the Southern border did much to foster the community of feeling, and while there were not a few Southerners at Harvard and Yale, and while Princeton was almost a Southern college, an education in the North did not seem to nationalize the Southerner. On the contrary, as in the universities of the Middle Ages, groups were formed in accordance with nativity; and sectional lines, though effaced at certain points, were strengthened at others. There may have been a certain broadening of view; there was no weakening of the home ties. West Point made fewer converts to this side and to that than did the Northern wives of

Southern husbands, the Southern wives of Northern husbands.

All this is doubtless controvertible, and what has been written may serve only to amuse or to disgust those who are better versed in the facts of our history and keener analysts of its laws. All that I vouch for is the feeling; the only point that I have tried to make is the simple fact that, right or wrong, we were fully persuaded in our own minds, and that there was no lurking suspicion of any moral weakness in our cause. Nothing could be holier than the cause, nothing more imperative than the duty of upholding it. There were those in the South who, when they saw the issue of the war, gave up their faith in God, but not their faith in the cause.

It is perfectly possible to be fully persuaded in one's own mind without the passionate desire to make converts that animates the born preacher, and any one may be excused from preaching when he recognizes the existence of a mental or moral color-blindness with which it is not worth while to argue. There is no umpire to decide which of the disputants is color-blind, and the discussion is apt to degenerate into a wearisome reiteration of points which neither party will concede. Now this matter of allegiance is just such a question. Open the October number of *The Atlantic* and read the sketch of General Thomas, whom many military men on the Southern side consider to have been the ablest of all the Federal generals. He was, as every one knows, a Virginian, and it seemed to us that his being a Virginian was remembered against him in the Federal councils. "His severance," says the writer in *The Atlantic*, "from family and State was a keen trial, but 'his duty was clear from the beginning.' To his vision there was but one country, — the United States of America. He had few or no friends at the North. Its political policy had not seemed to him to be wise. But he could serve under

no flag except that which he had pledged his honor to uphold." Passing over the quiet assumption that the North was the United States of America, which sufficiently characterizes the view of the writer, let us turn to the contrast which would at once have suggested itself even if it had not been brought forward by the eulogist of Thomas. A greater than Thomas decided the question at the same time, and decided it the other way. To Lee's vision there was but one course open to a Virginian, and the pledge that he had given when Virginia was one of the United States of America had ceased to bind him when Virginia withdrew from the compact. His duty was clear from the hour when to remain in the army would have been to draw his sword against a people to whom he was "indissolubly bound."

These contrasted cases are indeed convenient tests for color-blindness. There may "arise a generation in Virginia," or even a generation of Virginians, "who will learn and confess" that "Thomas loved Virginia as well as" the sons "she has preferred to honor, and served her better." But no representative Virginian shares that prophetic vision; the color-blindness, on whichever side it is, has not yielded to treatment during the twenty-five years that have elapsed since the close of the war, and may as well be accepted for an indefinite period. When social relations were resumed between the North and the South, — they followed slowly the resumption of business relations, — what we should call the color-blindness of the other side often manifested itself in a delicate reticence on the part of our Northern friends; and as the war had by no means constituted their lives as it had constituted ours for four long years, the success in avoiding the disagreeable topic would have been considerable, if it had not been for awkward allusions on the part of the Southerners, who, having been shut out for all that time from the study of literature

and art and other elegant and uncomplaining subjects, could hardly keep from speaking of this and that incident of the war. Whereupon a discreet, or rather an embarrassed silence, as if a pardoned convict had playfully referred to the arson or burglary, not to say worse, that had been the cause of his seclusion.

Some fifteen years ago Mr. Lowell was lecturing in Baltimore, and during the month of his stay I learned to know the charm of his manner and the delight of his conversation. If I had been even more prejudiced than I was, I could not have withstood that easy grace, that winning cordiality. Every one knew where he had stood during the war, and how he had wielded the flail of his "lashing hail" against the South and the Southern cause and "Southern sympathizers." But that warfare was over for him, and out of kindly regard for my feelings he made no allusion to the great quarrel, with two exceptions. Once, just before he left Baltimore, he was talking as no other man could talk about the Yankee dialect, and turning to me he said with a half smile and a deep twinkle in his eye, "I should like to have you read what I have written about the Yankee dialect, but I am afraid you might not like the context." A few days afterwards I received from him the well-known preface to the Second Series of *The Biglow Papers*, cut out from the volume. It was a graceful concession to Southern weakness, and after all I may have been mistaken in thinking that I could read the Second Series as literature, just as I should read the *Anti-Jacobin* or the *Twopenny Post Bag*. In fact, on looking into the Second Series again, I must confess that I cannot even now discover the same merits that I could not help acknowledging in the First Series, which I read for the first time in 1850, when I was a student in Berlin. By that time I had recovered from my boyish enthusiasm over the Mexican war, and as my party had

been successful I could afford to enjoy the wit and humor of the book, from the inimitable Notices of an Independent Press to the last utterance of Birdofredum Sawin; and I have always remembered enough of the contents to make a psychological study of the Second Series a matter of interest, if it were not for other things.

On the second occasion we were passing together under the shadow of the Washington Monument, and the name of Lee came by some chance into the current of talk. Here Mr. Lowell could not refrain from expressing his view of Lee's course in turning against the government to which he had sworn allegiance. Doubtless he felt it to be his duty to emphasize his conviction as to a vital clause of his creed, but it instantly became evident that this was a theme that could not be profitably pursued, and we walked in silence the rest of the way, — the author of the line

"Virginia gave us this imperial man,"

and the follower of that other imperial man Virginia gave the world: both honest, each believing the other hopelessly wrong, but absolutely sincere.

Scant allusion has been made in this paper to the subject of slavery, which bulks so large in almost every study of the war. A similar scantiness of allusion to slavery is noticeable in the Memorial volume, to which I have already referred; a volume which was prepared, not to produce an impression on the Northern mind, but to indulge a natural desire to honor the fallen soldiers of the Confederacy; a book written by friends for friends. The rights of the State and the defense of the country are mentioned at every turn; "the peculiar institution" is merely touched on here and there, except in one passage in which a Virginian speaker maintains that as a matter of dollars and cents it would be better for Virginia to give up her slaves than to set up a separate government, with all

the cost of a standing army which the conservation of slavery would make necessary. This silence, which might be misunderstood, is plain enough to a Southern man. Slavery was simply a test case, and except as a test case it is too complicated a question to be dealt with at the close of a paper which is already too long. Except as a test case it is impossible to speak of the Southern view of the institution, for we were not all of the same mind.

There were theorists who maintained that a society based on the rock of slavery was the best possible in a world where there must be a lowest order; and the doctrine of the "mudsill" as propounded by a leading thinker of this school evoked mud volcanoes all over the North. Scriptural arguments in defense of slavery formed a large part of the literature of the subject, and the hands of Southern clergymen were upheld by their conservative brothers beyond the border.

Some who had read the signs of the times otherwise knew that slavery was doomed by the voice of the world, and that no theory of society could withstand the advance of the new spirit; and if the secrets of all hearts could have been revealed, our enemies would have been astounded to see how many thousands and tens of thousands in the Southern States felt the crushing burden and the awful responsibility of the institution which we were supposed to be defending with the melodramatic fury of pirate kings. We were born to this social order, we had to do our duty in it according to our lights, and this duty was made indefinitely more difficult by the interference of those who, as we thought, could not understand the conditions of the problem, and who did not have to bear the expense of the experiments they proposed.

There were the practical men who saw in the negro slave an efficient laborer in a certain line of work, and there

were the practical men who doubted the economic value of our system as compared with that of the free States, and whom the other practical men laughed and tried to scorn.

There was the small and eminently respectable body of benevolent men who promoted the scheme of African colonization, of which great things were expected in my boyhood. The manifest destiny of slavery in America was the regeneration of Africa.

The people at large had no theory, and the practice varied as much in the relation of master and servant as it varied in other family relations. Too much tragedy and too much idyl have been imported into the home life of the Southern people; but this is not the place to reduce poetry to prose.

On one point, however, all parties in the South were agreed, and the vast majority of the people of the North — before the war. The abolitionist proper was considered not so much the friend of the negro as the enemy of society. As the war went on, and the abolitionist saw the "glory of the Lord" revealed in a way he had never hoped for, he saw at the same time, or rather ought to have seen, that the order he had lived to destroy could not have been a system of hellish wrong and fiendish cruelty; else the prophetic vision of the liberators would have been fulfilled, and the horrors of San Domingo would have polluted this fair land. For the negro race does not deserve undivided praise for its conduct during the war. Let some small part of the credit be given to the masters, not all to the finer qualities of their "brothers in black." The school in which the training was given is closed, and who wishes to open it? Its methods were old-fashioned and were sadly behind the times, but the old schoolmasters turned out scholars who, in certain branches of moral philosophy, were not inferior to the graduates of the new university.

I have tried in this paper to reproduce the past and its perspective, to show how the men of my time and of my environment looked at the problems that confronted us. It has been a painful and I fear a futile task. So far as I have reproduced the perspective for myself it has been a revival of sorrows such as this generation cannot understand; it has recalled the hours when it gave one a passion for death, a shame of life, to read our bulletins. And how could I hope to reproduce that perspective for others, for men who belong to another generation and another region, when so many men who lived the same life and fought on the same side have themselves lost the point of view not only of the beginning of the war, but also of the end of the war, not only of the inexpressible exaltation, but of the unutterable degradation? They have forgotten what a strange world the survivors of the conflict had to face. If the State had been ours still, the foundations of the earth would not have been out of course; but the State was a military district, and the Confederacy had ceased to exist. The generous policy which would have restored the State and made a new union possible, which would have disentwined much of the passionate clinging to the past, was crossed by the death of the only man who could have carried it through, if even he could have carried it through; and years of trouble had to pass before the current of national life ran freely through the Southern States. It was before this circuit was complete that the principal of one of the chief schools of Virginia set up a tablet to the memory of the "old boys" who had perished in the war, — it was a list the length of which few Northern colleges could equal, — and I was asked to furnish a motto. Those who know classic literature at all know that for patriotism and friendship mottoes are not far to seek, but during the war I felt as I had never felt before

the meaning of many a classic sentence. The motto came from Ovid, whom many call a frivolous poet; but the frivolous Roman was after all a Roman, and he was young when he wrote the line, — too young not to feel the generous swell of true feeling. It was written of the dead Trojans: —

"Qui bene pro patria cum patriaque iacent."

The sentiment found an echo at the time, deserved an echo at the time. Now it is a sentiment without an echo, and last year a valued personal friend of mine, in an eloquent oration, a noble tribute to the memory of our great captain, a discourse full of the glory of the past, the wisdom of the present, the hope of the future, rebuked the sentiment as idle in its despair. As well rebuke a cry of anguish, a cry of desolation out of the past. For those whose names are recorded on that tablet the line is but too true. For those of us who survive it has ceased to have the import

that it once had, for we have learned to work resolutely for the furtherance of all that is good in the wider life that has been opened to us by the issue of the war, without complaining, without repining. That the cause we fought for and our brothers died for was the cause of civil liberty, and not the cause of human slavery, is a thesis which we feel ourselves bound to maintain whenever our motives are challenged or misunderstood, if only for our children's sake. But even that will not long be necessary, for the vindication of our principles will be made manifest in the working out of the problems with which the republic has to grapple. If, however, the effacement of state lines and the complete centralization of the government shall prove to be the wisdom of the future, the poetry of life will still find its home in the old order, and those who loved their State best will live longest in song and legend, — song yet unsung, legend not yet crystallized.

Basil L. Gilderleeve.

THE MISSING INTERPRETER.

OLD Dave Plummet lived on the inner cove of Mackerel Harbor, close to the water. Twenty years before he had bought the little tract of land, just big enough for a house and a small garden. He had paid a hundred dollars for it. That was the time when you could fill a dory twice over in the day with cod from the mouth of the harbor; it was the good old time when trawls and nets and seines were not invented to impoverish the Atlantic and the fishermen; it was the golden time when a crew did not have to be intoxicated into shipping to the Grand Banks, and when most skippers banished liquor and even cards from their vessels.

But now the days were new. The

village had grown into a town, and the town into a city, and the city had closed in around Dave's home. This made him no richer, for exorbitant taxes devoured the feeble satisfaction he felt in the increase of the value of his real estate.

Sell his home? Ask younger men than he to barter away what might be called their birthright; for these fishermen's huts, half in, half out of the water, become more like boats than houses to their aging owners. Dave Plummet was seventy-five years old. He was born in Mackerel Harbor, and clung to the cove he lived on and to the house he lived in as he did to Sukey, his wife, and to the other members of his household. You see, there were four in the family: Sukey,

who was ten years younger than her husband; Caddy, the cat, who was seventy-two years younger; and the dory, which was fifty-five years younger. Of these three, Dave spent most of his time with the dory.

It was an October evening, and already the sun was setting behind the copper-paint factory on the opposite side of the cove. Dave had just finished his supper of corned pollock, and, with lighted pipe, leaned back against the open door, watching his dory disappearing in misty shadows. It was a large dory, eighteen feet long; almost as many feet long as it was years old. It was painted a dull green on the outside, and its bottom had a coat of tar and kerosene. It was covered fore and aft along the rail. It had a mast, a mainsail, a jib, a centre-board, and several large pigs of iron as ballast. It was a genuine fisherman's dory, such as are used to go codfishing off the rocks.

"Why don't you get a sailing-boat?" For the last ten years neighbors and summer boarders had propounded this question. It was considered a poser. Sukey herself, after an unusually lucky season, had begged Dave to buy a sloop Down East. But the old man would always say, after a long pause:—

"Ain't I got what I want? She's a ship, she is. There ain't nothin' safer in the harbor; an' then, one man can manage her; 'sides, if ther' ain't no air, I kin row her out an' in myself."

Then, if you saw his dory beating into Mackerel Harbor from Killick Ledge three miles out, from Drunken Ledge four miles out, or from Saturday Nights six miles out; if you watched her, with five hundredweight of fish in, set against a stiff nor'easter, snugly reefed and not shipping a drop of water over her lee rail, you would conclude that Dave was right to brag of his dory and to stick to it. But that was ten or fifteen years before, when such skill was due more to the man than to the boat, when his

hand was steady and his eyes were clear. Then he was considered the best dory-fisherman off the coast. Nobody knew the marks of the feeding-grounds better than he. Nobody could predict more unerringly the day when the dogfish would strike, or divine more quickly the rock bottom which the "dogs" passed by. For twenty years Dave Plummet had been "high line;" but now he was seventy-five years old, as old for his kind as the dory was for its kind. His arms were beginning to find it hard work to gaff the largest pollock and cod, and to haul them in; and his eyes were often unable to distinguish the lighthouse in the hollow and the rock opposite the barn, and other marks along the shore.

Give up his dory? It meant to stagnate like rain water in the crevasses of the granite coast; it meant to be consumed by the desperation of longing for a life's habit. At his age, it meant to die. What would old Dave do, if he had not his four-o'clock breakfast; if he could not get under way from the cove in company with his mates; if he could not gossip morning after morning at the trap about the prospects of the weather or of the fishing, or dispute the speed credited to the latest "flying-fisherman," or tell how times were changed, while he waited for tinkers, or squid, or blueback, or herring for his day's bait? It had never occurred to him that he could give it up. His wildest nightmare after a supper of griddle-cakes had never compassed such a thing.

But as he grew more unsteady about the hands and dimmer about the eyes, his old wife saw him off every morning with apprehension, and watched for him at noon with increasing anxiety. She did not mind it so much that for the last two summers he had not caught enough to pay for food and coal; but oh, if he should never come back at all!

Cap'n Joe, his next-door neighbor, had often begged Dave to give up dory-fishing, but Sukey had never asked him

to do so. For, although he was a kind man, he was an obstinate husband, and detested female worry.

Now to-day the first real shock had come to her. Cap'n Joe had just come in and told her all about it. Dave had barely escaped being run down by a big schooner. He was sailing home with only fifty weight of fish in. He had not seen the great banker until it was right upon him. The steersman of the banker supposed that the dory would tack out of his way, and so kept straight on.

"It were a narrer squeeze," remarked Cap'n Joe. "If the skipper had n't yanked the hellum hard down, it 'u'd been all up with unele Dave. I felt hot an' cold up an' down my column, until it sweat out my head. Ye'd better keep him ter home arter this. Dave is gettin' a leetle old fur fishin' off the rocks. He kin go shares in my boat if he wants ter."

When Dave got home that afternoon, a little later than ordinary, he did not say much, nor Sukey either. The one felt the humiliation of his first nautical carelessness, and was already morbid over it. The other was gathering courage for the demand that the wife felt it right at last to make.

"I hope Dave 'll be reasonable," she kept saying to herself. "We ain't hed a fallin' out fur since I don't remember when. I do hope he 'll be reasonable."

At last—it seemed a great while longer than usual—the early supper was over, and Sukey kept glancing furtively at her husband as he sat in the red sunlight, tipped back against the outside of the house.

He had a hard, suspicious look about the eyes that evening, as if he felt he deserved what was coming, and were ready to fight it. His neck, ravined with intersecting wrinkles, shone bronze in the setting light. His matted beard, long since tanned out of its original color, and now faded into a sickly yellowish-gray, hid the hand that rested

under the chin. For the first time the old man felt a sullen resentment against his seventy-five years. The prospect of being limited in any way unmanned him. He had been as free—why, as free as a fish all his life. No unnetted cod had more liberty. He struggled as if he were seined. *She* could not understand: she was a woman.

"Dave! I want to speak to ye." Sukey was trembling as she advanced toward him. She was a gaunt woman, gray and tall.

He turned his head uneasily toward the dory beyond the wall, and without an answer got up and walked to his hauling-line. This was made fast upon the handles of two broken oars which stuck out of the ground at that edge of the garden that stopped at the sea wall.

His wife followed him out. They both walked slowly: he, because of the thoughts that pounded within his brain; she, because of the inflammatory rheumatism which had laid her up the winter before.

"Dave!" she repeated. "Let the dory stand this ev'n'n', fur I want to talk with ye." She laid her bony hand, that had cooked for him, mended for him, washed for him, worked out for him, and been true to him for forty-seven years, upon his shirt-sleeve.

Dave had never been rough to his wife. He loved her after his own fashion—next to the dory; but this evening he shook her off rudely.

"But, Dave!"

"What d' ye want?" came back in gruff sea tones.

He was about to unhitch the hauling-line and draw in his dory hand over hand, when he felt something pulling at his left knee. It was accompanied by a familiar sensation. Caddy, the third member of the family, the great black cat, who always followed her master's motions of evenings, had now raised herself, with a superb arch, upon her hind-paws, and, with what she thought was

an irresistible caress, clawed the rough cloth playfully. Caddy never presumed to remonstrate with Dave in the morning, when he took his dory; but to have the family apart after supper was too serious a matter to go unquestioned. The black cat knew as well as Sukey did what it meant to have Dave untie his hauling-line. The man bent to stroke the cat, who dared to be bolder than his wife. As he did so, a pleasant expression came slowly across his face. Perhaps the cat recalled to him his tenderest memory, his most poignant grief.

Three years before, the dread of Dave Plummet's unimaginative life came to pass. His only son, who had a good position in the counting-room of a fish-firm, became a drunkard. The natural sequence followed: the young man lost his character and his situation; and the familiar curse, whose misery Dave had watched among his neighbors all his life, struck home now to his own heart.

In those days, momentous in the history of two obscure families, Dave became a grandfather. His son reeled home one night to find a live baby and a dead wife, and a few days after shipped somewhere, in a drunk, and had not been heard of since.

Of course Sukey took the child, and of course she and the old fisherman began to love it. When the baby was six months old, that they might purify it from paternal taint, the grandparents called in the clergyman of the fishermen's Bethel and had the child solemnly christened. They gave it the name of Caddy. But love, its mother's name, persistent care, and piety could not withstand the vicious inheritance. Caddy died, and in a poor corner of the storm-swept cemetery, upon the bleak hill, there is a little mound beside a larger one. Two dead wreaths still cling upon it. A granite slab bears this economical inscription: —

OUR CADDY.
ANCHORED ABOVE.

Call it coincidence or call it Providence, as you please, but the night the baby was buried a stray cat came to the house. She was a handsome, affectionate cat, and immediately appropriated a warm spot behind the kitchen stove, and another in Sukey's heart. How the old people came to pass on the name of the child to the cat no one could tell, they themselves least of all; but they did. It was one of those freaks of the rare imagination which visits simple homes like theirs, and which is more persistent because of its unfamiliarity. The neighbors were scandalized. Cap'n Joe and his wife, Mary Sarah, took the ground that it was heretical; there were not wanting original minds in the cove who called it heathenish. But Caddy the cat was called, and Caddy she remained. The neighbors in time grew used to Caddy, and forgot their theological criticism; and Caddy walked to and fro, unmaligned and unmolested.

Now, as the old man stroked the cat, he thought, "Caddy don't call me old, nor pester me about the dory, nor tell me to stop fishin', as them women do," and his heart softened toward Caddy, the cat, and hardened toward Sukey, his wife.

Sukey, seeing his features lighten, mistook her opportunity, and laying her hand again, very gently, upon his arm, she said: "Come inter the house, Dave, an' sit down an' smoke by the fire. We hain't hed a talk fur an age."

"Let me 'lone! I'm goin' to bail out my dory," he growled; but he redoubled his attentions to the cat.

"Tain't rained, Dave," pleaded his wife eagerly. She felt afraid of this morose mood; but it had come to the pass that she must speak now, or die of anxiety. "Don't go to the dory again, Dave. Ye ain't fit. Ye ain't as strong as ye used to be." She paused, trembling at her new-found audacity. She wondered how she had dared to say as much as she did. If he had been

any other kind of a man, it would have been easy; but to ask *him*, who, in the coast phrase, "never knew his own strength," who had never seen his own will obstructed, and who did not understand that he had become an old man, — to ask Dave to tear himself from the habits of twenty years, and tell him why, was the most serious and heroic act in her marital experience of nearly half a century. Why, she had put this moment off for five summers, and only a sick woman knows the physical exhaustion that such an interview exacts.

She waited a few moments for an answer, but none came.

Her husband stared stolidly at the dory as it rapidly became obliterated in the black-tinted cove. But she had breached the wall, and there was no retreat.

"Dave, I want you to promise me to give up the dory an' fishin', an' stay to home. A wife orter have some rights after a-livin' with one man forty-seven year. Yer gettin' old, Dave, an' ye ain't what ye was when we fust kept company, me an' you."

Sukey stopped and panted. It had grown so dark that, under the apple-tree where they stood, she could not see his face, but she could hear him mutter.

"Tain't much to ask," she continued gently.

He stood stolidly and permitted her touch of entreaty.

"They said ye hed a narrer escape to-day. Yer a little slow of seein', — that's what's the matter."

"Who toll ye?" he asked, with surly suspicion.

She did not answer.

"Who toll ye, I say? Tell me his name! He hain't no friend o' mine." He took the hand upon his arm and squeezed it roughly.

"Ye hurt me, Dave. Ye would n't hurt yer wife, would ye?"

"No," he growled, flinging her hand away, "case yer a woman. I would n't

hurt no woman. I ain't done so yet. But ye must shet up on the fishin' talk, fur I won't take nobody's lip about my fishin'."

"But I *must*, Dave. I'm your wife. Hain't I got a right?" Her voice took on a tone of dignity. "Don't I cook for ye, an' get up every mornin' afore daylight, rain or shine, to get ye yer breakfast, when I'd 'nough rather sleep, an' need it, for I'm gettin' old, too?"

"I'll make me own coffee arter this," he mumbled.

"Tain't that, Dave. Ye know't ain't that. Ye ain't fit to go dory-fishin'. Yer old wife wants ye to stay ashore the rest of yer life with her. Tain't much to ask at our time of life, Dave."

The pathetic entreaty made in her low, broken, frightened voice ought to have been enough to disarm any man. But this hoary fisherman, who was as firmly set in his daily life as the black fault of trap is in its granite matrix, listened to her with increasing anger. Why should she presume to keep an able-bodied man from his work? What else could he do but fish? At fifteen he had served his apprenticeship on a Grand-Banker; and from that time he had fished every day, except when he landed a trip, or Sundays, or Fourth of July, or when a storm kept him at home. When he became blind or disabled he would quit, but not before. Such thoughts worked within him and mastered him. Was not his unimpeached manhood wronged by his wife, and should he not be exasperated by it?

"Ain't I bin a-goin' fur sixty year, an' ain't I bin dory-fishin' fur twenty-five year, an' ain't bin lost yet? What 'ud I do if I did n't go? By gorry! neither you nor nobody else kin stop me. D'ye hear thet? Now shet up. I tell ye, so help me God, I'll go till I die!" He spoke passionately, raising his hand with a final oath; then he sharply turned and went into the kitchen, and slammed the door after him.

Slowly, sick at heart, but not wholly exhausted of courage, Sukey followed him. She found him in his old seat beside the stove, surlily filling his pipe, with the cat purring happily in his lap. He did not look up when she entered, but his brow grew darker at the sound of her approach. She noticed this, and then for the first time she began to lose her temper. She was a Methodist, and devout. Her voice had gradually acquired a sing-song tone, such as is common with uncultured exhorters. It was in such a voice of rising and falling quavers, of deep notes and falsetto intervals, that she had been pleading with him until now.

Beyond the frown, Dave took no notice of her as she entered. The baffled woman, feeling that she must gain her point, yet not knowing how to begin again, busied herself in tidying up the kitchen. Although her feet ached so that it seemed to her it would be a relief to have them cut off, she did not sit down. She thought that such a sign of weakness would be interpreted as a concession. As she put away her dishes she thought of her hard life, of her lonely home, of that eroding anxiety from which a fisherman's wife is never free. Any night she might look in vain for the dingy sail. Any morning's "Good-by, Dave," might be the last word. She never parted with him, if she could help it, with an untender word. "T ain't much to do," she often said to herself, "to hev a pleasant rek'lectshun of our last meet'n', if he don't come back." It occurred to her, as she bent over her pretended work at cleaning the sink, that it was about time to have relief after nearly half a century of watching the boats and the weather. Now, too, when the Lord had smitten him with a solemn warning.

She began to feel that she could stand the silence no longer. With a voice made uniform by deep feeling, and the braveness of a woman sure of the rights

of her case, she approached her husband and stood before his chair.

"Eddy George has got eighty thousand jest come in from the Banks this mornin'. Tom's got the fever, an' they wants a new hand on the wharf fur weighin'. Eddy asked me if ye'd come to-morrer at six. I told him I thought ye would, seein' it's twenty-five cents an hour, an' easy work." Her voice grew firmer as she finished and waited for his answer.

He cast up at her a quick look that expressed more fully than words the contempt which the catcher of live fish feels for the handler of dead ones. The one leads an untrammelled life of danger, of excitement, of change, and of hope; the other, the slimy existence of a snail upon an unsavory wharf. The one is poetry, the other prose. The one always expects to support his family for months by a single lucky stroke; the other does it by persistent days' labor, with no luck in the balance.

"I ain't hed to work on the wharves yet, an' I ain't goin' to start in now. Eddy George kin go to —"

The old man brought his fist down on his knee as he spoke; the round of the chair under his foot gave way with a crash, and his two feet came down with a startling stamp. The cat, frightened at being thrown to the floor, scurried under the stove. There are some natures so controlled that it is impossible for another to provoke them to an explosion; but let some sudden maladroitness of their own occur, in an unguarded moment, allowing their rage open spite against themselves, it bursts all barriers like a great inundation. This unforeseen accident to his favorite chair first inflamed Dave's wrath against himself, and then against his wife. He trembled in every muscle, yet she did not retreat. She too had the temper and the courage of her hot-blooded ancestry. Now that it had inevitably come to the battle, she felt that right and love were

on her side, and her poor old limbs and her quavering voice took strength from the moral consciousness.

"Ye did it!" he snarled, standing up. "Ye'd better go, an' let me alone. Don't ye speak. Hain't I fed ye for forty-seven year, an' ye shall" —

"Ye hain't. Ye hain't made 'nough fur the last two year, Dave, to feed the cat. Thet's the straight truth. — thet is. They say ye can't see the marks, an' of course ye can't catch no fish when yer off the grounds; only a cunner, or a rock cod or two, or a sculpin. Hain't I taken in mendin' fur the last three year, since baby died, ter pay the bills? Hain't I gone out washin' on the sly, an' hain't told ye before, an' ye never know'd it? Hain't I set hungry here that ye might hev enough when ye came home tuckered out? Don't ye say no more to me about feedin', Dave! I can't allow it." Aggravated into this confession of the want which she had proudly concealed from him, she now cast it at him as if it were a stone.

Her husband fell back a step, as if he had been struck in a vital spot. His face assumed a frightful expression. The fact that he believed the assertion to be true only enraged him the more. What worse insult can a man receive from his wife than the taunt that he is incapable of supporting the family?

"It's a — lie," he stammered. "Take it back, or, by gorry, I'll make ye!"

"Thet's it," replied the undaunted woman, towering to his own height. "Starve me, an' then beat me. Ye ain't no man of mine."

He had taken her harshly by the arm. Was he about to strike his wife for the first time? He did not know what he would do. His eyes grew bloodshot and dim. A vague longing for revenge overpowered him. His hands began to tremble violently.

"That's a — lie. Git out! I'll never speak to ye again, so help me God!" For the second time that evening he

flung her arm away from him, but this time feebly.

Sukey did not notice any change in him. She almost wished that he had struck her. When morning came, the blow would have gained her point; but at what a cost!

"Look ye here, Dave," she said in a caustic tone. "Ye have told me twice thet I lie. Ye know I spoke the truth. Ye orter be ashamed of yerself. An' if ye don't want ter speak to me agin, I kin stand it; an' I won't speak to ye neither until ye give up the dory, an' stay to home where ye belong."

Panting with indignation, astounded at her own bitterness and temerity, she waited for a reply. Instinctively she put up her hand to ward off the blow that was certain to fall. But neither word nor violence came. With a low groan Dave sank back into his chair. Caddy, the cat, jumped up on his lap contentedly. He closed his eyes, and the color faded from his face.

Sukey started to say "Dave!" but stopped. Her anger had fallen as the wind before the rain. She looked at him a trifle apprehensively, but he quieted her fears by stroking the cat. She waited about for a few minutes nervously, not knowing what to do; then she left the room and went to bed, and wept convulsively, with tearless eyes, far into the dismal night.

Now it is a fact which the narrator is compelled to record that the threat of these two old people, made in hot blood, was kept in cool. For nearly three years, with a deliberation and a steadfastness worthy of better things, they kept the word which they had pledged in anger. He did not speak to her, nor she to him. One would have thought that they were old enough to know better. But pride does not age. It never does know better: that is the trouble. They both belonged to that primal New England stock which is rapidly dying out, and which you can

no more tear from its notions than you can tear the earshell from its grip upon the submerged rocks. When they had "passed their word," and began to carry it out, they stood to it as the boulder stands to its base upon the granite cliff.

The next morning Dave lit the kitchen fire and made his own coffee before daybreak, filled his stone jug with spring water, took half a loaf of bread, and disappeared with his dory before his wife was up. The feeling that he had been wronged did not leave him for a moment. It did not occur to Sukey, on the other hand, to entertain a thought of compromise, unless it should come, as the law phrase puts it, from "the party of the second part."

When Dave returned to his home, just before sunset, long after supper time, Sukey received him mechanically. She set before him cold corned beef, cold pie, and hot tea, of which he partook in cold silence. So determined were they not to speak at this first interview that the effort not to talk was already the most natural thing in the world. It was not resentment, but crystallized tenacity, which at the end of the week turned the fixed idea into a settled fact, and habitual silence between this husband and his wife set in with ominous calm. To break this mute contract seemed to each an impossible dishonor, — worse than to steal herring from another man's nets, or to stock a grog-shop for entrapping fishermen and shipping a returned crew.

But the iron mask of dumbness must not conceal all the features of the heart. Besides, neighbors had to be considered. If it were known in Mackerel Cove that Dave Plummet and his wife "did not speak," the sinners would be besieged by a mob of friends and relatives, and thousand-feathered rumor would work a quarrel into a scandal. Thus it came about that the woman, who had the hard time of it, sitting at home, sewing laboriously, saving penuriously, generally

alone, — the woman fell into the way of talking to the cat.

"Go, Caddy, an' see if yer master is comin' home," she would say, when the noon sun came. And Caddy would go to the kitchen door that commanded the inner cove and the fish wharves diagonally opposite, and arch her back, rubbing it against the side of the steps, purring vigorously.

"What shall I give him fur dinner, Caddy?"

"Run an' tell yer master to hurry up, or the vittles 'll get cold, Caddy."

Then Dave, who was only a little more bull-necked than the rest of his class, would nod cheerfully in return and answer, "Tell yer missus, Caddy, that as soon as I hang up my oilskins I'll be there."

"Go, Caddy, an' tell yer master ther' ain't no wood left."

"Whach ye want, Caddy, this time?" The old man would lean over and stroke the lamp-black cat. "Yer a nice critter, you be. Want wood, do ye? Ye shall hev it. Run to yer missus an' tell her I'll split 'nough of this here driftwood to last till day arter to-morrer."

And the cat, apparently understanding her new mission in life, would dutifully, and yet with a certain coquettish grace never absent from her kind, trot back, and arch herself, and stretch her claws, and beg the reward of a piece of fish.

At four o'clock in the morning you might hear a voice, hoarse like the October wind upon the red shore, call from below, "Caddy! Git up, Caddy! It's nigh daylight."

And the answer would come in the sing-song quaver, in a voice pseudo-morph after his own: "Caddy! Run an' tell yer master I'll be down in a jiffy. Tell him to light the fire an' put the water on to bile."

Thus did love compromise with what they considered necessity. But neither spoke to the other. The cat was the sole interpreter.

So the time passed for three summers. Years fly as men slip past the grim keeper of the seventieth toll-gate; but they are counted with groans, and not with smiles. Old Dave no longer fished for cod upon the rocks. Indeed, sometimes he tried to make up his mind to give up dory-fishing altogether; but his pride would not yield to his weakness. Then the dory began to show undeniable signs of dissolution: this touched him deeper than his own disability. When, in the spring, with the friendly aid of Cap'n Joe, he hauled the dory above high-water mark, and nailed and calked the garboard streak again, counted the other vital repairs that ought to be made in her, made some of them and tried to forget the rest, and then put on a "light lick" of coal tar and kerosene upon her bottom, he felt as if he should never do this again.

"Ye'd better look out, Dave, an' not jump around thet dory of yourn too lively," said Cap'n Joe warningly. "Ye could put yer toe through anywhere, — yer dory is so wormy as thet."

From that time Dave always wore rubber boots in his dory, and whenever he moved he did it as gingerly as if he were sailing on tissue paper.

Dave had gradually diminished the radius of his fishing operations. When he could no longer find the marks for Killick Ledge, or Saturday Nights, or Spot o' Rocks, he contented himself by casting anchor a hundred yards outside the black buoy at the mouth of the harbor. But now he could not see more than a hundred yards off, and he had several times missed the red Life-Saving Station, the easiest mark of all. This summer he took to coasting along the shore, following the western side of the harbor until about two miles out. There he fished for cunners. He was not strong enough to haul lobster-pots. But cunners brought a cent apiece. Sometimes he made "as high" as two dollars a day, selling them for the city market. But

what a descent, from cod to cunners! He felt himself now on a level with the Irishmen who scoured the waters for the same game in their ungainly black sloops, which the fishermen contemptuously called "kemoilyers." However, Dave never deigned to catch cunners with a scoop-net. True, he might have trebled his receipts that way. But should he, the mighty fisherman of old, entrap a cunner but by a hook? He would live and die a legitimate fisherman. Seines and trawls and nets were an abomination to him.

A marked change began to come over him as he reached the third summer of his resolution. Dave, in his seventy-eighth year, made a discovery. He began — who could say how? — to compute the value of home. He did n't start off mornings much before six, — as late as that, — and even then he seemed to tear himself away; he was sure to return by noon. That constituted his day's work. It was not that he loved his dory less, but his cottage more. Then he began to plant the garden, and to raise a few sunflowers and cauliflowers and potatoes. He took an old dory that had made its last voyage ten years before, filled it with earth, sowed it with garden seed, and covered it with a condemned herring net, to keep his neighbor's chickens out. This he presented to Caddy, with the suggestion that she give it to her mistress.

"Thank ye, Caddy," said Sukey. "It's a pretty garding. I'm much obliged to ye, tell yer master, Caddy."

Sukey was almost happy in these days. She brought her knitting, or her apples to pare, or peas to shell, and sat under the shade of the apple-tree and worked and watched her husband in a contented dream.

Caddy, the cat, worked too. That member of the household was never allowed to be out of sight. Never since the days of the Pharaohs did a cat have kinder or more exacting owners.

If she disappeared for half an hour, the machinery of the household became utterly out of gear. Then Dave ran as fast as he could in one direction, and Sukey hobbled as well as she could in another, and Caddy invariably turned up from somewhere else, with an amused glitter in her eyes, and sat demurely washing her face with alternate paws, guarding the empty premises until the anxious couple hurried back, almost beside themselves and out of breath. They dared not punish her for such innocent escapades, for fear she would run away forever. The old woman would scold her mildly: "Oh, Caddy, ye sinner ye! An' I've bin runnin' round the square huntin' creation for ye."

"Ye sha'n't hev that herrin' I fetched home fur ye," Dave would say sternly. "Now ask yer mistress if I had n't better take the clothes-line down. It nigh tuk my head off. I forgit it every time I move."

And Sukey would answer cheerfully: "Naughty Caddy! Naughty cat! Ye skinned out! Ye'll have no supper fur that. Jest go an' tell yer master he kin take it down when he's a mind ter, an' ask him ter step aroun' to the store an' git a pound of butter. We're all out. I declare, it's time to set fur supper."

In those latter days, supper was the most important meal of this household. They were too bitterly poor to have meat more than once a week; but when they did have it it was fried for supper. Breakfast was only a hurried cup of coffee with condensed milk and a piece of bread. Dinner was a variable meal, and became princely when Dave caught a chance haddock, or somebody on the wharves gave him a slice of halibut: then they had a chowder or a luscious fry; otherwise, potatoes and flakes of dried cod formed the staple diet. But Sukey tried to have a variety for tea. This evening they had liver, partly for Caddy's sake, but chiefly as a surprise for Dave.

"Ye kin tell him ter wash up, an' keep out of the kitchen till I call ye, Caddy."

"Here, Caddy! She wants ter come it on us. Give her her own way, puss. We know what she's got, don't we, Caddy? Ain't we smellin' on it?" He went obediently to the pump, followed by the great black cat, who eyed him philosophically. Dave washed his furrowed face slowly, thinking with an old man's tenderness about his wife, whom he was just beginning to understand after fifty years of companionship, and with whom he was not on speaking terms.

Then came the summons which he began to love, in the voice that he had learned to depend upon: "Caddy! Call master to supper!"

"God bless me home," thought the gruff old fellow, as he sat down to his smoking meal. Somehow his rheumy eyes had to be wiped. His love had found its way to the surface too late. How he longed to tell her this! But he could n't. He did n't know how. He was n't in the habit of saying sweet things to his wife. Besides, he never would speak to her again—unless she spoke first. He began to talk to the cat about the liver.

"Caddy run away to-day, an' can't hev any," returned Sukey, pushing the persistent creature over to her husband.

"Tell yer missus I stocked eighty-two cents to-day, an' sixty-three yesterday. They say mack'rel is as scarce ez rebels. The bluefish druv 'em all off the coast. There ain't no cunners, Caddy, to speak on, neither." The veteran wiped his mouth on his shirt-sleeve with a happy air, and proudly pulled out a leathern pouch, and as proudly counted out his two days' gains upon the table, minus ten cents for a package of navy plug. He was as happy as a boy, when he made a dollar.

"That's handsome on him, Caddy," answered Sukey, bending over the cat. "Tell him he hev done better 'n I expected. Fish is so intoler'ble scarce."

"It seems ter me, puss," began Dave, hunting with his eyes under the table for the cat, in order that the delusion might be the more honest (they never looked each other in the face while they were in the act of addressing Caddy, — they looked at the cat; but when the sentence was well finished, then the eyes of each sought the other; they were above practicing deception upon their black companion), — "it seems ter me thet this is a toler'ble happy home. Ain't you happy, Caddy? Ask yer missus if she ain't."

Sukey flushed tenderly. "Tell him, Caddy, we're gett'n' on too old to be mean-sperited. It order to be easy fur old married folks like us to be straight-spoken an' good one to t' other. Ain't thet so, Caddy?"

They both bent to stroke their daily interpreter; as they did so their hands touched and clasped. Such emotion was rare with these old hearts which had existed so many years together, and were just beginning to live for each other. Through their bitterness and their three years of silence they had found their honeymoon, and did not know it.

They were much moved, and for a few moments neither had strength to address the cat. At last, the man, a little ashamed of his feelings, started for the door.

"Run out, Caddy," he called, "an' see if it'll be a southerly to-morrer. If the wind'll blow light southerly, I'll go out at four in the mornin', an' then lay her up fur a couple of days, perhaps fur more. Her bottom needs a good dry-in'." He added the last explanation to satisfy his own conscience; for this was the greatest concession which he had made since that dreadful evening. The clasp of his wife's work-hardened hands had wrung a noble resolution from him. He would give up his dory. This was a decision nothing less than tremendous to the blear-eyed, tremulous fisherman. In stormy weather a man expected to

stay at home. But to give up the dory, and the freedom that goes with it, in midsummer and with fair skies, — this was a cruel experiment. Yet he had got so far as this — for her sake; but he felt that it would be a mortal wrench. Less changes than that have killed men grown white in their daily routine.

The aged wife followed him to the door, and watched him going to see if his dory-line were thoroughly made fast for the night.

"It's too good ter believe, Caddy," she said softly. "I've bin wait'n' so long. Run an' ask him, Caddy, if he really means ter stay ter home."

The next day, at noon, when he had brought his dory to its moorings, he was met by Sukey, who trembled in every limb. She looked at him like a dumb animal that has received a deadly hurt. Dave almost forgot himself. In his excitement he started to ask her what was the matter; then he remembered. He hauled his dory out on the line as fast as he could, and hurried up to the garden and looked about for his interpreter.

"Caddy!" he cried in a hoarse, quivering voice. Then he looked at his wife, and by the hopeless expression of her face knew that Caddy was not there. He did not call again. He felt that it was useless. He walked slowly toward the house.

Here was a catastrophe. Neither knew what to do, nor how to communicate with the other. They regarded each other dumbly. It never occurred to either to speak directly out. They did not understand that they could. The habit of silence had become a second nature. The old woman was the first to break the uncomfortable pause.

"Caddy!" she called in a trembling voice. "Ain't I hunted fur ye since six in the mornin' every blessed minute, everywhere? Come, Caddy, come home. Po-or Caddy! Oh me! What-ever is goin' to become of us without Caddy?"

But the cat did not present herself, and the problem of the situation deepened.

Dave hunted far into the night. His neighbors offered various views of the case. Cap'n Joe, not having an original mind, thought that the cat must have been killed by a dog. His wife, Mary Sarah, suggested kidnapping by an Italian salt-bark that went out at high tide at ten o'clock. Theories there were plenty, but cat there was none.

That night, for the first time, the two old people sat alone in the kitchen, and their oath was between them. Neither dared to look at the other. They sighed and sat apart, glanced wistfully every now and then at the open door, and sighed again. Even Dave's pipe afforded him no consolation that dismal night. In a fit of desperation Sukey went feebly over to Mary Sarah to borrow her cat for the night. "There are rats," she explained. But the cat, who remembered too well Caddy's jealous claws, would not be caught.

A catless and silent evening followed. Only the clock talked. She — one calls clocks by the feminine appellation in Mackerel Cove — she expostulated.

The next morning, adrift in this new sea of loneliness, the aged couple awoke at daylight, renewed the search for their interpreter until long past the breakfast hour, then ate, then called and searched again. By noon the conviction that Caddy would never come back, was probably dead, began to force itself upon them. It seemed as if they could not bear the bereavement. It was worse than if they had lost a relative. They felt that they had lost themselves. They were hardly able to sit down to their choking meal. They ate convulsively, furtively watching each other. Both had grown very old during the night. In spite of the self-imposed barrier between them, each felt nearer than usual to the other. It was as if they had been suddenly deserted by all the world.

As they sat silently moving their lips and looking at each other with longing eyes, the woman formed a great resolution.

"Ain't he give up the dory?" she argued to herself between the gulps of coffee. "Then ain't it my duty to speak to him, even if I said I would n't? 'Tain't like breakin' yer word. 'T won't hurt the Lord none."

She became hot, then pale, at the mere thought of speaking to her own husband. The blood welled at her heart and almost suffocated her. Would he stare at her in dumb scorn, or would he answer? Before she knew what she was doing, the woman, frightened, choking, lifted up her voice and spoke.

What did she say? What should she say? Did she cry out to him, falling on his neck, pleading forgiveness or extending it, pleading for tenderness or offering it? Into what dramatic crisis did this domestic tragedy burst? In what passionate language did she cover the story of their folly and regret and suffering? She said: "Dave, dear, ye hain't got 'nough sugar in yer cup. Let me give ye some more." That was all.

It was not much to say after years of silence, but, such as it was, it was half enough to kill her. She burst into a great sob. She got up and made as if she would move toward him, then stopped.

"Don't be mad, Dave. I had ter speak, we're so lonely, an' I could n't help it. Say something, Dave. Oh me! Oh me! Ain't ye my husband? Speak to me, Dave!"

With this, for she could bear no more, she fell at his feet.

The old man looked down upon his wife with an expression of bewilderment, as if a cloud-burst had overwhelmed him. He did not understand at first. He wanted to speak, to comfort her, but he could not. His voice, obedient to long custom, still refused to come — for *her*. He lifted her and put her on a chair. He

was greatly moved as he looked at her. Mechanically he stroked her head. A hoarse, animal sound came from his throat, but no word. He walked about the room helplessly, not knowing what to do. And now a great struggle boiled within the old fisherman's soul. His masculine pride was at bay. Would it surrender to the woman or not?

Through the door his eye caught sight of the hauling-line of his dory. This familiar object seemed to steady his intellect. He tottered out to it, and stood for a long time regarding his boat. But Sukey stayed within the house and washed the dishes. When she had put away the tumblers she began to pray.

Perhaps it was half an hour before he looked back through the open kitchen door. His dim eyes saw the bent shadow pass to and fro within. He started, and halted, and started again. The struggle that he had thought decided began once more as he approached the house. In his life he had never given in, and now that he was old should he begin? The storm-chiseled lines upon his face grew hard. But it was his home, and it was his wife.

He stopped in the doorway, looked back at the dory and upon his life, and then looked in. She sat crouching before the stove, the tears dripping from her meagre cheeks. She did not look up. She was afraid to.

Dave walked slowly in. What was this new feeling that rose straight from his heart to his throat and throttled him? He waited until that spasm was over, not daring to move, hardly to breathe. Was it death? If so, he must hurry, before it smote again.

"Sukey," he said, steadying himself by the back of her chair, and speaking as quietly as if it were of no consequence whether he spoke or not, "I'm goin' to sell her fur what I kin get, an' stay ashore with you arter this." He pointed to the bank off which the dory lay. "I won't go fishin' no more. I guess I

kin pick up a dollar or so about the wharves."

"Oh, *Dave!*" cried the woman, on a high, hysteric key; but she recovered herself immediately. "I don't ask ye to do that, Dave. Ye'd better not sell her yet; ye might want her to go ter the harbor with."

In this simple way they both made atonement. They did not beg each other's pardon, but, as so frequently happens after a quarrel, each took the other's point of view.

For three days they lived together. Dave did not even leave the garden. They had never lived in this way before. Now it seemed a necessity. They gave up looking for or awaiting the cat. They were surprised to find that they did not miss her as they had expected to. They forgot that they no longer needed an interpreter. During life's rare home-moons great losses are small affairs. It is then that friends are not a necessary luxury.

For three days Dave puttered about the house. The weather was divine. The first day he grumbled over an old song; the second day he whistled at it; and the third day Sukey found him, in the morning, sitting under the apple-tree regarding the dory restlessly. He tried hard not to show his uneasiness, fearing that it might make her unhappy; but her quick eyes noticed how he threw eager looks at that other home of more than twenty years. How could it be otherwise? It was his office, his business, his life, that he abandoned with a sudden wrench to please his wife, and the strain was more than the old man could bear. But he was not cross. He could never say a harsh word to his wife again.

This enforced retirement, together with the great excitement of the loss of his cat and the finding of his wife, enfeebled him rapidly. As he drew life from the water, so he perished away from it.

That night his wife performed the

last heroic act of her life. It does not seem a great act to us. It was supreme for her. So might a Frenchman, single-handed, storm Gibraltar.

"I think ye had better go out again to-morrer, Dave," said Sukey slowly. "Ye'll be keerful, an' I won't mind it. Ye might make a dollar cunnerin', an' the money would come handy."

"No, Sukey. I give ye my word, an' I never gone back on it yet — 'cept once," he added, shaking his head and taking his after-supper pipe out of his mouth. Yet his hand twitched, and his moving eyes swept the little cove with a great longing.

"I give ye back yer word, Dave. Go out to-morrer, to please me, an' if ye want to make that the last day I won't say no more."

"But ye'll be alone. Kin ye stand it?"

He had never said this to her before. He had never thought of the solitude of her who worked in the house without distraction and without company. In his late honeymoon he began to comprehend new things.

But Sukey said pleasantly: "No, Dave, that's nothin'. You'll be happier. It'll be a fine day to-morrer. I've cleanin' to do, an' yer best out of it."

"If ye only had Caddy," he remonstrated feebly.

He knew, as soon as she mentioned the matter, that he should go. It was an old heart he carried in his breast, but it leaped with the freshness of youth at the sight and the touch of his precious dory and his beloved sea.

"Air ye sure ye want me to go?" he asked slowly, as he undid his hauling-line from the oar-stumps the next morning.

There was not a cloud, not a breath. Every vessel, the church spires, the distant hills, were dreamy in the soft haze, like one of Turner's early landscapes. Man looked out of place among his own

works. It seemed a sin to make a motion upon that limpid morning. Fishermen are not often touched by the beautiful. Fair weather and good fares of fish are all they care for. This rare, poetic quality of the atmosphere, the ecstasy of artists, is usually greeted with grunts of dissatisfaction by the nautical inhabitants. No doryman cares to row six miles to his fishing-grounds. Idle sails afford good pay to painters, and small joy to their owners. But this morning the aged couple looked upon their little cove as it lay idealized before them in the soft sunrise.

"Tain't an ugly home, nohow," said Sukey, resting in a new way upon her husband's arm.

"Thet's so," he answered, untying a double hitch. "Air ye sure ye want me to go? I'm yourn now, deary."

His fiftieth wedding-day was coming soon, and he was getting along famously in the art of love-making.

"No, Dave; go. But come back when yer mine to, an' take care. Law! Mary Sarah or Cap'n Joe'll see."

It was only a kiss her husband gave her, but if he had given her the Star of the South she would not have been more surprised and overcome. With a wave of her aged hand, such as she used to give him fifty years before, when she was young and plump, she watched him row with feeble strokes slowly around the bend of the cove. Then, with a face happier than it had been before since Sukey was a bride, the old woman went back to her home, and sang a courting-song that bubbled into her memory.

It was late in the afternoon. The six o'clock whistles from the rival copper-paint factories were not yet due, but the tide that had halted languidly now turned and flowed irresistibly in. The sun burned hot. Toward its setting not a cloud was to be seen, but in the high east wonderful white tufts of feathers

shot curved streamers. One cloud there was in particular which looked like a gigantic medusa, with its tentacles waving far behind. Another had the appearance of a comet with a twin tail. Still a third was a scimiter that Death himself might have carried. Such skies are not to be seen except in Mackerel Cove. The southwest breeze that had arisen fitfully with the sun, and had been steady at noon, now prepared itself to perish with the setting of the day. It was a light air and high, and touched only the great salt mirror here and there in spots and streaks. Although this summer zephyr blew up the harbor toward the town, and carried with it the incoming tide and bits of wood and here and there a water-soaked log upon its surface, still the few belated fishing-boats and a small yacht plied their oars lest they be late for supper. One great fishing-schooner, just in from the Grand Banks, hoping to make the market before it closed, had out six dories ahead, towing anxiously.

In the middle of the light and of the harbor, headed toward the wharves, a large-sized dory could be seen, with sails set, drifting home with the wind and tide. The occupant was evidently not in a hurry to land his day's catch, for he neither steered into the streak of wind that ruffled the water at his left, nor did he row. He gave the impression of being busy counting fish, for he was bent over into the pen in the middle of the dory where the fish are kept, and nothing but his back could be seen.

Not far behind another dory approached vigorously. Its occupant had long since dropped his sail in the coming calm, and trusted to his robust arms. Swiftly it overtook its drifting mate, and passed it a few yards away.

"Hullo!" cried Cap'n Joe, as he rested on his oars for a moment. "Hullo, Dave! How'd ye find 'em to-day?" He waited for an answer. "How many yer got, Dave?" he asked again.

The figure in the boat still bent to its count, and did not deign a reply. This discourtesy did not disconcert his friend and neighbor. With a shrug he pulled on.

"I allus thought," he said to himself, with an anxious face, "that Dave is ez deaf ez he is blind. He ort not to go in thet dory no more. Neither of 'em ain't fit. Thet's my opinyun." He rowed a few strokes, and looked back again. "Dave's really failin'," he muttered. "I guess me and Mary Sarah had better run in arter supper." Then he kept on, for he had three hundredweight of cod and haddock for the market, and was late that day.

Still drifting with the expiring wind and with the swelling tide, the dory, true to its course, floated into Mackerel Cove. The whistles had shrieked, and the observant sun was about to turn his face away and dip behind a notch in the hills. The wharves were nearly deserted. A few men were washing the great square boxes in which fish had been weighed the whole day. The dories were all home to supper but this one.

"Yer late, Dave."

"Any luck to-day?"

"How many?"

"He's countin' on 'em."

"Dave's git'n' old an' queer an' deaf!"

Such exclamations passed over the enameled water, but brought no answer. Dave did not even look up.

And now the calm came, and the dory, drifting with the tide alone, slowly, surely, found its way into the inner cove to its familiar moorings. She went like a creature that knew its way home. By this time the sun had set, and the always mysterious twilight fell upon all the world.

Dave's old wife came down the garden to meet him. She walked with a brisk step. Her face was bright and playful. A little moving object, dark against the growing dusk, followed her. It was the truant cat. She had a disreputable air,

but she purred loudly, and rubbed her lean body against Sukey's calico skirts.

The dory bumped against its own rock gently.

"Dave, Caddy's come back. D'ye see Caddy? Ye've hed a nice long day. I hope ye've enjoyed yerself. How many yer got? Hain't ye got through countin'

on 'em? Supper's hot an' waitin'. Caddy, *go bring yer dear master!*"

She hurried down a step or two, and put out her trembling hand to catch the painter, as she sometimes did. In the dusk she stooped and looked. Then the shore and the sea rang to the cry she uttered.

Herbert D. Ward.

THE GREATEST NEED OF COLLEGE GIRLS.

THE colleges for women in America have not as a rule been developed from lower forms of boarding-schools; they have been copies of the colleges for men. The demand for the higher education of women has been in part the result of dissatisfaction with the existing finishing-schools, so called; in part the result of an attempt to diminish the inequalities of condition between men and women. The chances for men in the intellectual sphere were seen to be vastly superior to those for women, and in a country where public education of the lower grades was free and equal for girls and boys, it was inevitable that a state of affairs could not be permanent which saw the academy doors close behind both boys and girls, and the college doors open only to boys.

In the experiments which have been made to satisfy this demand for the higher education of women, there have been and still are three general forms: the college in which the two sexes meet on equal terms, the annex in which the appliances of an existing college are used for a coördinate institution, and the college exclusively for women. In studying the essential conditions of collegiate life for women it is best to take this last form, since it permits the freest development, and offers the most open field for observation and experiment.

The college for women, then, in Amer-

ica has naturally been modeled as closely as possible upon the lines of existing colleges for men. It is the ambition of Vassar, of Smith, of Wellesley, to give as thorough an education to young women as the colleges whose curricula they substantially adopt give to young men. They would efface all intellectual distinctions of sex. In one particular only is there an obvious discrimination. The part which athletics plays in college life for men has no answering equivalent in college life for women. No one who has watched the gymnasium and the field in the one case would contend that there is a corresponding condition in the other. It is true that in well-equipped colleges for women the gymnasium is found, and that the higher forms of outdoor athletics are practiced; but it by no means follows that the difference is one only of degree, that in the development of these colleges there will be an approximation to the physical culture which exists in the colleges which they copy. The boldest advocate of an intellectual parity which should discover no distinction between the sexes in the class room would shrink from demanding or expecting a physical parity in the gymnasium or on the field.

Now in the education of the man athletics represents, not physical development integrally, but physical development as related to intellectual, moral, and

religious development. That is to say, physical culture is a means to an end, not an end in itself; and the perversion of this doctrine, apparent as it is in the case of individual men, does not impair the fundamental truth. It is the constant study of college authorities to regulate athletics just as they regulate courses of study with reference to the symmetrical and sane development of manhood, and the practical problem is in the repressing, not the encouragement, of athletic zeal.

How is it in colleges for women? The situation is almost reversed. The constant study of the authorities is, not to regulate, but to enforce physical culture; not to encourage, but to repress intellectual excitability. This broad distinction marks a radical difference between the sexes, and any consideration of the true development of colleges for women must take it into account. However closely these colleges may copy their models in matters of scholarship and discipline, they are bound to recognize the divergence of nature in this particular of physical culture. They cannot blindly follow the lead of colleges for men, and think they have gained their end when they have set up a gymnasium, made exercise compulsory, and provided for boating, tennis, and grace hoops.

The muscular training of men is a primal physical need. In the order of time, of scale, and of logic, it is first. The success with which it is accomplished determines in a very considerable degree the success to be attained in mental and moral development. This may be asserted of the college as a whole, though there are marked examples of intellectual success secured in the face of immense physical disabilities.

It does not require acute perception to find the greatest physical need among women in our schools and colleges. A collective need is most often an exaggeration of the average individual short-

coming. No one who has been an inmate of a large college for women will deny the general state of rush and hurry which prevails there. "No time" is the cry from morning until night. Worry and hurry mark the average condition of the schoolgirl. If she is not hurried or worried herself, through the happy possession of a phlegmatic temperament, she cannot entirely resist the pressure about her. The spirit of the place is too strong for an individual to be in it and not of it. The strain is evident in the faces of students and teachers. It is evident in the number who annually break down from overstudy. More pitiously evident is it in those who have not wholly broken down, but are near enough the verge of disaster to have forgotten what a normal state of mind and body is. We can only think, in the presence of such an one, what a magnificent specimen of womanhood that might have been, with a constitution that holds its own through such daily strain, and does not give in completely. This greatest physical need among studious women is so evident that those who will can see it. Those who will not see it are living in so abnormal a state themselves that they do not recognize the want because of their own necessity. Men and women can breathe bad air and not know it, but one coming directly from out-of-doors will be sickened at once.

To see the strain at its height, it must be watched during examinations. The average schoolgirl — or schoolwoman — would not feel that she had taken her examination properly unless she had taken it in a condition of worry, hurry, fright, and general excitement. Mark the contrast in this respect between colleges for men and those for women. Students in the former are not without their share of nervous strain, especially in examinations, but the strain is noticeably far less than among the women. The explanation of the difference is commonly found to lie in the physical exercise

taken in football, rowing, and other out-of-door sports, which give men new life for study and restore the balance of the nervous system. But if girls should try this corrective to the same extent, they would devote such intense nervous energy to play, they would have so little real abandon, that the result would be in most cases a nervous strain and excitement, from which they must in turn recover before going on with study. The balance is to be restored by some other means.

Let us look a little deeper into the temperamental reason for this strain. A woman's self-consciousness is her greatest enemy. Custom is partly to blame for this, because it is so generally felt that man is to admire, and woman to be admired. Thus a woman is born into and inherits a "to-be-admired" state of mind, and her freedom is delayed in proportion. Few realize the absolute nervous strain in self-consciousness; and if to self-consciousness we add a sensitive conscience, we have come near to a full explanation. Mr. Howells perhaps exaggerates when he tells us that a New England woman is not strong intellectually, but she has a conscience like the side of a house. He might be truthful and give her a larger allowance of brains, but he could not rightly reduce the dimensions of the conscience. Men have not so great a strain in self-consciousness, and the tyranny of a morbid conscience is less real to them. In the atmosphere of men's colleges, either among the faculty or the students, there is not a tenth part of the unnecessary excitement that we find in women's colleges. The faces of the students tell their own story. Nervous strain is far less evident.

Another contrast will help toward an understanding of the terms of the problem. English women are showing a marked superiority over American women in the college career. They are taking prizes and attaining marked intellectual distinction, not because their

scholastic advantages are greater nor because of superior intellectual gifts, but because of better physique, more normal nervous systems, and consequently greater power of endurance.

These contrasts emphasize the proposition which I maintain, namely, that the first, the greatest physical need for women is a training to rest: not rest in the sense of doing nothing, not repose in the sense of inanity or inactivity, but a restful activity of mind and body, which means a vigorous, wholesome nervous system that will enable a woman to abandon herself to her study, her work, and her play with a freedom and ease which are too fast becoming, not a lost art, but lost nature. We have jumped at the conclusion that the style of training which is admirably suited to men must be equally adapted to women. However that may be in the future, there is a prior necessity with women. After their greatest physical need is supplied, they may — will, probably — reach the place where their power will be increased through vigorous exercise.

It is evident that the gymnasiums and various exercises established in schools and colleges for women have done little or nothing toward supplying this greatest need. The girls are always defeating the end of the exercise: first, by entering into every motion of the exercise itself with too much nervous strain; second, by following in their manner of study, in their general attitude of mind and habit of body, ways that must effectually tell against the physical power which might be developed by the exercise. Truly the first necessity now is to teach a girl to approach her work, physical or mental, in a normal, healthy way, — to accomplish what she has to do naturally, using only the force required to gain her point; not worrying all the time she studies for fear the lesson will not be learned; not feeling rushed from morning to night for fear her work will not be done; not

going about with a burden of unnecessary anxiety, a morbid fear of her teachers, and a general attitude toward life which means strain, and constant strain. A glance forward intensifies the gravity of the case. Such habits once developed in a girl who is fitting herself to teach are strongly felt by her pupils when she takes the position of teacher. The nervous strain is reflected back and forth from teacher to pupil, and is thus forcing itself upon the notice of others, and proving day by day more clearly what is the greatest physical need.

Those who have observed this tendency are wont to say, "Give the girls plenty of exercise, plenty of fresh air, see that they sleep and eat well, and this greatest need will be supplied without thought." If the unhealthy condition we have noted were just making its appearance, the remedy would be sufficient. As it is, such a remedy suffices in a few cases, in most cases partially, but in some not at all. The habit has stood now through too many generations to be overcome without a distinct recognition of the loss of power, and a strong realization of the need of regaining this power. Indeed, so great a hold on the community has this want of quiet and easy activity in study and in play that it is not rare to find young girls who believe the abnormal to be the natural life, and the other unnatural. As one girl told me once in perfect good faith, "I keep well on excitement, but it tires me *terribly* to carry a pitcher of water upstairs." This I know is an extreme instance, and yet not so uncommon as I wish it were. To swing such a girl, or one approaching so abnormal a state, suddenly back into the normal would be most disastrous; she would not recognize the world or herself, and would really suffer intensely. She must be carried step by step. To restore her is like curing a drunkard.

Let us suppose a school started in the United States having in its scheme a

distinct intention of eliminating all hurry and worry, and training girls to a normal state of active repose. Suppose that to be the main idea of the school. To get rid of the "no time" fever, the teachers would need to accept the fundamental principle that it is not the acquisition of knowledge, but the training of power to think, which is the justification of school or college. A girl can at most gain in her school life but an iota of the knowledge which is possible to her, but she can attain the power of acquiring knowledge; and if this end is kept in view on the part both of teachers and pupils, more regard will be paid to the order of studies and the method in each than to the quantity of facts gathered in any one study. With a subordination of the desire to amass knowledge, every course of study followed will help other courses taken at the same time, and others to come, and make it comparatively easy for the student to acquire more after the school years are over. A mind truly trained attracts and absorbs unconsciously, it digests and it produces, and the way is never stopped with useless facts. As the unity of intellectual work is recognized, the greatest physical need will be more readily met; for by an insistence upon that which is of first importance intellectually the cry of "no time" will subside. When a girl feels rushed she begins to lose mental power in proportion, however well she may seem to work at any one time.

This is the first change which our model school would effect, and its next most important reform would be so to arrange the daily work that there would be a marked rhythm in the alternation of studies. A body and mind, to be wholesome, must be trained to action and reaction, not action and inaction. There is often the most perfect rest in freeing one set of faculties entirely and working another. Indeed, action and reaction is the order of being, for in sleep,

the most entire rest, the body is busy receiving supplies for new activity when it shall awake. There must be vigorous exercises, plenty of food carefully chosen, long sleeping-times; a friendly attitude and perfect confidence between students and teachers must be cultivated, but without emotionalizing. Now, supposing so wholesome a state of things to be organized, the end is not yet. The hurry and worry will creep in and will be strongly felt, because of the girls' mothers and grandmothers and great-grandmothers, not to mention the inheritance which often comes from the paternal ancestry. There still remains for our school a distinct power to cultivate, a power to be gained through repose; not a forced, a studied, or a flabby repose, but a natural repose which is self-forgetful, and often delightfully active. "Freedom" is a better word than "repose." Freedom includes repose; and for freedom, physical and mental, women should have special training now. If special training to that end is needed in our imaginary school, established with that purpose in view and with the spirit of true freedom animating its entire faculty, it certainly is sadly needed in the schools and colleges where power through repose is often as fatally lacking in teachers as in the girls under their charge.

The work must begin with physical training, including a training of the voice. If the course be followed carefully, it will soon affect the mental work, and special exercises to help the activity of mind will follow. But let us lay the foundation first, stand the girls on their feet, and demonstrate that a perfect physical balance means a better working head. As the physical work progresses, every lesson may contain the application of true freedom to study and recitation. Thus the mental and physical will each help the other, and the whole woman will feel that she is dropping chains. A freedom from the limitations of self will lead to a freedom from self-conscious-

ness, which is possible only to a wholesome nervous system. A woman so trained will be beyond the apparent necessity of controlling herself, for she will have learned how to let nature control her.

I cannot content myself with a general assertion of the need of this training. I must attempt an outline, at least, of what it might be. Let us follow an imaginary class in physical training, the more truly to gain an idea of the practical working of our principle. All through the class work deep breathing should be practiced, not only for its quieting and restful effect, but for the new vigor that comes with it, and the steady, even development which deep breathing so greatly assists. The deep breathing also prevents an extreme relaxation, which is as harmful as extreme tension, and prevents too quick a reactionary effect when a tense body is at once relaxed. In beginning with the deep breaths, it will be found that few members of a large class can take a deep breath at all, and not one has an idea of what it is to breathe quietly. The soothing effect of a long quiet breath is never realized until one has been trained to inhale and exhale with the least possible effort. Even before this power has been gained, regular breathing will quiet a mild case of hysteria, as it will do away with stage fright. Members of the class must, to some degree, be trained separately for the deep breaths, in order that it may be clear to each what a deep quiet breath is: what it is to feel as if the breath took her, and not as if she took the breath. It is also requisite to avoid the curious strain which one often experiences under the impression that by holding herself as if in a vise while she inhales she is taking a quiet breath.

Quiet should be the first aim, in this class for physical culture, — a natural quiet, not a forced quiet. This can be gained collectively to a delightful degree, for one mind acts upon another, and, in

a large class, the weaker brains feel the influence of the stronger. Each member of the class having a general idea of a deep breath, the quiet should be gained through the breathing exercises, which cannot be given here. Suffice it to say, the teacher should have always in mind, from the first, natural quiet as an end, and lead to that through long regular breaths — rhythmic breaths, from twenty-five to fifty — and other forms of exercise. The result of this training is strongly apparent in a single person, and still more when a class works together. The action upon the brain of deep breathing is well known. It is not only deep breathing, but deep breathing with the least possible effort, that does the good work. The class should take slow, regular exercises for the relaxation of the muscles and further quieting of the nerves, interspersed always with deep breathing. After the special deep-breathing and the relaxing exercises, the voice training should begin and continue as a part of the regular work. A want of natural equilibrium tells more in the sound of the voice and manner of speaking than in any other one physical action; and a woman should be trained to the true freedom of her voice with the rest of her body.

The exercises for suppleness of the joints and muscles would come next; these should include the direction of force, and often be very rapid, but must increase in rapidity only as they can be taken with perfect ease. The exercises must be taken with only the part of the body meant to be used, allowing no superficial "sympathy" in any other part. Then should follow motions for finer balance and for spring; and the class work might end with the quiet breathing and voice training. This course should be taken gradually, so that a clear idea of what they are aiming at will dawn upon the girls without too much hard thinking. Although the teacher must never once lose her central aim,

it is better for the girls to follow the exercises more or less automatically. If they fail to come out of such a class not only with new vigor, but with a clearer idea each day of how to let nature's laws work through them in study and in play, such failure will show a want of the true spirit in the teacher who leads them; or it may be that the air of the room has not been fit for breathing. Two elements are necessary in the teacher of such a class: that she should have the daily habit of obeying the laws she teaches; and that she should pretend in no way to stand as a perfect example of the laws, but should impress her pupils with the idea that they are all students together, and subject to the same laws. With this and a loving patience, a woman cannot fail to rouse other women to their best, unless her environment is entirely against her.

I have tried simply to follow the regular physical work in a class which trains a woman to vigor and restful activity through a process which trains her first to supply her greatest need, the power of rest. With this should come a training to meet sudden emergencies with a clear head; to drop the excitement of such emergencies when once the trouble is removed, and even before it has wholly disappeared; to have the power of ignoring nagging worries. Indeed, a great end is accomplished when a girl has acquired the ability to distinguish herself from her nervous system so far as to recognize when a worry is an effect of indigestion or some other physical derangement, and treat it as such; when she can bear it as a pain, if it must be, and will not increase it by admitting that it has any real foundation, and will drop it as soon as it can be dropped. Much useless suffering will be saved women who learn in school how to meet the various annoyances and cares that are sure to come in some form later. Many a woman is the slave of her nervous system because she does not know

it; and a nervously magnified conscience will whip a woman into all sorts of absurd work which simply drains her beyond recovery, because she has not been taught how she may distinguish herself from a set of tired or disordered nerves. To all this may be added the help which will come from women to other women through realizing when they are not to be taken seriously, however it may be necessary to appear serious.

The popular mind seldom makes allowance for difference in temperament. Some time ago I watched two girls in a tennis match, one of whom was under the process of training to a better freedom; her movements were quick, graceful, and supple, but her excitable nervous system, inherited from intellectually active parents, still mastered her. Her expression was intense. Nearly all in the audience were her friends and admirers, eager to have her win. She was not only vividly alive to every personal wish for her, but acutely conscious of herself as the centre of attraction. The other player, the daughter of a countryman, was apparently stolid, with splendid muscular power. Her expression hardly changed. She did not know the audience nor realize their presence, apparently, although she must have been perfectly aware of their partiality for her opponent. She played directly, and her whole mind was upon every stroke of her racket. Of course she won the game. A bystander said to me, with a superior smile and not a little scorn, "You see this 'relaxing' does not always win." My answer was, "It certainly does. Your country girl was the more 'relaxed.'" The girl who lost had a most sensitive nervous organization, with a power far beyond the other, but one that must take longer to find its balance. The winner had her equilibrium on a much lower plane. Take Diana herself and put her in this country, surrounded with all its influences, and after five years she would lose the

first tennis match against just such a phlegmatic temperament. With equal scorn our critic might say, "You see, my friends, a goddess does not always win."

What then can we expect of our highly bred women who have generations of nervous strain back of them? Diana would win the second match, for she would at once see her mistake, and have her constitution to back her in correcting it. The compensation to the goddess would be great in an acute realization of what it is to allow a fine, wholesome nervous system to work according to its own laws. We need to train our girls first to the wholesomeness which must come through the power to rest, and then to the normal use of the real power as it grows upon them. They have much more to work against than Diana after her five years, and their appreciation would be keener in proportion.

In connection with the whole subject there is a fundamental principle to be carefully noted. To make the best of this training which is meant to help toward a natural way of doing whatever may be before us, the life itself must be regular and normal. It is a great mistake for a woman to train herself to do her work more easily in order to crowd more work or play into her life than she ought to carry. No woman has the natural spirit of repose who, finding she can attend to particulars with increasing facility, crowds her life in general. Much more can be accomplished, of course, by learning how to rest and how not to waste force; but that gives all the stronger reason for recognizing one's limitations and being guided by them. In the one way, the limitations decrease; in the other, they increase to a startling extent. People wonder that a training for rest should result in fatigue, without noting the fact that the training itself has been presumed upon. So must the whole spirit of our schools be changed if they are to educate women to absolutely

wholesome bodies and the best possible use of their minds. A young man rising from a severe fit of illness was told by his physician that it was useless for him to try to get through college; he had not the strength for the continued work. He obtained the physician's consent to study two hours a day. By realizing the best use of those two hours, he passed through college, and graduated among the first of his class. But he rested entirely the remaining hours of the day. If, finding that he had gained such power of concentration, he had tried to use it every hour in the day without reaction, the result would have been disastrous.

This country seems now like a precocious child. Because it shows wonderful powers and intense activity, it is pushed to display itself more and more; and unless the child is quieted, and made to enjoy natural, childlike ways, there is danger that the man will fall far short of the brilliancy promised by the child. Surely the mothers of the country need the quiet most, and need it first.

In brief, in the men and women who are healthy workers and players there is a complete reaction from every action; they drop on the ground and give up to gravity when "time is called;" the others walk up and down, and worry over their past plays and wonder over those to come. These last can be led through physical training and moral suasion until they are in the same wholesome current. They can be, if they will be; if the training commences early enough, they must be. The greatest strength of a college will come when this active repose or restful activity can be so taken as a matter of course that it need never be thought of at all. Under these conditions men and women would be sensitive to the slightest disobedience of such natural laws and correct it at once, as they are now sensitive to more flagrant disobedience of

other laws. Then would come a freedom of mind and body such as we see now only in the most healthy little children.

A woman's education should prepare her to hold to the best of her ability whatever position life may offer. A training to help her to a wholesome use of a normal nervous system must be the foundation upon which she stands if she would perform in the best way the work which lies before her. No womanly woman wants to be a very good man, but a very true woman, and as such she not only holds her own place firmly, but helps man to hold his. A man's life in the world is in this age full of temptation to nervous strain and worry. If he takes the overwrought state home only to find a similar state in his wife, increased by just so much as the natural intensity of the feminine nervous system exceeds that of the masculine, he does not go home to rest, but to more nervous strain; and the wearing effect upon one of the excited and tired nervous system of another who is nearly related is more fatiguing in a few hours than would be as many days of severe work.

In contrast to this place the ideal of repose that may be found in a woman, and the influence it may have upon a man, not only because of the restful atmosphere to which he returns, but the certainty throughout the day that there is the quiet strength at home, and that he will surely find it.

Because the nerves of the average woman are far more excitable than those of the average man, we could not only reach the man by means of the woman, but by training the mothers reach more surely the next generation, so that later this natural economy of our nervous force may come, in school and out, as a matter of course. And where could we better begin the training than in our schools and colleges for women?

Annie Payson Call.

WHY SOCIALISM APPEALS TO ARTISTS.

THE question implied in the title of this paper is not unfrequently asked from the point of those who, assuming that art is a more or less portable and exchangeable commodity, a luxury for the few rather than a joy for the many, hold that artistic development is founded upon individual accumulations of riches, and depends mainly upon private patronage. Now, however apparently true such assumptions may be with respect to certain forms of pictorial production in modern times, if we take the larger view of art, regarding it as the expression not only of the mind, taste, or pride of individuals, but as the monument of the life and ideals of peoples and the symbol of great epochs in history, we shall have very largely to qualify this view.

It would appear that the art instinct, the desire to represent or express something, manifests itself quite spontaneously, and its evidences are seen as soon as the primitive physical wants of man are satisfied. There could have been no capitalists among the cave men, and yet very spirited designers of animal life existed among them. Probably the hunter who drew the bow or flung the lance could also draw the form of the mammoth or the reindeer he was stalking. The impulse to record in pictorial shape forms familiar to the eye, the life and movement of the natural world, and the love of decorative beauty which led primitive man to ornament his weapons and utensils seem inseparable from any manifestation of human life, though their development is necessarily modified by anything which influences life itself and its conditions, climatic, physical, political, social, spiritual.

Those who follow art, like other men, might be roughly divided into optimists and pessimists, according to their temperament, conditions, and the influence

of their particular personal experience of life; but in so far as an artist is an artist, by the very nature of his calling, whether architect, painter, sculptor, or other, he is necessarily brought constantly face to face with the direct social results and external aspects of the existing system of society, and he must, for good or for evil, be influenced by them; he must in his work, consciously or unconsciously, give expression to the mind as well as the body of his time. The building, the decoration, the picture, the statue, so far as they are vital works at all, are not only the expression of the idiosyncrasies of their designer, but are also the outward and visible signs of the spiritual and material forces paramount in a people's life. They are the index to a nation's history; nay, they often remain the only authentic pieces of history we possess. The artist, then, be he the sensitive recorder of every change and phase of the human as well as the natural day, or be he the creative idealist in whose eyes common things are transfigured and become sublime, who sees in the rising sun, like William Blake, an innumerable heavenly host, must be, one would think, the first to feel, the first to be moved by, any signs of storm or coming change on the face of the social sky or earth.

In spite of the fashionable impressionism, I venture to hold that even a painter must paint what he knows and feels as well as what he sees; and unless we are prepared to limit the term Art to painting, and Painting to the art of recording the accidental aspects and phases of nature, without selection or creative purpose, — unless we limit the painter's mind, for instance, to the condition of the sensitized plate in the photographic camera, we must allow his ideals and aspirations to influence his

work, just as his color-sense must influence it. We recognize an artist by his power of design, characteristic touch, or sense of form, tone, and color; what are these but, as it were, his handwriting, his illuminated text, which conveys, as with an electrical flash, the passion of his mood and his inner vision to other minds and eyes?

If, then, it be granted that an artist may have thoughts and feelings as well as external impressions, let us ask how these are likely to be influenced by the social environment at the present day.

The gradual economic change which, owing to various causes, has been taking place during the last three centuries, leading to production for profit in place of production for use, now dominates all kinds of production, even that called artistic; and whatever advantages such a system may have from the commercial point of view, and as bearing on quantity, it cannot be said to be favorable to quality, or, in operation with an unequal competition, to be other than wasteful and debasing.

Our century has seen the development of an enormous mechanical invention, and, by its industrial application, has established a system of machine labor which has taken the place of the older system of division of labor. Production for profit and the enormously increased rapidity of production have led to the centralization of markets, — to the great world-market; and this same centralization drives the worker in art, like the wage-worker, by the whip of competition, to seek his livelihood in the great commercial centres, where the struggle for existence grows ever fiercer and more rugged; as

"The many fail, the one succeeds."

The capital drains the resources of the country in brains as well as hands. Interesting and characteristic local developments disappear, and amid the increasing interdependence of countries art has a tendency to become more and more

cosmopolitan. This state of things may be pronounced a blessing or a curse according to one's mental standpoint. I do not say it has not its advantages, but I do not feel it would be a happy day for art if it should ever be narrowed to picture-making, and ruled, like millinery, by the quick changes of Paris fashion, however piquant.

Every young student to whom the need of getting a livelihood comes home soon feels under the necessity of doing work consciously with intent to sell, — that is, of doing less than his best, — uninspired, commercial work done to order, to supply demands of trade; those very demands being often artificial, like the art they call into being. If he has cherished dreams of great and sincere works, he must put them away from him unless he can face starvation. Perhaps, in the end, he goes into some commercial mill of production, or sells his soul to the dealer, the modern high priest of Pallas Athene. Then he finds that the practice of serving Mammon has so hardened into habit as to make him forget the dreams and aspirations of his youth, and the so-called successful artist sinks into the cheerful and prosperous type of cynic, of which our modern society appears to produce such abundant specimens.

The choice presented to the modern artist is really pretty much narrowed to that of being either the flatterer and servant of the rich or a trade hack. Between this Scylla and Charybdis it is difficult indeed to steer a true course, — to be at once true to himself and keep his head above water. How many are broken on the rocks or drawn into the whirlpool!

Suppose, then, that our artist, feeling the pressure of social conditions in this way, stops to think how it has come about, — stops for a moment to compare the present state of art with the art of the past, with the art of ancient Greece or of Italy in the Middle Ages, to say

nothing of the contrast he may look for in the outward aspects of life. Let him picture the life of ancient Athens in the fifth century B. C., or of Florence or Venice in the fifteenth A. D., and compare it with that of New York or London in the last years of the nineteenth. Well, although I believe there are painters who love London smoke, and adore the chimney-pot hat and tubular clothing of the modern citizen, our artist, if he be one of the almost extinct race who think external beauty of much consequence, and is candid, must reflect that what we call modern convenience and comfort, forsooth, have been obtained at a heavy price.

They are, after all, but comparative convenience and comfort, and on reflection one perceives that most modern inventions are intended to mitigate evils, or to meet difficulties unknown and unfelt in more simple and primitive states of society. The blind gods of Cash and Comfort are enthroned on high and worshipped with ostentation, while there exist, as it were on the very steps of their temples, masses of human beings who know not either, or at the most scarcely touch the hem of their garments. "This has been so since the world began," says the comfortable citizen, with no desire to pry into origins. Restless inquirers, however, are not so easily satisfied: they insist on searching records; they look back and find the germs of modern socialism at the beginnings of history, in the primitive communism of the village communities. They see the primitive and common rights of man usurped by conquest or acts of parliament; and private property established by force of arms, however afterwards secured by legal parchments; and the heavy, useful productive labors, which keep the world alive, gradually thrust on the shoulders of a class, the wealth producers, who have but this one commodity of labor-power they can call their own, and this only to be exercised at the will of an-

other. Chattel slavery is no more, but wage slavery has taken its place. The free Englishman (I have not been long enough in the United States to be sure about the American, but some say he furnishes a counterpart) has not where to lay his head. If he loiters on the highway, he is liable to arrest as a vagrant. If he strays off it to enjoy his native fields and woods, he may be prosecuted for trespass. Yet he may be a man desiring merely to be allowed to work for his living and to take his leisure. He is supposed to be politically free, but even if he had a vote, and could possess his forty-thousandth part (as Carlyle puts it) of a parliamentary representative, of what use is political freedom if there be no economical freedom; of what use are opinions when a man is not certain of his daily bread? Our artist need not dig very deep below the surface to perceive these things; he need not read Mill, or Ricardo, or Carl Marx to discern the signs of the times: hopelessness and apathy are painted on the faces of our laborers. The joy, the dignity, and the poetry of labor are being crushed out by long hours, in factory or field, and the overmastering machine, and the beauty of our country and city becomes more and more a rare accident. Everywhere is to be seen the picture of our modern Atlas, with straining arms, in the sweat of his body, sustaining the careless world. I do not say it is without significance or pathos, or even graphic elements, but it is a sad-denying spectacle.

In the fierce race and breakneck speed of competition all are driven. The old popular festivals die out; there is no time or room for them. We must bow down and worship the golden image which our kings of profit and interest have set up; scrape, save, invest, speculate, gamble, to raise a pile for self or family, and build a palace on the ruin of the lives and hopes of others. We are taught to despise the useful productive labor

by which we are maintained; obliterate all traces of our occupation, if possible, whatever it may be; struggle for a place on the social ladder; push and shoulder our neighbors aside; strive to reach what is called "a position of independence,"—that is to say, a position which depends for its security on the labor of others. Strange that at one end of the scale it is a crime to have "no visible means of subsistence," while at the other end it is respectable and respected! These be your gods, O Israel!

It is obvious that, such being the motive power, the machinery of life must be complex, its outward aspects restless and inharmonious, the atmosphere it engenders not a healthy one for humanity, and therefore not a happy one for the artist.

Art has flourished in small communities, in epochs of a certain unity of sentiment and of rich and varied external aspects. A sympathetic atmosphere of some kind is essential to its existence. The greatest works have been always public buildings and monuments, just where modern art is, as a rule, weakest. Between the critic and the dealer, between the devil and the deep sea, where is there standing-room for an original artist? It is sufficiently extraordinary that he ever obtains recognition and sympathy, but therein lies our hope.

Sweep away the cobwebs of custom, open the windows of the mind and let in the fresh air of knowledge and free thought, and humanity responds again to ideas of beauty and truth. The larger heart rings true to the vibration of larger ideas. How many even of the very men who are absorbed in the mill-horse round of modern business existence, and who are helping to perpetuate it, are yet the first to rejoice to shake off the harness for a moment, to escape for a time to Bohemia,—to the wilderness, if they can find one! Indeed, it seems as if modern life were endurable only in proportion to the number and the

accessibility of the means of escape from it.

Why then strain every nerve to maintain this costly and wasteful fabric? Why be alarmed at any suggestion of the possibility or desirability of the reorganization of a system of society which confessedly succeeds so ill in securing human happiness? It is all very well to say we individually make or mar our own happiness, but no one is independent of conditions and the action of laws beyond his control. It is all very well to say to the modern artist it is his business to extract beauty from ugliness, and sublimity from commonplace and unlovely materials; he may even succeed in doing so. But it is only in a state of siege that people look for a substitute for bread; it is only in the arctic regions that men have been reduced to eating their boots. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? If so much can be made of unfavorable conditions, if so much public spirit, good fellowship, human kindness, poetic feeling, and artistic invention and sensibility exist under an economic and social system the whole drift of which is logically against such developments, it is merely reasonable to assume that there would be much more room for the best side of human nature in a state not founded on self-interest, or where good works are not dependent on the state of the stock market.

In looking at any new ideal or movement in the direction of social reorganization, we are too apt to read into it results which are peculiarly characteristic of our own time and its conditions. It is difficult, no doubt, to divest the mind of prejudice; it is difficult fully to realize what a vast difference conditions and motives make in human development. Alter the conditions, and you alter motives. The differences in human development, moral and physical, at different periods of the world's history, under various climatic and social influ-

ences, are at least as striking as any resemblances, or the persistence of what is called human nature. Human nature, like human virtues and vices, however, appears to be one thing in one age, and another in another. When starvation is always impending thrift may be a virtue; but the habit of calculating, of weighing the value of everything to the uttermost farthing, and of resting all things on the standard of money value must have a narrowing and cramping effect upon the mind, and render it incapable of the appreciation of art, of large and generous conduct and humane views.

One of the commonest objections raised to socialism is generally put in the following form: "What incentive will there be to work under socialism, and what will you do with the idle?" Have we then succeeded in making all labor so dull, unattractive, or positively irksome that it is impossible to conceive of men and women doing useful work except under the whip of commercial competition or the fear of starvation? It should be remembered that in any reasonable state of human society the text would hold good, "If any will not work, neither let him eat;" that would be the only compulsion. But the organization of the labor of a community for the sole good of that community alone would mean a very different kind of organization of labor from that which goes by the name at the present day, when the motive and mainspring of action are not the good of the community, but the amount of profit possible to be secured by the individual. Then, too, what motive, what temptation, would remain for the greedy and the grasping, when the wealth resulting from the labors of the community, its knowledge, its art, its leisure and pleasure, would be common to all?

As to the question of the disposal of the idle, — well, we are encumbered with idle classes, at present, at both ends of

the social scale, compulsory idleness in both cases. The poor man out of employment is not allowed to work. The rich man, living on surplus values extracted from generations of labor by his fathers, or by the mere mechanical working of monopoly and the rolling in of the waves of unearned increment, has no work to do. Could it be nearly so disastrous for the community if, under the new order, every emancipated member of a socialist commune worked only two hours out of the twenty-four, and claimed the rest for enjoyment and sleep? There would at least be a large margin left for the natural restlessness and energy of man to disport themselves upon.

Would the establishment of such a communal system be so terrible, after all? What a vast load of false sentiment and vulgar ostentation it would sweep away! An artist could even face the temporary disappearance of art itself to gain such benefit; just as we endure the fall of the leaf, knowing that spring must return, in the natural order of things, with the glowing sun and the flowers.

When Thackeray wrote *The Newcomes*, the artist was regarded as a kind of Bohemian, picturesque in dress, free in manners and opinions, and frowned upon by the respectables. Perhaps even with the improved prosperous later nineteenth-century exterior of merchant or banker he may still keep a more or less Bohemian lining, which makes him more accessible to revolutionary ideas than some of his fellow-citizens. It is to be hoped so. It would be an evil day for the progress of society if every man were so bound, hand and foot, by the conditions of his life, his dependence on others, as to be unable to speak his mind.

As to the form of socialism, there are of course many schools of thought; the underlying principle at work may fairly be said to be established. In the course of our natural economic evolution, we are already crossing the threshold of the

new epoch. Coming events cast their shadows before. Every government has to give prominent place to social legislation. Public spirit begins to animate the accumulators of riches, public wealth is being restored to the public in the form of free libraries, museums of art and history, and the claims of the whole community to a share of intellectual life are granted in free education. Can we logically stop here? "Man shall not live by bread alone." No, but he must begin with bread. The fire must have fuel; the engine will not go without steam or electricity. The welfare, the strength of a state, of a community, rests upon the welfare, the strength, the happiness, of every individual of that state or community. Bound in the solidarity of brotherhood and community of interest, in the ideal state the land and the means of production could be the monopoly of none, because the property of all. There could be no fine-drawn distinction of class, no abasement of useful labor, no shirking and shifting of all the hard work upon the shoulders of one order, but each would be ready to do his or her part in the service of humanity; knowing no higher dignity than distinction in such service, whether of brain or hand; untouched by the sordid taint of gold, the greed and the desire for it removed, since it would buy nothing that could not be enjoyed without it in the highest sense by every citizen.

With such corner-stones as these what a social structure might be raised! Upon such a basis, the sense of art and beauty, the wit and invention of man, freed from long hours of exhausting toil and the wear and tear and worry of modern existence, would in happy emulation strive to enrich and ennoble life in every way. While the necessity of useful work would keep habits simple, and yet make true refinement possible, the greatest art and splendor could be devoted to public buildings and monuments, in which, again, all the arts should be re-

united and reinspired, and, penetrated with the spirit of that new religion, that larger faith, the dawn of which we already faintly perceive, realize themselves in new and beautiful forms for the joy of emancipated humanity.

Does this seem an idle dream? Nay, it is our plain destiny; we have but to put forth our thoughts and our hands to reach it; we have but to ask what is the progressive factor in humanity. Is it not always the social instinct? Is it not the social instinct which determines all our relations? Morality, law, religion, all are gradually modified by it in the course of its development through the ages. Did primitive man differ more from his early progenitors in the dim obscurity of the past than modern man differs from him in habit of life, in moral and religious conceptions, in power over nature? Can the world stand still? Having put our hand to the plough, can we look back, except indeed it be to learn the lessons that history teaches?

Times of activity in art, as William Morris has well said, have been times of hope. There is the alternation of night and day in the history of human progress. Each new dayspring lifts the voices of new singers; the reddening lips of the dawn fire the eyes of painters. How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of them that bring good tidings! In the freshness of the morning, in the wonder and delight and anticipation of the new intellectual day, Art is born again; she rises like a new Aphrodite from the dark sea of time, trembling in the rose and gray of the morning, her blue wistful eyes full of visions, her slender hands full of flowers, and straightway there appears a new heaven and a new earth in the sight of men filled with the desire and joy of life, as the husk of the past, the faded chrysalis, shrivels away, and the new-born spirit of the age rises upon the splendor of its painted wings.

Walter Crane.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

OUR present political situation is anomalous. Issues do not now make parties, but parties seek for issues. The two great political organizations in this country are survivals of the past, and for some years have not represented the division of our people on the questions of the day. Instead of treating a party as an association of men who think alike on public questions, and who act together in order to secure certain definite results in legislation or administration, men have come to regard the party as the end, and not the means. The primary object of political action is the triumph of the party, and to insure this every voter must be ready to sacrifice his convictions as well as his time and his money. Hence we find in each party men who entertain diametrically opposite views on the tariff, the currency, the reform of the civil service, and every other question of present political importance, but who are alike loyal to the party, whichever side of these questions its leaders see fit to espouse in a particular campaign.

The reason for this condition of public feeling is not far to seek. The natural and permanent political division which must always exist between the progressive and the conservative elements of society was disturbed in this country by the slavery question, which for nearly a quarter of a century dominated our politics. The Republican party, drawn almost equally from Whigs and Democrats, was formed for a single definite purpose, the restriction of slavery. Its success in 1860 was followed by the civil war, in which it represented the patriotism and high purpose of the country. It prosecuted the war, it restored the Union, it abolished slavery; and when reconstruction was complete, and the results of the war had been secured by the

adoption of the constitutional amendments, the reason for its existence ceased. The common purpose of its members was accomplished.

For a while it was needed to maintain its work, but soon the questions which had been displaced by the war again presented themselves, and upon these, inevitably, men differed as before. These differences would naturally have led to the disintegration of the Republican party, and to a reformation of parties on their original lines, but the memory of the civil war was still too fresh. The hopes and fears of that terrible struggle, the passions excited by the contest, the high moral purpose which had inspired it, the veneration which was felt for Lincoln, Sumner, Seward, Andrew, and their associates, combined to make men connect with the name of the Republican party the strongest and highest feelings which they had ever known. They were reluctant to admit that this splendid organization of all that was best in the state had done its work. A party so powerful for good in the past must be powerful for good in the future, and must on no account be suffered to die. So men reasoned, and sought new fields for Republican intelligence and energy. They unconsciously transferred their allegiance from the end to the means, from their object to the instrument by which that object had been accomplished. This feeling kept the party together.

The close of the war found the Democratic party as thoroughly prostrated as the Republican party was powerful. It stood as the supporter of slavery and the opponent of the national cause during the war. Its strength in the North was found among the classes who had resisted the draft in New York and Boston; in the South, among those who

lately had been in rebellion. It was bankrupt in character and without a cause.

Our political situation between 1868 and 1888 was not unlike the situation in England between 1750 and 1760, when the Whig party "possessed a complete monopoly of political power," of which Lecky says: "At hardly any other period of English history did parliamentary government wear a less attractive aspect, and it is not difficult to discover the causes of the disease. Party government, in the true sense of the word, had for many years been extinct: Toryism had sunk into Jacobitism; Jacobitism had faded into insignificance; and the great divisions of politicians had almost wholly ceased to represent a division of principles or even of tendencies. Two or three times in English history something analogous to this has occurred, and it always brings with it grave political dangers. Such a state of affairs is peculiarly unfavorable to real earnestness in public life. Faction replaces party, personal pretensions acquire an inordinate weight, and there is much reason to fear lest the tone of political honor should be lowered and lest the public spirit of the nation should decline."¹

Such political conditions in our own case proved especially favorable to widespread corruption and to the schemes of political adventurers. While the old leaders of the Republican party were gradually retiring, and its earnest members were feeling the inevitable reaction after the long strain of the struggle against slavery, there was nothing to prevent unscrupulous politicians from obtaining control of the machinery, and using the prestige and the organization of the Republican party to advance their personal fortunes. Any tendency among the voters to resist such leaders was met

by impassioned declamation about the glorious past of the grand old party, by pointing out the vicious character of its rival, and by gloomy pictures of the disaster which would certainly follow Democratic success. Had there been a strong opposition which the public trusted, the decay of the Republican party might have been arrested at the outset by its prompt defeat. Such an opposition, however, was wanting, and the progress downward was unchecked.

A very short review of our history since 1865 will sustain these propositions, and make it clear that since the war the parties have not divided on great questions. From 1865 to 1868 the principal contest was between a Republican President and a Republican Congress in regard to the policy of reconstruction. This conflict culminated in the impeachment of President Johnson, and ended with the inauguration of President Grant. The only real difference between the Republican and the Democratic party in the campaign of 1868 was that the former commended, and the latter denounced, the reconstruction policy of Congress, but this issue disappeared when the campaign closed.

The election of General Grant placed the Republican party in undisputed possession of the government. No party in our history was ever more powerful; no President was ever more popular. Starting with the avowed purpose of ignoring the politicians, General Grant soon fell under the influence of the worst men in the party. During his first administration Mr. Sumner denounced his nepotism, while General Butler and men of his character dominated the party councils. Three years of Grant led to a conference of dissatisfied Republicans at Cincinnati, which almost founded a new party, but accomplished only the nomination of Horace Greeley by the Demo-

cratic count of the causes which led to this condition of public feeling.

¹ Lecky's *England in the Eighteenth Century*, vol. ii. p. 505. The curious in historical parallels will be interested by this author's ac-

crats upon a platform which was almost identical with that of the Republicans. The contest of 1872 should have been a battle against corruption in office, but the union between Horace Greeley and the Democratic party was so unnatural that the people almost unanimously refused to treat it as serious.

There followed four years of corruption without example in our history. The Credit Mobilier affair, the Whiskey Ring, the Sanborn contracts, the scandals in the Interior Department, Robeson's career in the Navy Department, the safe burglary conspiracy, the impeachment of Belknap, affecting men holding the highest positions in the country, led to a popular uprising, which in 1874 gave the Democratic party, for the first time since 1861, a majority in the House of Representatives. The election which produced this result turned on no clear issue. The people simply recorded a vigorous protest against dishonesty.

It was of this period that Senator Hoar spoke, in May, 1876, when, urging the impeachment of a cabinet minister, he said: "My own public life has been a very brief and insignificant one, extending little beyond the duration of a single term of senatorial office, but in that brief period I have seen five judges of a high court of the United States driven from office by threats of impeachment for corruption or maladministration. I have heard the taunt from friendliest lips that, when the United States presented herself in the East to take part with the civilized world in generous competition in the arts of life, the only product of her institutions in which she surpassed all others beyond question was her corruption."

During this period the passions excited by the war had been subsiding. As the centennial anniversaries approached, the recollections of earlier contests in which the whole country had been united softened the memories of recent divi-

sion, and in 1875 the breach was healing rapidly. Then it was that Mr. Blaine acted upon the idea embodied in the remark, "There is another presidency in the bloody shirt;" and, by stirring up Mr. Hill, of Georgia, in the House of Representatives, succeeded in reawakening sectional hatred. The real issue before the country then was not between Republicans and Democrats, but between honesty and dishonesty. This issue, upon which the Republican leaders could not face the country, was pushed aside, and a false issue was raised by the tactics of Mr. Blaine.

In the campaign of 1876 the Republicans appealed to sectional feeling and the memories of the war, while the Democrats pointed to the scandals of Republican rule. It was a contest between two organizations for power, but no question of principle was involved. The electoral commission gave the presidency to Mr. Hayes, whose administration raised the whole tone of public life, though under him was secretly growing the infamous Star Route conspiracy. His four years of able and honest administration arrested the disintegration of the party, and it went into the campaign of 1880 substantially united.

A comparison of the Republican and Democratic platforms of that year discloses, however, no real question between the parties. The Democrats demanded a tariff for revenue only, while the Republicans contented themselves with saying that the revenue must be largely derived from duties on imports, "which should so discriminate as to favor American labor." The tariff, however, was not a burning issue in this campaign. The Republicans prevailed mainly by pointing to the record of the two parties during the war, and by urging the country to "let well alone." The Democratic party, with a bad record and no cause, still failed to command the public confidence.

President Garfield's administration was

marked by the unseemly contests over patronage which led Mr. Conkling to resign his seat in the Senate, and by various scandals which it is unnecessary to recall. But these gave an impulse to the cause of civil service reform, and upon this issue more than any other the Democrats carried the congressional elections of 1882, immediately after which the civil service reform law was passed by a House of Representatives which, six months before, had jeered at the reform.

The next two years were filled with the intrigues which resulted in the nomination of Mr. Blaine and the memorable campaign of 1884. The situation then was admirably stated in the address published by the Independent Conference at New York, which began:—

“The paramount issue of the presidential election of this year is moral rather than political. It concerns the national honor and character and honesty of administration rather than the general policies of government, upon which the platforms of the two parties do not essentially differ. No position taken by one platform is seriously traversed by the other. Both evidently contemplate a general agreement of public opinion upon subjects which have been long in controversy, and indicate an unwillingness to declare upon other and cardinal questions views which, in the present condition of public opinion, might seriously disturb the parties within themselves. Parties indeed now cohere mainly by habit and tradition; and since the great issues which have divided them have been largely settled, the most vital political activity has been the endeavor of good citizens in both parties to adjust them to living issues, and to make them effective agencies of political progress and reform.”

¹ The most amusing evidence of the fact that the Republican party, at least, represents no common purpose of its members is the attempt made some months ago in Massachusetts by a

Upon the moral issue President Cleveland was elected. Under his leadership the Democratic party definitely espoused the cause of tariff reform, and upon this issue was fought the campaign of 1888. The Republican party took the opposite side, apparently, not from any settled conviction on the part of its leaders, far less on the part of its members, that the existing tariff should be increased, but rather because it was necessary for the party to oppose the Democrats, and it hoped, by appealing to the manufacturers and playing upon the fears of the working classes, to win another presidency. Success placed the Republicans in a position where they were compelled to adopt a course against which the party was committed by its record and the counsels of its great leaders in the past. They were forced to increase the burden of taxation imposed during the war. Their action has brought the country at last face to face with a real question, upon which the battle must continue until taxation is reduced. The issue is here, and it divides the country.

But still the division is not complete. There are many Republicans who do not at all believe in the policy to which their party is committed, but who are still so busy in doing the work accomplished twenty years ago that they have no time to consider the questions of to-day.¹ There are many Democrats who favor protection. The old traditions of the parties are still so strong that men vote for a name against their convictions. Not only are there many in each party who, upon the real issue between them, belong to the other, but the conscienceless political warfare of twenty years has separated a large class of voters from both parties. The scandals of General Grant's administration led many Republicans to vote for Mr. Tilden. The

Republican organization to ascertain upon what issues, in the opinion of the voters, the coming state campaign should be fought.

prominence of General Butler caused a "bolt" in Massachusetts. The cynical indifference of the Republican party to its promise of civil service reform led to the revolt of 1882, which sent Theodore Lyman, among others, to Congress, and changed entirely the political complexion of the House of Representatives. When finally the corrupt forces of the party triumphed in the nomination of Mr. Blaine, the conscience of the country was startled, and a large and important part of the Republican party voted against its candidate. One by one the men whose names are associated with the best days of that party have, with a few exceptions, been driven from its ranks, and the result is apparent. When Mr. Blaine first sought the presidency in 1876, he was beaten so badly that he had little influence with the next administration. In 1880 he was beaten, indeed, but came out of the conflict at the right hand of President Garfield. Four years later he won the nomination against a fierce opposition, but his nomination divided the party. Now he seems to be the party's idol, the typical Republican of to-day. Look where we will, the same tendency is evident throughout the Republican party. In New York Mr. White yields to Mr. Fassett. In Ohio Mr. Sherman struggles for reelection against Governor Foraker. In Pennsylvania Mr. Quay and his associates are supreme. Mr. Clarkson leads the national organization, while, as he complains, the great newspapers and magazines of the country, which formerly supported the Republican party, are now contending against it. The education and intelligence of the country are naturally repelled by the Republicanism of to-day.

On the other hand, the Democrats have, until recently, offered little which could attract the men whom the Republicans have alienated. Tammany and its methods do not suggest reform, and among those who are named as possible

Democratic candidates for the presidency there is only one who could command their support. Governor Hill inspires no more confidence than Mr. Blaine, nor is Mr. Gorman clearly better than Mr. Quay.

The result is that there is a large body of citizens who believe earnestly in civil service reform, tariff reform, honest money, fair elections, and economical administration, who find no political party which really seeks to accomplish these political objects. These are the real practical demands of the day, and the record of both parties shows that neither can be trusted to labor for them all. These men are equally opposed to the corrupt methods of both parties, and to men who are prominent in both. They adopt an eclectic course, voting at each election for those who, under the circumstances, misrepresent them the least. To a great extent, by voting on opposite sides, they neutralize each other's action. They are numerous and intelligent, and they should be influential. While they stand apart from existing political organizations they exert no direct influence upon either. Candidates are selected, policies adopted, methods approved, without consulting them, and thus their attitude deprives them of their legitimate weight in determining the political course of the country.

Is there no way out of this situation? Cannot citizens who think alike forget names which have lost their meaning, and unite in the endeavor to adjust the parties "to living issues, and to make them effective agencies of political progress and reform"?

No man counts for less politically than he whose party allegiance is assured, who votes for his party's candidate under all circumstances, who cannot be disgusted or persuaded into revolt. Why should any party leader abandon evil methods for fear of alienating, or adopt sound principles and nominate good men for the sake of attracting, such voters?

They belong to the "boss," and he may well ask, "Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own?" Does not the recent election in Pennsylvania show that it is lawful? How can this fetich worship of party be broken up?

The difficulties of the problem are great. Political parties are not lightly created nor easily destroyed. The life of the Democratic party, in spite of its almost absolute annihilation during the civil war, is a proof of this wonderful vitality. Parties are born when the time is ripe. A handful of reformers cannot will a new party into existence, though when public opinion is ready they can raise the standard and fire the beacon. A political party in a country like ours is a complicated organization, and depends for its success on the active efforts of many men. The legitimate expenses of a campaign are great, and men who are busy in their respective employments shrink from the sacrifice of time and money which is necessary to create a national organization and to conduct a national campaign, until there comes one of those moments in a country's history when some great cause stirs men deeply, and they forget to be lazy and prudent.

While in the factional quarrels which divide both parties in many States there is evidence that existing organizations will not long continue as at present constituted, while the men who now hold prominent office, with few exceptions, are not such as can long control the destinies of a great nation, there is no reason to think that the country is ripe for a new party. The demand for free silver seems to have spent its force, and, like the movements for the payment of the bonds in "greenbacks" and for the inflation of the currency by fresh issues of paper money, proves to be only a temporary craze. Such ebullitions of imaginative finance have been periodical during our history, but from their inherent folly they are mere pass-

ing delusions. They frighten the timid leaders in both parties, but no more afford a foundation for a new organization than would an attack on the law of gravitation.

Nor can a new party be formed now on the issue of civil service reform. Its friends are strong enough to compel the respect of both parties, who on public occasions are never tired of denouncing the failures of their opponents to act upon its principles, and of expressing their own unqualified support of the reform; but it is difficult to create a new party for the purpose of doing what two existing parties strongly pretend to favor, especially when, as in this case, the cause does not inspire any burning enthusiasm in large sections of the country, but at best commands only passive support.

The dominating issue is tariff reform, and in its support are enlisted a large majority of the active men who alone can be relied on to join any new movement. The Democratic party is fully committed to this cause, and the prospect of success is brilliant. In the battle now going on these reformers find abundant opportunity for their zeal, and they cannot easily be persuaded to abandon a powerful party, which seems on the eve of victory, for the purpose of forming a new and comparatively weak organization, and thus dividing the force which, united, is not too strong to overcome the party of privilege. If the Democratic party should select as its candidate a leader whose character and strength are well known, who is sound on financial questions, and who has shown himself willing to extend the principles of civil service reform and to lead his party forward on this question, it would be folly to attempt the formation of a new party. The active support of such a candidate is practically the best service a voter can render to the causes of tariff reform, civil service reform, and honest money. But if such a

candidate is not named; if each of the two great parties nominates a man who does not command confidence, but is merely a political gambler, playing for power, are we bound then to trust the great interests of this country, its character and its honor, to a man who has neither character nor honor of his own? The answer to this inquiry should not be doubtful.

The practical question is not whether a new party shall be formed, but whether men who desire only to have their country well governed cannot, by united action, do something to secure the nomination of good men by both parties, — something to make them both “effective agencies of political progress and reform” rather than armies engaged in a battle to determine which shall have the right to despoil their common country.

We are too apt to think that everything depends on the presidential election. It is a dangerous delusion. We have more to hope and fear from Congress than from the President. Be he as good as we would have him, he cannot legislate, and even in matters which lie exclusively within his jurisdiction the constant pressure of office-broking Congressmen or the loyal support of able and disinterested representatives may mar or make his administration. We cannot afford to choose a good President and not give him a good Congress. Each congressional district is a field for independent action, and in many a few active men will control an election. Why is it not practicable to form a national organization of those who, without regard to party, will pledge themselves to

act together in support of tariff reform, civil service reform, electoral reform, and honest money, and against corrupt men and corrupt methods in politics wherever found? Why should not such an organization formulate the demands of good citizens, and thus help to educate public opinion and loosen party ties? Why should there not be a branch in each district and in every town, to form a nucleus around which citizens who favor reform can rally? The politicians would soon see in such a body a power to be dreaded and conciliated, and it would be strong enough, in many cases, to dictate good nominations or defeat bad ones. Such an organization would be prepared for any emergency; and if the time should ever come when neither political party offered a cause and candidates worthy of support, a new party would be ready.

No one can do more than indicate what is possible. We all recognize a steady decadence in our politics. The men in public life to-day are, with few exceptions, intellectually and morally inferior to the great statesmen of the war and the years which preceded it. Political preferment is less and less tempting to good men. The conditions of public life are more and more repellent. The tendency is dangerous, and it is our duty to arrest it. Is there not in all this reason for action; should we not at least recognize the situation, and seek to find a remedy? It would seem that the first step would be a conference of those who think alike, in order that, through a comparison of views, some course of action might be devised. Delays are dangerous.

RECENT FRENCH LITERATURE.

Two books on Italy which belong to two epochs bear on their title-pages the date 1891: the first¹ a treasured fragment from the pen of the great resuscitator of the past, a journal of Michelet written in 1830; the second² the fruit of a recent journey to the land of the vine and the olive, made by the psychologist and analyzer of the present day, M. Paul Bourget. Let us turn first to the Italy of 1830, and note the point of view of the older writer, who was young at that date. It is easy, in reading these vivid sentences of Michelet's which have the piercing virile force that belongs to his style, and in feeling the unity of the impression conveyed, the summing up of Rome in a personality, to forget that his Rome is not really a book, but a few notes of his itinerary and impressions during a journey which seems to have been a brief one, though we have no dates by which to measure it, and was undertaken for his health when nearly given over by the physicians. Some outline sketches of Roman emperors, intended by him for use in teaching, and a rambling but interesting preface by Madame Michelet help to make up the volume. It gives us one thing well worth having: Michelet's first eager glance at Italy, his first impressions face to face with the actual Rome, the scene of his reading and his dreams. What an animated, animating glance it is! Michelet's vision of the past is never merely meditative; it is energetic, as if scanning a vast active future. To make that past alive again for the quickening of the imagination and the life of to-day is a task that absorbs and satisfies him. He gives few generalizations on the contrasts or affinities between that life and this, having thrown his heart into the past with

an ardor which leaves little room for that self-contemplation which is apt to be, perhaps is inevitably, the starting-point for our analysis of the life immediately about us. The modern Italian was interesting to Michelet as the present occupant of the estate of the ancient Roman, and he notes his characteristics in a quick classification, comparing him with his predecessor, almost equally present to his mind. He is *affamé d'érudition*, turns from ruins and pictures to burrow in libraries and translate seeing at once into knowledge, and then gazes again, meeting at every turn in Rome its ancient populations. The monuments of the Forum look to him "as if they would fain rise by an effort of their own from the depths of the soil."

The Rome in which Michelet beheld "a suggestion of the fortified Paris of the time of Philip Augustus," the Rome with cows at graze in its Forum, has passed away like the ancient city, and seems to us, as we read, to lie already beneath a layer of soil. The monuments have been freed since then, and are all in view, as are also the improvements of modern progress. The black wooden cross which then stood in the arena of the Coliseum, and which Michelet salutes as the symbol of its greatest memories, is gone. But the glories of the Easter Sunday display in Rome, which drove Michelet to seek the shelter of the smallest and most obscure church to be found, have not all passed away, and his reflection, summing up his impressions of religious Rome, that "he who has lost his faith cannot hope to find it here," is not less true since the days of infallibility than it was before. The Roman churches are not those to which the imagination clings; their polished mar-

¹ *Rome*. Par J. MICHELET. Paris: Librairie Marpon et Flammarion. 1891.

² *Sensations d'Italie*. Par PAUL BOURGET. Paris: Alphonse Lemerre. 1891.

bles do not rouse the religious feeling; the concentration in Rome of the pomp of the Church has banished from it the sweetness of religion.

M. Bourget's *Sensations d'Italie* may almost be taken as the record of a quest for a faith; in fact, demands to be read as a spiritual confession of some sort, though it comes to hand as a piece of light literature, informal, polished, and artistic. M. Bourget has not sought his faith in Rome. Among the byways of Tuscany and Umbria, with their crumbling frescoes in neglected monasteries and their precious pictures enshrined in the quiet of lonely churches, and along the coasts where relics and suggestions of Greece are to be found, he has made his way in a tour which report describes as a wedding journey, but which his volume, the only document with which a reviewer has to deal, sets down as a pilgrimage of a solemn order. M. Bourget is a *civilisé*; he is a product of the most refined civilization of this latter day, and when he speaks of this civilization as "barbarous" compared with that of the ancient Greeks, it is with the tone of one so thoroughly initiated into an art as to be able to judge intimately, if not condescendingly, of a performance superior to his own. The Roman faculty for government seems to have descended in a measure to the English of modern times, while a smaller portion of the mantle of Greek civilization has fallen upon French soil; if it be not the authentic garment, there are at least no rival relics to dispute its claim. This claim is not invalidated by the highest single examples of culture among other nations. The individuals of highest culture in modern times have not always been the outcome of such refinement of an entire society; Goethe was not, nor Turgeneff, and both gained in fineness by nearness to simpler conditions. In Goethe, the modern type of culture in its largest and most personal sense, all the faculties were in pro-

portion and tending towards one end; it was active, not arrested development. In the *civilisé*, whether an individual or a world, a large number of faculties develop in exquisite perfection, but remain unrelated, or even tend to prey upon one another, as microbes devour microbes. The melancholy of a generation "*venu trop tard dans un monde trop vieux*" has not spared M. Bourget, but there are other elements in his sadness, which is more austere, altruistic, and invigorating than the usual plaint of French literature. No reader can take up *Sensations d'Italie* and wander through its Italian autumn landscape, so true in atmosphere and full of subtle touches of color, nor linger upon its faithful reproduction of the spirit of old pictures, nor enjoy its intellectual comment upon things or its evidences of reading and information, now and then a little ostentatiously displayed, without being aware at every moment of an interpenetrative moral feeling so intense and personal as to tinge the whole book. It is something as distinctive and haunting as the melancholy of Obermann or René; as representative, too, of an epoch and exponent of other minds than that of its author. It will hardly prove as infectious, for M. Bourget is not a great creative artist; and though he appeals to an intimate public, he is more likely to find it waiting for him than to stamp the impress of his special *Weltschmerz* upon his own or succeeding generations, as the great sentimental and introspective travelers of a bygone day have done.

The ancient Greek was not troubled by the social problem, that being solved for him, as M. Bourget remarks in this book, by slavery. Neither did it affect Alfred de Musset in his despair over the miseries of an overripe age and of individual destiny. But the human intellect of the present day has undertaken the double problem of adjusting the subtle conditions and faculties of refine-

ment, and at the same time making room, in the name of justice, which is so important an attribute of culture, for the immense element of the uncultured and ignorant. With all these ingredients in the cup of human mystery comes in the element of compassion in skepticism and inquiry as well as in effort. No writer has expressed this compassion simply as a feeling with more sincerity and almost involuntary poignancy than M. Bourget. The title of Pierre Loti's graceful, tender book, *Le Livre de la Pitié*, would have had a deeper meaning on the cover of *Sensations d'Italie*. The desire to know how men live which has led M. Bourget to seek "sensations" — that is, contact with life through feeling — amid every variety of existence is doubled perforce by the question how they ought to live, and the perception of the gulf between by a sense of what is so simply named by Othello "the pity of it."

It is through sensation that M. Bourget seeks to escape from "the burning and desiccating whirlwind of modern cities," and it is to gain fresh artistic impulse, through sensation, by perceiving and feeling how men have lived the life and wrought the works of faith, that he seeks to renew faith. His skepticism is not that of the scientist, a dogmatic one; it is not the *que sais-je?* of Montaigne; and it is far from the logical technicalities of the theological doubter. It is rather the skepticism which hesitates to give big names to things, and which is conscious of psychological subtleties unfavorable to the wholeness of belief. He is too wise to look for a key to problems, but he turns to regions in which there is to be found the most direct expression in art and in life of the spirit of faith and worship. He goes from picture to picture of the old Tuscan and Umbrian painters, charmed with the truth and devout feeling of one and another Madonna, and gaining, as so many less susceptible tourists have done, a certain

strong composite impression from the reiteration of the same story testified to by so many reverent interpreters. Michelet, too, speaks of the domination of the Christian legend in Italian painting, and of the surprise of finding it "expressed with so much uniformity among a people whose pantomime is so vivid and whose genius is so varied." M. Bourget, with a deeper delight in this simple penetrating monotony, with a shade more morbidness and sympathy, writes: —

"They are so numerous, these pupils of the mystical Duccio and the learned Simone Martini! Communion of ideal and of manner was as dear to the artists of that day as the acquisition of originality at all hazards is dear to us. They accepted, those men; they had no hope save to continue simply a tradition, to be each a branch of the same great tree, — nay, not even a branch, but a flower among flowers, a minute of a great day, the resting-place of a great doctrine. That is why the reunion of a number of their works gives a sensation of such force, and why such strength still resides in each one of their isolated works. Something in them half impossible permits us to obtain a glimpse through the fragment which we are contemplating of the vast effort which alone has rendered its achievement possible. Sometimes, even as here [he is in the museum at Siena], the fragment is so delicious that for a second it seems to mark the supreme point on which all the rest is suspended; and during that second all the fame of the whole school shines at once upon the name of the poor modest workman, who, by force of subjected merit, showed a genius in his work like the greatest of the great."

We recall no writer whose description brings up to us more graciously the charm of these Italian masters, Perugino, Luca Signorelli, and a host of minor great artists, than M. Bourget. Their Christianity is even more to him than

their art. To seek the spirit and essence of each manifestation, to come as near as possible to the most Christian elements of Christianity, to the real paganism of the Greek, is the mission of the traveler of culture, and M. Bourget has performed that mission. But through his delight in Greek memories, as through his Middle Age and Renaissance sympathies, there comes the same note of regret. This expression with almost lyrical insistence through many modulations of a dominant idea gives to the book a certain completeness and distinction, making it not a mere record of travel, but a work of art. It will be found a sad book not alone by those minds to whom all uncertainties are sad, but even by those most in sympathy with its spirit, and alive to that mingling of stimulus and charm which gives M. Bourget's work so strong a hold upon the intellectual affections of his generation. He is not a morbid writer, nor, with all his introspection, is he an egotistic one. If his sensationalism were taken to pieces and set up as a mechanical theory, it might be open to the charge of morbidness. Feeling alone is too heavy a weight for the mind; it needs to be lifted and liberated by intellect. But there is no lack of intellect in M. Bourget's writing.

We have sometimes wondered in reading his novels, as we have in perusing those of Mr. Henry James, whether an intellect is not now and then a little in the way of a writer of fiction. At all events, it has never been quite evident to us that M. Bourget's large share of mental endowments includes the special faculty of novel-writing. He is always interesting in his analysis as a novelist, though perhaps less so than as a critic. He has done some very delicate work, and has written some pages that cling to the memory and to the feeling. He may yet produce a great novel, but if so it will be by force of sincerity and comprehension of life rather than by a na-

tive talent for reproducing and depicting it. One defect as a novelist—the tendency to rely too much on effective incident, and to secure unity by having all the interest centre on one point—he shares with a large number of his compatriots and fellow-workers, who in their predilection for the accidental happenings and extraordinary phases of life miss that large presentation of its workings which belongs to Tolstoi and Turgeneff, to Verga and Valdes. The last has depicted in *Scum* as depraved a society as that in which the French seek their models, but how true and dispassionate and superior is his handling of it! The French are masters of literary art, and they are often tempted by this supremacy to sacrifice to an artistic unity, which is apt to be an artificial one, the real unity of development, sequence, and accident in human life. So far M. Bourget is only marching in the ranks of French fiction on a road which it is not likely soon to abandon. Individually he has far less ease, less control of his resources, in a word less art, than M. de Maupassant. We do not see the personages in M. Bourget's novels, or if we do it is at a moment when the action has stopped; whereas M. de Maupassant has an incomparable faculty of making us see, hear, and understand his people at once, of bringing before us at the same moment, and as by a single process, their action, aspect, and motive. We feel that he knows through and through the life he depicts, knows it by instinct, independently of analysis, and can reproduce it unerringly, or could if he were less hampered by the aforementioned preference for effects. M. Bourget too often stands apart from his characters in giving his admirable analysis of their motives, and the result is a want of coherence and even a certain coldness, due not to lack of feeling, but rather to lack of touch. But our criticisms, if they be valid at all, apply only to the setting of his novels; and we are no more pre-

vented by such defects from delighting in his psychology than we are prevented by the fact that Mr. James's characters all speak with the home accent from finding a perennial pleasure in their conversation.

The Nouveaux Pastels,¹ no longer very new at this date, are put forth as portraits, and are evidently done from sittings, though in some cases worked up with accessories into the form of a short story. We mentioned in our notice of M. Buet's book on Barbey d'Aurevilly, in the November Atlantic, having encountered in its pages the original of one of the Pastels, Monsieur Legrimaudet. In that sketch the portraiture is so frank and close that it almost justifies M. Bourget's expressed satisfaction in the entire hideousness of his model, though by insisting so strongly upon his points as a subject and significance as a type M. Bourget rather anticipates any discovery on the part of his reader, and takes the comment out of his mouth. In *Un Humble*, a ten minutes' sketch, done in an omnibus, of the poor visiting teacher, we recognize the study for the character of the professor in *Mensonges*. *Un Saint* is really a double portrait, although only one of the sitters is mentioned in the title. It is a "sensation" of Italy and of Paris, in which the contrast between two minds which are virtually two worlds is analyzed by sympathy rather than by reason. M. Bourget here allows the reader to penetrate naturally and easily into the simple mental life of an Italian monk, ignorant of everything outside the convent walls, childlike almost to childishness in his ideas of the world, but suffused with his faith and living it in every hour; and into the far more subtle brain of a young Parisian, in possession of all the facts of existence and alive to all its meanings, unless it be the real meaning. He has an intelligence of wonderful suppleness and activity, sus-

ceptible of the finest civilization, quick to seize and to comprehend, retentive too, but rendered incapable of assimilation by the blighting effects of precocious cynicism and negation. "This intelligence seemed to belong to him, like a jewel, or rather like a machine. It was exterior to him. It was not he. He possessed it, but it did not possess him. It served him neither for believing nor for loving." And the author exclaims, in a phrase which seems to have wandered into the volume from the *Sensations d'Italie*, where it lingers unexpressed, "Was I not still more wretched, I who shall have passed my life in comprehending equally the guilty attraction of negation and the splendor of profound faith without attaching myself either to the one or the other of those two poles of the human soul?"

In *Un Saint* and in Maurice Olivier M. Bourget has made his analysis part of the very texture of his story. Maurice Olivier is a very charming little love story, almost fragile in its delicacy, a society idyl, with plenty of *chiffons* and a note of real feeling. But we prefer *Un Saint*, and the books where we get M. Bourget's comment and analysis most direct from life.

"Every one," says the hero of Jean Paul's *Titan*, "is born *with* his north or his south; whether *in* an outer besides, that is of little consequence." M. Bourget, with all his feeling for Italy, is a northerner born; with his knowledge of foreign literature and susceptibility to foreign influence, he is most completely French. Pierre Loti has introduced an Oriental element into French letters. The East and Brittany, with the sea between them, are the harvest fields of his pen; China and Japan have furnished him with material for his wonderful descriptions, with the cadences of his prose. But his inward south is Italy: he has a certain Italian quality of mind; with his power of description and his caressing tenderness, softened

¹ *Nouveaux Pastels*. Par PAUL BOURGET. Paris: Alphonse Lemerre. 1891.

almost to the sentimental, he has more affinity with Amicis than with any other writer. It can hardly be a case of literary influence, for Amicis has probably been far more influenced by French than Pierre Loti by Italian writers. It would perhaps be more correct to use the word "analogy" than "affinity," and to speak of Pierre Loti as a French writer with an Italian quality. His writing has a certain warmth and fluidity outside the bounds of a French style. His prodigious descriptive power is a sort of plastic talent in writing; it is word-painting and something more,—a manipulation of words to the very form and dye of the things they represent, rather than that harmonious use of them in relation to one another, that purity of expression which constitutes a style.

Amicis writes lovingly of the discipline and comradeship of a soldier's life; Pierre Loti, of the hardships of the sailor's, the loneliness of the sea. Both are wanderers, describers, sensationists in M. Bourget's sense. Amicis has kept his feeling more clear of self-consciousness, a little deeper and truer perhaps. But the comparison between them will not go far. The merit of Pierre Loti's novels is of a different sort from that of the stories of *La Vita Militare*. Pierre Loti is a novelist more decidedly than Amicis, exquisite as are such stories as *Carmela*; he has the gift of narrative, the natural capacity for fiction which M. Bourget lacks. His novels do not cut very deep into life, nor do they exhibit a profound psychology, but they have vividness, pathos, and completeness. *Pêcheur d'Islande* is an organic whole, as complete as a statue, with its strange wild water

scenery indissolubly wedded to its human story.

*Le Livre de la Pitié et de la Mort*¹ has all the charm that Pierre Loti's pen can give. Nobody could have told better the *Vies des Deux Châtes*, where the Angora and the Chinese heroine are fully modeled in the foreground in all their pliant attitudes, with their cat personalities wittily divined from each pose or action, while the two quiet elderly ladies in black are painted lightly into the background, half in shadow; stiff, gracious figures, full of distinction, and the real personalities of the sketch. There is here no forced tone in the feeling, whereas we are sometimes conscious, while enjoying Pierre Loti, that he is too literary, too mannered; that he is bending his perception to the exigencies of composition. We cannot help a slight suspicion of this sort in reading even the touching sketch *Tante Claire nous quitte*, with its simple, quiet tones, its record of an experience which so many of us have been through, and in which we have perhaps had the same sense of a literary quality in our own feeling that we have in reading Pierre Loti's narrative.

Of the other stories in the volume, *Le Chagrin d'un Vieux Forçat* has a sentiment which is a little too easily picked up; but the concluding sketch, *La Chanson des Vieux Époux*, is a delightful fantasy, a sort of prose ballad, with its pathos located in Japan or the moon, and its homeliness as decorative as the figures on a teapot.

¹ *Le Livre de la Pitié et de la Mort*. Par PIERRE LOTI. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1891. Boston: Carl Schoenhof.

ENGLISH COMPOSITION.

"A DULL business this seems to many," Professor Wendell frankly says of his subject,¹ "yet after ten years' study I do not find it dull at all. I find it, rather, constantly more stimulating; and this because I grow more and more aware how in its essence this matter of composition is as far from a dull and lifeless business as earthly matters can be; how he who scribbles a dozen words, just as truly as he who writes an epic, performs — all unknowing — one of those feats that tell us why men have believed that God made man in his image. For he who serawls ribaldry, just as truly as he who writes for all time, does that most wonderful of things, — gives a material body to some reality which till that moment was immaterial, executes, all unconscious of the power for which divine is none too grand a word, a lasting act of creative imagination."

A writer who approaches his task in such a spirit as this, and who has the skill, as Professor Wendell eminently has, to make outer expression correspond to inner feeling, will invest every part of his work with living and luminous interest. Carlyle used to rhapsodize about the importance of realizing the wonder that surrounds our daily life; and he himself, if he was going to portray an object, inveterately sought a point of view from which he could contemplate it in a kind of surprise. The most commonplace thing, the dullest dumdudge of a life, became interesting as soon as he looked upon it from a station among the infinities. In its more practical and matter-of-fact aim the book before us proves the same truth; it evinces that an abiding sense of how much a subject means, in its higher and deeper reaches, may be like

wings to both reader and writer, buoying them onward profitably through what would otherwise be a waste of barren detail. Nor is our author's sense of his subject's significance a mere expedient to make the presentation of it interesting. It is too genuine and deep-seated for that. It rests upon a truth that every teacher of composition misses it not to bear in mind, — the truth, namely, that rhetoric is not an unrelated subject, not a mere grind for student discipline; rather, from its beginning it is concerned with the making of real and earnestly meant literature, and a crude schoolboy thesis gives its writer a place, albeit humble, among the world's makers, its Shakespeares and Bacons. From the prosaic details of English composition no highest literary creation can be exempt. An art that in its supreme achievements must still work patiently among the rudiments has no meaningless preliminaries.

The aim of the book before us corresponds to its original delivery in the form of lectures: it is not a textbook for schools, but a treatise for the general reader. Such a treatise was needed; and the general reader is fortunate in having his need so ably supplied. For he has here a practical philosophy of composition, by no means lacking in thoroughness and depth, yet so adapted in style and plan to all that the layman finds himself thinking naturally in the dialect of the literary art, as M. Jourdain found himself talking prose, without being aware of the fact. The unity and mutual relatedness of its parts, and the skill with which the author has demonstrated how the whole art centres in a few cardinal principles, are admirable. The subject-matter of the

¹ *English Composition*. Eight Lectures given at the Lowell Institute. By BARRETT WENDELL, Assistant Professor of English at Harvard College. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1891.

book gives the impression of having been "cast," as the Germans express it, "at one Guss;" so closely does principle cling to principle that when you take up one all the rest come with it. Thus the reader is put in possession of a system that he can hold in mind and carry about as a *vade mecum*. It is no small service to the reading public thus to have articulated a philosophy.

Yet we find in it no startling novelties of nomenclature or system. Terms that have long been standard, some of them from the time of Campbell and Blair, meet us here without apology. We hear once more about usage reputable, national, and present; about barbarisms and solecisms and improprieties; about clearness and elegance and force. There is no reproach in this; rather the greater service in saving such old terms as are of perennially vital significance, — a service keenly appreciated by those who see how much rubbish of terminology has been quietly ignored. We are not sure but Professor Wendell works more felicitously in the old lines than when, as sometimes occurs, he ventures out for himself. The term "principle of mass," for instance, so far as it is suggestive, seems hardly to suggest its own definition; and the exposition of its requirement that "parts be so placed as readily to catch the eye" haunts one with the feeling that the most profoundly characterizing word for it is yet to find. Surely, it is not to the eye alone, or to the eye principally, that composition appeals. The spoken word lies below the written, as in the history of literature so in the nature of things; ought not the spoken word to define the principle of arrangement?

To write a course of lectures for the Lowell Institute must have imposed upon the writer at some time a period of strenuous, rapid work; and the pressure of such brief preparation could not but leave, as it has left here and there, its effect on the style of Professor Wendell's

book. We had marked some passages for criticism on this score; but on further reflection it seemed to endanger the true perspective of a review like this seriously to bring up such faults of haste as reveal themselves. For they are but *spongia solis*; though we do wish the writer had been more accurate and self-consistent in his definition of style. To stick to the main point, however, the book as a whole is by no means a hasty book. The author did not need to insist as he does that it is the fruit of ten years' studious experience. It reveals a unity of conception, a grasp of elements, main and subordinate, a ripeness of conclusion, a cleanness of definition and illustration, that could have been only the result of long unceasing meditation. Its style, which must deal in precept, is also a continuous example in point. Let this be proved, not by assertion, but by a representative passage. Here is the masterly way in which the author clears up the much discussed question of *shall* and *will*: —

"On the other hand, the English usage which generally seems most arbitrary seems to me really reducible to a matter of the simplest common-sense. I refer to the use of *shall* and *will*. *Shall* is the normal form of the future: its literal meaning is absolutely prophetic; I *shall* come, for example, settles the question of my coming. *Will*, on the other hand, implies distinct volition. I *will* come means, clearly enough, that I should like to come very much. In the first person, in predicting our own conduct, we use the auxiliaries with their literal meaning. In the second person and the third, we find the case apparently changed: we say, not you *shall* come, but you *will* come; not it *shall* rain, but it *will* rain. Why? Simply and solely, I believe, because as a matter of good sense, or at least of good manners, we cannot rationally or decently assume such control of persons or things other than ourselves as to risk a distinct prophecy

about them. To say *you shall come* would be to assume complete control of your conduct; to say *it shall rain*, to assume complete control of the weather. As a matter of courtesy, then, we use *will* when we utter predictions about persons other than ourselves, — implying their consent to the line of conduct we assert them about to follow; and pure idiom, personifying such impersonal things as the weather, makes *will* the word by which, in such questions as that about rain, we rid ourselves of the assumption of impossible authority or responsibility. In a word, I have found this rule invariable: *Shall* is the normal form of the future tense. Unless good sense or good manners forbid, it should be used; but when good sense or good manners forbid us to assume control of the subject of the verb, we should use *will*."

Throughout these lectures Professor Wendell works in the consciousness that the business of a teacher of composition, like that of the dictionary-maker, is not so much to legislate as to record; not to make rules of usage, but to find them. This, we are inclined to think, is one of the marks of the progressive scientific method as applied to literary creation. Critics are finding it precarious to lay down arbitrary laws that *must* be obeyed, or to pronounce oracularly on what ought to be. To see Wordsworth surviving Jeffrey's dictum, "This will never do," and taking his calm stand among the first half dozen poets of England; to see Carlyle revered as a vitalizing power in literature despite his mad rebellion against the proprieties, — facts like these have taught them that in literary matters, eminently, prophecy is much safer after the event. A critical Sir Oracle runs great risk of being a literary Wiggins, whose prediction may turn out true or may turn out ridiculous. There is a more excellent way. It is to keep judgment open and flexible by the fact which Professor Wendell ac-

knowledges at the outset, that questions of rhetoric are not questions of absolute right or wrong, but of better or worse. Almost everything is good for something. "No principle of composition," he says further on, "is anywhere absolute." In a word, calling rhetoric an art, as we do, let us interpret it as such, concerned as are all arts with problems of cause and effect, of means and ends, of tools and workmanship. A manner of writing or of speaking justifies itself in so far as it effects its purpose. If a man chooses to stand on his head in order to attract attention, he will probably be so far forth successful; but if he wants his success to include also dignity or the regard of the selectest people, obviously he must revise his action. Standing on his head to secure the more comprehensive result is not true art. So in rhetoric the question is always open whether the writer's purpose might not have been attained by worthier or more economical means, or whether such-and-such expression may not really make against rather than for his object. Herein lies the true domain of the rhetorical art. It does not legislate; it simply says: See what this manner of writing will do; see how to proceed in order to produce this effect. Here are your working-tools; here is how to use them. A reassuring truth this to the teacher who sees all his industrious pencil-markings on student essays producing so little effect. How are those vexatious errors to stay corrected; and alas! when will the list of possible slips and corrections be complete? The answer is hopeless if we go on dealing merely with the drudgery of grammatical detail, important as this is in its place. Rather, illuminate the drudgery by showing its setting as the component of a worthy art. The real question is a question of producing finely calculated effects; of clearly seeing a goal, and then reaching it by the best way. It is as definite as cabinet-making; it is as comprehensive as literature itself.

Something of the legislative, however, a treatise on composition has still to do; more exactly it has to define what the years have legislated; that is, what common consent has made or is making good usage. Nowhere has Professor Wendell rendered more useful or satisfying service than in tracing through the various stages of literary procedure the conflict between arbitrary usage, on the one hand, and the principles of composition, on the other; and his fine determination, from point to point, of the gradually enlarging sphere of usage opens a tempting field for the historian of style to explore. So ingeniously does this part of the treatment weave itself in and out of the larger plan that we can excuse its becoming by and by a little too self-conscious. We see in the beginning how arbitrary usage is supreme, — in spelling, notably, and scarcely less so in the choice of words; here there is not much question of the free following of principle, but merely of what can be done inside of rather narrow and rigid limits. As we go on to sentence-structure usage is still potent, but with hold considerably relaxed; and the principles of unity, of mass, and of coherence share with it as laws of procedure. In paragraphs only a trace of the tyranny of usage remains; while in the planning of whole compositions principle has become supreme, or, as the author expresses it, coincides with usage. Here, then, is the light that Professor Wendell throws on the evolution of style. "Modern style," he says, "the style we read and write to-day, I believe to be the result of a constant though generally unconscious struggle between good use and the principles of composition." Good usage has thus to take its share with theory, as subject-matter of the rhetorical art.

To trace the aspect of these three principles of composition, as they reappear in modified form in successive procedures: to begin to mention the numerous thought-provoking terms in

which important processes or qualities of style are focused, as when ordered sentence-structure is defined as the result of revision, paragraph-structure of provision, and as when the secret of clearness is found in denotation, of force in connotation, of elegance in adaptation, — all this would too far transcend the space at our command. It is largely such felicities as these which leave upon the mind a sense of the crystalline, clear-cut analysis that must have presided over the composition of these lectures.

The last chapter of the book, the one on Elegance, seems to us the least satisfactory, as it is perhaps the most difficult. Not but that the secret of this quality is rightly defined as adaptation; not that the treatment fails, though it does not squarely reach its goal, at least to point out the direction of it. But, for one thing, the term *elegance*, though well defended theoretically by reference to its derivation, comes weighted so inevitably with untoward connotation — to use the author's term — as to be throughout the discussion a sad handicap to firmness of conception. Then, further, the author seems to lose, in some degree, the definite grip that he had on the other qualities, and to furnish less for the average man to grasp and realize. We are somehow transported to another stratum of ideas, out of the practical realm of composition into the hazy region of æsthetic criticism. It may be hard to make the treatment of such a subject otherwise; we cannot regard it as impossible. That universal principle of adaptation which gives style its beauty must surely have its application in matter-of-fact procedure.

The illustrative examples of the book would have profited especially by revision. Easy, striking, clear, just adapted as they are to oral delivery and a popular audience, some of them, unfortunately, show to less advantage in the change from lecture-form to printed treatise. Instances like the "maacca-

roni" of Yankee Doodle, the author's exposition of which rests on erroneous citation; like the remarks on Hamlet's "miching mallecho," in which the lecturer too naively poses as "no witch at a riddle;" and the sometimes over-labored talking down to a supposedly unrhetorical audience, are tempting bait to the critics of small things, who in seizing on them may so roil the current of the discussion as to keep some readers from profiting by the larger merits of the volume, of which these examples are not fairly representative.

Let us not, however, transgress Professor Wendell's wholesome principle of mass by letting censure of a book on the whole so delightful be the last thing to catch the eye. Our interest and profit demand rather that we record the net result. By the vigor and clearness of his utterances, by his masterly vitalizing of old principles that easily become worn, by his luminous exposition of a simple, perspicuous, eminently utilizable philosophy of expression, he has earned the gratitude of students and teachers, of lay and learned, alike.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Fine Arts and Holiday Books. Ben-Hur, a Tale of the Christ, by Lew. Wallace. Illustrated from Drawings by William Martin Johnson, with Photogravures. Garfield Edition, in two volumes. (Harpers.) The scheme of illustration adopted for this popular book is admirable. The pages have full marginal notes drawn from archæology and the characteristics of Oriental life; they are not necessarily illustrations of the adjoining text, but are a free decorative setting of the page. They show both the value and the limitation of process work. Wherever architecture, for example, is under treatment, the reproduction of pen-and-ink drawing is what one wishes; where coins are to be reproduced the result is entirely unsatisfactory. In many instances the total effect of the pages is marred by the scripping of the margin. The photogravures which deal with landscape, figures, and structures are dignified and rich. The book is lavishly treated, and its popularity doubtless justifies the abundance in a commercial point of view; the fullness of decorative detail in the text itself also invites it. — Three recent numbers of *L'Art* (Macmillan), which is published twice a month, indicate the range and the opulence of this substantial and effective magazine. Each has a large etching, the artist sometimes being also the etcher; each has chalk studies, of great value to the student; there

are notes on salon or sales accompanied by reproductions, Watteau being shown thus in a number of examples; there are copies of tapestry in an old French château; and in general there is a fine blending of historical and contemporaneous art. — Mr. Howells's *Venetian Life* (Houghton) has been reissued, with a new preface, in two delightful volumes. The text was always luminous with the fine color of Venice, and now near a score of illustrations have been added, reproductions of water-color designs, so delicate and transparent in effect that one's anxiety over such an experiment is soon set at rest. The sunset hues and the browns are perhaps most pleasing, but there is a frank bravery about the blue which disarms the spectator of his first objection that the blue is too insistent to the eye. Altogether the book is a successful piece of work in the face of many perils. — *Art and Criticism, Monographs and Studies*, by Theodore Child. (Harpers.) Mr. Child collects in a dignified volume a number of papers which he has heretofore printed, most of them helped out by admirable engravings. The attractiveness of the book is in its appeal to the higher, more poetic appreciation of imaginative art. A writer who treats of Sandro Botticelli, of Rodin, of Whistler, Daumat, Sargent, Thayer, Abbey, among Americans, of Barrye, of A Pre-Raphaelite Mansion, of Millet,

of the Winged Victory of Samothrace, shows by his choice of subjects that his attention is directed toward the permanent, and not the transitory, in art. Nor will the reader be disappointed when he reads the intelligent praise of the best men, the discrimination with which such a subject as Munkacsy is handled, and the good sense and educated judgment which characterize Mr. Child's criticism and description. The book, with its excellent reproductions of notable modern work not easily to be known, as in the case of Rossetti, is a distinct addition to the literature of art. — *The Women of the French Salons*, by Amelia Gere Mason. (The Century Co.) The very choice illustrations, chiefly portraits, which enrich this volume make it find a place among Fine Arts and Holiday Books, but it would be a mistake to reckon it as a mere gift-book. It is a sympathetic, careful survey of a subject which never can be exhausted, and is one of peculiar interest to Americans who, blindly or intelligently, are feeling after a condition of society which shall make woman the inspiration, and not the toy. These studies of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, Madame de Sévigné, Madame Roland, Madame de Staël, Madame Récamier, offer an admirable basis for the study of a profound problem. — A refined edition of Mr. Whittier's *Snow-Bound* (Houghton) gives the text in a graceful page, and sets it off with designs by E. H. Garrett reproduced in delicate photogravure. The idyl is one which has become as much of a household favorite as was ever *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, and is well worth all the pains of the graphic artist. We ought not to complain when we have these carefully studied pictures, yet we like to think that some day an artist whose youth has known just such an experience as the poet's, on some lonely New England farm, will translate the verses into his own speech of line and tint, so that the marriage shall be a perfect one. — *The Warwickshire Avon, Notes*, by A. T. Quiller-Couch. Illustrations by Alfred Parsons. (Harpers.) A pretty book, rich and attractive as regards the vignettes and larger pictures which crowd it and preserve many features of fat Warwickshire; somewhat meagre, but happily unpretentious, as regards the letterpress. Mr. Parsons is an artist. Mr. Quiller-Couch has a happy knack at sketching incidents, but there were

no incidents on their uneventful canoe-voyage, and he falls easily into a sauntering prose, helping himself to passages from antiquaries, and modestly sure, we think, that the reader will not ask much of him. — *Westminster Abbey*, by W. J. Loftie. With many (we are glad to say the title-page does not call them "numerous") Illustrations by Herbert Railton. (Seeley & Co., London; Macmillan, New York.) Mr. Loftie does not have Dean Stanley's power of revivifying a great church and the men who have enriched it with their memories, but he writes with good attention to his task of elucidating the history of the abbey, and of describing its architectural features. There is an easy-going tone about his style which removes it from the charge of being formal without too great loss of dignity, though the book has much the air of having served the purpose of magazine articles. The illustrations are very effective woodcuts, in which strong masses and the large impressions of light and shade have not been sacrificed to delicacy and prettiness. — *Mrs. Oliphant's The Makers of Florence*, which had already made a fair fame as a good presentation of Dante, Giotto, Savonarola, in their relation to the great city, has been issued in an extra illustrated edition (Macmillan), with a portrait of Savonarola engraved by Jeens, fifty illustrations engraved on wood from drawings by Professor Delamotte, and twenty reproductions of pictures by Florentine artists, and now preserved in churches and galleries of Florence. The chapter on *The Cathedral Builders* especially commends itself for the humane, sympathetic treatment of a great subject, by which the reader loses nothing of his reverence for the great works of art and faith, and gains something by being brought into closer connection with the great men, known and unknown, to whom they were due. The text of this book merits the enrichment it has received. — *The Little series of Literary Gems* (Putnam's), issued last year, books of less than a hundred pages, bound in limp imitation morocco and furnished with frontispieces, is reinforced this season by five new numbers: *Pre-Raphaelitism*, by John Ruskin; *Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, by Washington Irving; *Speeches from America*, by John Bright; *Lyrics from Robert Browning*; *The Edu-*

cation of Children, by Montaigne. — Sharp Eyes, a Rambler's Calendar of fifty-two Weeks among Insects, Birds, and Flowers, by William Hamilton Gibson. Illustrated by the Author. (Harpers.) After the reader has lingered over the effective cover of this cloth-bound book, he will linger even longer over the title-page with its dainty bit of color, and before he has read a word of the book will have been fascinated by the delicacy and grace of the printed page with its abundant decoration, wherein insect, bird, flower, and reptile disport themselves. Indeed, the refinement of the book, as it meets the eye, is, if we say so, almost too uniform. One might sigh for an occasional sharp accent, some bold piece of black printing, even, which should serve to break the monotony of the half-tone delicate work. The highly calendered paper on which the book is printed — a necessity, we suppose — heightens this effect of superfine finish. Mr. Gibson's notes and comments are delightful in their expression of a joyous, genuine love of nature and a playful attitude in his work. — *Life of Gustave Doré*, with one hundred and thirty-eight Illustrations from Original Drawings by Doré, by the late Blanchard Jerrold. (W. H. Allen & Co., London.) The large number of examples of Doré's work contained in this book seems to take it out of the category of biographies and place it in this division; but after one has looked at the pictures he is ready to refer the book to the class of biography. The reproductions are for the most part disagreeable in style, and the selections are mainly from the repulsive side of Doré's art. Now and then the vigor of this artist is so impressive that one is swept from his base of sound judgment, but to return to Doré is to find constantly the baser metal of art. Mr. Jerrold's *Life*, which is not a new one, we think, is too indiscriminating to be of much service to the reader. He is Doré's eulogist rather than his biographer; yet in his enthusiasm and loyalty he renders a service, for he never hesitates to let Doré show himself as he is. — Messrs. L. Prang & Co., Boston, devote themselves with untiring energy and ingenuity to the task of satisfying the crazed buyer of Christmas gifts. Be his or her mind, or the mind of the expectant receiver, religious, jocular, sentimental, matter of fact, dull, or lively,

there is something on their list which makes the punishment fit the crime, as Gilbert says and Sullivan sings. The *Prize Piggies*, lithographed porklings turning up their lithographed snouts in lithographed straw, may be given to some disciple of realism who confronts nature only when nature goes on all fours. *Bonnets and Hats*, portrayed from Youth to Age, is a bright little poem with clever designs, the agreeable quality of the whole surprising one who finds the book presented in the elaborately cheap guise of bonnet shape. The *Old Farm Gate*, which likewise affects the form of a real gate with real hinges, contains some verses and pictures, both highly glossed. *Wedding Bells* has a simple white cover with gilt lettering; it is intended as a souvenir, the date of wedding, names of high contracting parties, officials, and witnesses, and newspaper cuttings being provided for on blank pages opposite combined verses and flowers. The newspaper cuttings have the delicate reminder of trumpet flowers. A similar book is arranged for a *Family Record*. The *Story of Mistress Polly* who did not like to shell peas, told by Lizbeth B. Comins, is a straight-away little tale in verse, which strikes in upon all this highly glazed sentiment with refreshing simplicity. The popular rhyme *No Sect in Heaven* is furnished with conventional pictures of representatives of various sects. Places that our Lord Loved has its text provided from Canon Farrar's book, and its pictures, which in sepia are more endurable than when in the terrible colors elsewhere used, by F. Schuyler Mathews. *Bits of Old Concord, Mass.*, illustrated by Louis K. Harlow, is, we are obliged to say, the only one of the lot which one might choose to keep instead of giving away. It has somewhat idealized portraits of historic spots in Concord, and brief text accompanying each picture. There are, besides, Christmas cards and calendars and fancy little books. Occasionally one comes upon something less garish and more modest than the rest, but for the most part Christmas appears to salute the eye as the Chinese salute the ear on their New Year's Day with firecrackers. — *All Around the Year* is a Calendar for 1892, by J. Panline Sunter (Lee & Shepard); it has a pretty set of cards with childish figures and bright little mottoes, the designs printed in agreeable cool tones.

Books for the Young. Marjorie and her Papa, How they wrote a Story and made Pictures for it, by Robert Howe Fletcher. Illustrated by R. B. Birch on Designs by the Author. (The Century Co.) A piece of pleasantry which has the uncommon negative excellence of not attempting too much. It is a genuine bit of playfulness between a father and his child, full of sweet naturalness and the kind of condescension which is delightful because it is the grave adaptation of six feet to three feet. The book ought to be a nursery favorite, since the reader will get his or her own pleasure while the listener gets a like pleasure of its own sort. — A Queer Family, by Effie W. Merriman. (Lee & Shepard.) This writer has liveliness and a kind feeling for vagrant children; so kind that, after imagining such in dire straits, she uses her ingenuity to settle them comfortably and find the requisite relations to provide for them. But we sincerely wish that she was either a closer observer of street boys and had a better ear for their lingo, or that, in her idealizing of them, she would not idealize their language in terms of the street. Her picture of the life she invites us to consider is a chromo. — A Box of Monkeys, and Other Farce-Comedies, by Grace Livingston Furniss. (Harpers.) Four extravaganzas with a sort of high jinks fun in them, which might be played to an audience once, if the audience were not very particular, and the stage were far enough off to soften some of the loudness, and to reduce the brightness of the aniline dyes of which the coloring seems to consist. — The Boy Travellers in Northern Europe, Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey through Holland, Germany, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, with Visits to Heligoland and the Land of the Midnight Sun, by Thomas W. Knox. (Harpers.) This is the twelfth, as we count, in the series of journeys made by these unwearied youths, whom travel keeps perpetually young, and whose conversation remains at a stage of instructive fullness unparalleled in juvenile experience. We marvel at the amount of knowledge which these youngsters can receive and disgorge, but it must be remembered that, wherever they go, they have, besides their guidebooks, the special copy of the London Quarterly Review which treats of the subject in hand, or some book devoted to their interests. We would not be

Mrs. Bassett or Dr. Bronson and travel about with these two youths for a good deal. All the same, if one dismisses the notion that the people in the book are real, one may help himself to a vast amount of assorted knowledge and illustrative pictures; and that, no doubt, is just what boys and girls who read this book do. — Lady Jane, by Mrs. C. V. Jamison. (The Century Co.) A bright story of New Orleans life, which might have been written a little differently if it had not been preceded by Little Lord Fauntleroy, but would in any case have been attractive to young girls. Mrs. Jamison is very kind to her good characters, and though she has so much inventiveness that her story is a novel *in petto*, she has a strong sympathy with youthful life, and much picturesqueness of imagination; thus she will find readers who will enjoy her work. — Among the Camps, or Young People's Stories of the War, by Thomas Nelson Page. (Scribners.) Four stories told of children of the Confederacy. Home life and camp life are contrasted, and *mutatis mutandis* the tales might have been written north of the line. That is to say, so far as youthful life is concerned, the principles involved are those of loyalty to home, and the incidents those of troubled times. It must be confessed that the South has the advantage of the North in war stories, since the background of childish life is one of action and change. The young boy does not have to be a drummer boy or to do uncommon deeds; he has only to stay at home, and he will have adventure enough. — The Abandoned Claim, by Flora Haines Loughhead. (Houghton.) There is an ever fresh pleasure in reading the old story of how two young people, left to struggle with the world, conquer a position and livelihood. It is all unnatural, we say; youth should be shown in the shelter of home; but we cannot help watching with interest the fight against odds and the victory which always follows in story-books. Here the interest is quickened by the surroundings, which are those of the Pacific coast. There is a mystery mingled with the tale, and an element of clouded human life which removes from the book an exclusively juvenile character. Mrs. Loughhead writes with earnestness, and with a strong interest in the fate and fortunes of her young people. — The

Burning of Rome, or A Story of the Days of Nero, by Alfred J. Church. (Macmillan.) Early Christianity and decadent Roman civilization give Mr. Church plenty of opportunity for contrasts. His work is fluent, and may be archæologically correct, but the result strikes us as a story made to order rather than one of spontaneous freshness. — Little Marjorie's Love-Story, by Marguerite Bouvet. Illustrated by Helen Maitland Armstrong. (McClurg.) "One day — Marjorie never quite knew how it came about — they found themselves in a pretty village of France." This little sentence, early in the story, is characteristic of the book. The author, wishing to tell of the devotion of a sister to a brother, who grew up with a great gift which made him selfish, until he put his sister outside of his life, and preferring to treat the subject romantically rather than realistically, takes refuge in a vague period at a vague spot in France, apparently for the purpose of obtaining a cathedral and a monseigneur. The details of the story cannot be inquired into, but we wish, when young writers write pathetic stories about children, they would at least get a firm grasp of the world in which we all live. — *Lyra Heroica*, a Book of Verse for Boys, selected and arranged by William Ernest Henley. (Scribners.) It is not always clear by what principle Mr. Henley makes his selection. Action, movement, devotion to high ideals, — these are present to him, no doubt; but even under these influences one wonders why he should select Blake's *The Tiger*, which he rechristens *The Beauty of Terror*, and Mrs. Hemans's *Casabianca* with its false ring. His notes are not always accurate. The *Mayflower* did not sail from Southampton in 1626 any more than the breaking waves dashed high on a stern and rockbound coast in the poem thus annotated. Nevertheless, there is abundance of spirited poetry in the volume. We suspect Mr. Henley's chief concern was to give as few hackneyed pieces as he could, and yet to make a representative book. — *Prince Dusty*, a Story of the Oil Regions, by Kirk Munroe. (Putnam.) Mr. Munroe, with his love of adventure and his knowledge of actual experience, surely does not need to make his stories of youthful life so distorted from nature as this. In fact, literature of this class seems to us distinctly objectionable,

since it bases heroism upon the perversion of ordinary experience, and leads boys to demand a different field for the exercise of noble conduct than that on which they find themselves. — *Jock o' Dreams*, by Julie M. Lippmann. (Roberts.) A book of eight stories, each a pretty play of fancy embroidered on a simple truth of conduct. There is a purity of tone throughout which gives the little book a value of its own, and separates it from many of its class which have more distinct literary skill. — *The Last of the Giant Killers*, or *The Exploits of Sir Jack of Danby Dale*, by Rev. J. C. Atkinson. (Macmillan.) Mr. Atkinson has woven a number of local Moorland Parish tales and bits of folk lore into the old stories of Jack the Giant Killer and Little Red Riding Hood. There is a frankness about his manner which is attractive, but the book would be more easily understood by the child to whom it was read than by the one who, at the age when such stories interest, should try to read it without any other aid than the printed page. — *Children's Stories in English Literature from Shakespeare to Tennyson*, by Henrietta Christian Wright. (Scribners.) Mrs. Wright has undertaken somewhat too much of a task, we think, in this book. She has attempted in a familiar manner to give some notion of the personality of the greatest writers, their relation to the times in which they lived, and the work which they produced. The result is a sort of skimble-skamble which we fear would conduce more to a smattering of knowledge than to a real awakening of interest. No doubt the author would be the last to regard the book as anything more than an introduction to good literature, and it certainly is better than a dry compendium of dates and facts; but we suspect it would be less likely to send a child to the authors characterized than to make a superficial reader more superficial. — *The Boy Settlers*, a Story of Early Times in Kansas, by Noah Brooks. Illustrated by W. A. Rogers. (Scribners.) A capital, hearty book, in which the author, who knows boys, gives an excellent historical background to a series of adventures upon the frontier. — *Redskin and Cow-Boy*, a Tale of the Western Plains; *The Dash for Khartoum*, a Tale of the Nile Expedition. By G. A. Henty. (Scribners.) These two new books by a popular English storyteller illustrate the writer's method. He

takes a good solid story of the familiar sort, — mixed children, for instance, or a scapegrace and his better brother, — which permits a character to be found naturally in wild surroundings, and then develops his story through the action belonging to the violent conditions. He has not been among the cow-boys, and it is not clear that he ever went to the Nile; but other people have done one or the other, and from their reports he is able to lay his colors on bravely and broadly. There is plenty of action and a good deal of honest sentiment, so that boys who like go in their literature will find it in Mr. Henty's books, and in the course of their pursuit of his writings will see their heroes turn up in any country or age where something is going on. — *The Pilots of Pomona, a Story of the Orkney Islands*, by Robert Leighton. (Scribners.) A brisk seafaring tale.

Fiction. *Life's Handicap*, being *Stories of mine own People*, by Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan.) A little fewer than thirty short stories, with scenes laid for the most part in India. It is odd how the abrupt, brief manner of these tales seems to bring them into a sort of likeness to tales told to children. There is even a quaintness in the tone which now and then reminds one of Andersen. — *A Romance of the Moors*, by Mona Caird, is one of the *Leisure Hour Series* (Holt), but does not rise to the general excellence of that series. It is a weak piece of work, in which an aspiring young man, a country girl, and a cultivated woman are the chief factors. The scene is laid in Yorkshire, and the romance effect is sought for mainly in somewhat highly wrought sentiment by the author respecting her characters. — *On Newfound River*, by Thomas Nelson Page. (Scribners.) A somewhat less successful book than Mr. Page's *Two Little Confederates*, or his collection of stories. The plot is so threadbare that it seems to convey a conventional air to the Virginian scenes and people otherwise so fresh under Mr. Page's pencil. As soon as the reader hears of the scapegrace Bruce he is ready to identify him with Browne; the hat found floating in the river is by all the evidence of fiction a sure sign that the owner of the hat did not die. The meeting of the two children in the ingenuous style of children who are to be separated by a feud in the families, and afterward to

come together in marriage; the departure of the young man for a term of years to school and college; the softening of the heart of the cruel father by the vision of the young girl; the appearance of death in the young man when he has saved the life or honor of the girl; the long-lost brother clasped in the arms of the one who stayed at home, — are not all these things written in the chronicles of such fiction as Mr. Page has no need to copy? — *Captain Blake*, by Captain Charles King. (Lippincott.) There have been so few novels dealing with garrison life in our country that a poorer one than any by Captain King would be received with some favor; but this story is so flashed with all that is dear to the heart of the confirmed novel-reader that it will not be weighed in any balance, but accepted as a first-rate story. Whether it will be accepted, in these days of stern inquiry into the facts in the case, as a true picture of life in garrisons is another matter. The garrison and all its occupants exist for the sake of the story. — *Monk and Knight, an Historical Study in Fiction*, by Frank W. Gunsaulus. In two volumes. (McClurg.) Mr. Gunsaulus's description of his work is a good one. He has taken the period of the Protestant Revolution, and has considered the several elements of religious, intellectual, and social activity which went to make up the movement. These elements he has made operative in the persons of several figures, historical and imagined, and thus has supplied himself with characters in his dramatic epitome. The reader soon becomes aware that Mr. Gunsaulus has familiarized himself with his theme, and has brought to the execution a fertile imagination as well as historical analysis. If the imagination is rather sympathetic than creative, if the result appeals to the thoughtful student rather than to the seeker after excitement, this is only to say that the author cares first for his subject, and second for his characters. The book is not such a masterpiece of literary art as *The Cloister and the Hearth*, but it is better worth the reader's trouble than such a book, for instance, as *Chronicles of the Schönberg Cotta Family*, for its scope is wider and its insight more penetrating. — *Tales of Two Countries*, from the Norwegian of Alexander Kielland by William Archer, with an Introduction by H. H.

Boyesen. (Harpers.) Mr. Boyesen furnishes interesting particulars of Kielland's life, and makes some acute comments on his art. The stories themselves, often no more than studies in story-telling, have that peculiar Norse flavor which, if not universal, is generally characteristic of northern work, — a flavor which is like a faint perfume, now present, now absent. These writers just raise the lid of life a trifle and let us look into the pot where the boiling is going on. We have seen enough to set us thinking. — *The Story of the Glittering Plain*, which has been also called the *Land of Living Men*, or the *Aere of the Undying*, written by William Morris. (Roberts.) And now, forsooth, this mad and merry book is even printed in the types as it were of the men who first as speech-friends set down in black and white the parlous words of them that have over-weary tales to tell. Here be people riding through garth-gates, also, and dwelling on hapless isles, and crying out, — tho' it be not the same folk, — "Where is the land? Where is the land?" Moreover, they top stony bents and lay gear within shut-beds and the spear on the wall pins; yea, and the reader who patiently follows the bobbery begins to think it a pretty story, but wonders if William Morris, who prints it at the Kelmscott Press, Upper Hall, Ham-

mersmith, in the County of Middlesex, and finishes it on the 4th day of April (narrow escape, that!) of the year 1891, did not at six o'clock in the evening of that day stretch himself vigorously after thus cramping himself into a fourteenth-century attitude through near two hundred pages. Why such infinite pains to get out of one's skin? And ought not the reader, if he sits down to the reading sincerely, himself get into a jerkin, or whatever the proper garment is, and take on a wall-paper frame of mind, before he attempts to enjoy this piece of beautiful but painful literature? — Colonel Carter of Cartersville, by F. Hopkinson Smith. With Illustrations by E. W. Kemble and the Author. (Houghton.) The combined effect of characterization in text and characterization in drawings is singularly unitary, and is intensified by what may be called the gesture of the book. That is to say, the author seems so to have vivified his figures in his own mind that when he sets them down in his pages he succeeds in transferring their tones, their motions, their presence, and the reader listens and looks as he reads. The grotesquerie of the book heightens the general effect, but the author uses it so consistently that it serves as a kind of medium through which the Colonel is seen steadily refracted, with the result that there is no loss of respect for him.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The Age of Scott's Heroines. If one drives through the streets of a great city at the unpleasantly maternal hour required by the departure of an early train, one may come upon a scene which lights up as with a ray of sunshine the deserted thoroughfare. It is the spectacle of a long procession, two and two, of well-dressed and attractive girls, with a teacher at the head and another at the foot, — by way, it is to be presumed, of typifying the fang and the rattle of the snake; that is to say, the powers which serve to give alarm and to offer defense in case an aggressor disturbs the march of the sinuous and undulating column.

As I have looked out upon this sight,

there has come into my mind that other procession of fair female faces and forms, each one of whom, in her turn, captivated the heart of susceptible youth, and was, for a brief hour, the undisputed queen of the realm of fancy. The sight has set me to thinking over the ages of the women of fiction whom once I worshiped, and still fondly remember.

"What," I have asked mentally, "is the age of Scott's heroines?" The group before the actual vision was of maidens ranging between twelve and twenty, or, more accurately, between fourteen and eighteen. But could one, in the wildest stretch of his imagination, pick out of this tripping, fluttering flock of "sweet girl undergraduates,"

with forbidden caramels in their pockets, and with brains like the sieves of the Danaïdes, letting out as freely as they took in at each dip into the well of Helicon, any counterparts of the peerless damsels of the Waverley gallery?

Many things they know of which the others never dreamt, but in character and capacity how vastly more immature are even the best and brightest! For instance, that pert little baggage who has just tossed her head and twitched her shoulders at the rebuke of the watchful duenna; that spiteful minx who is flashing her diamond ring in the eyes of her poorer companion; that lazy, gluttonous dunce who casts a longing glance into the confectioner's window, and who will presently blunder shamefully in her French lesson; that coquette with the downcast eyes, who has, hid in her glove, a scrap of a note, which she will slip into the corner letter-box; or that smooth-browed *ingénue*, whose skillful fibbing is the terror and admiration of the class,—which of these would we select as the rival of those who won the homage and inspired the deeds of Captain Waverley, of Henry Morton, of Quentin Durward, or of Roland Græme? Let us turn to the books themselves and see what is the real age of the ladies with whom we have to do. In most cases, Sir Walter has told the fact with the frankness of a parish register or a family Bible.

To begin with Miss Rose Bradwardine: she is set down as sixteen. Flora MacIvor cannot well be more than eighteen, as she is represented as the friend of Rose; and with Flora's earlier development in the court life of France, a greater difference in age would have put her out of all the conditions of intimacy. Scott dwells upon the patronizing ways of Flora toward Rose, which would be noteworthy only where the discrepancy in years was not great. Had Flora been twenty one or two, it would have "gone without saying."

In Guy Mannering we have good and sufficient data. Henry Bertram is twenty-one at the close of the novel. He fulfills the astrologer's prediction in the perils he escapes at the capture of Dirk Hatteraick. Colonel Mannering is unmarried at Henry's birth, and Julia is sixteen when she meets Bertram in India. She cannot be more than eighteen when she appears on the scene. Lucy Bertram is of course just six-

teen, as she was born when her brother was carried off at the age of five.

Isabella Wardour, in *The Antiquary*, is not chronicled, and there is nothing to guide our surmises except the spirited character of her conversation. She talks as if she were twenty, but with Scott that is no criterion.

Lucy Ashton, the Bride of Lammermoor, is seventeen.

Isabella Vere, in *The Black Dwarf*, is not characterized, and as she is the mere "walking lady" of the play, that is of no consequence.

In *Old Mortality* we have as a starting date 1679. Edith Bellenden has been forming a slowly developed attachment to Henry Morton. She must be between eighteen and twenty at the opening of the story. This makes her nearly thirty when, in 1688-89, after Killiecrankie, Morton returns to Scotland, and quite that when they are married. Scott was probably oblivious of this lapse of time; for since Morton was supposed to have been lost at sea at least nine years before, there is no reason why she should not have become Lady Evandale long before the time at which she actually accepted her old lover.

Rob Roy gives *Die Vernon* as eighteen.

Ivanhoe is silent as to the ages of Rebecca of York and Rowena. But here we must digress a little to notice a singular anachronism as to the age of Cedric. In the castle of Torquilstone Cedric gives Athelstane a spirited account of the reception by Harold of the envoy of Tosti, before the battle of Stamford Bridge. This, he says, he had from his father, who was present. To say nothing of the anachronism of the existence of the castle at that date, if Cedric's father was twenty (and he could hardly have been less) in the year of the conquest (1066), and if Cedric was sixty (and he could hardly be older) in the year of King Richard (1194), it would make, at the very lowest calculation, Cedric's father eighty-nine years at the birth of Cedric; and if we add eleven years in order that Cedric should be old enough to hear and remember the story he repeats so vividly, his father must have died over an hundred years old. There are plenty of such anachronisms in *Ivanhoe*; in fact, the whole is an anachronism so far as it depicts the hostility of Norman and Saxon as surviving

nearly an hundred years its historical passing away.

In *The Heart of Mid-Lothian* we get distinct dates. Effie Deans is eighteen, and Jeanie ten years older.

In *The Monastery*, Mary Avenel is represented as about six years of age at the battle of Pinkie Cleugh. That makes her sixteen at Elizabeth's accession (1558). The action of the story takes place after this date, as Piercie Shafton flees from the anger of Elizabeth, which he certainly would not have done in the reign of Mary.

Now when we turn to *The Abbot*, we find Catherine Seyton, twin sister of Henry; and that young gentleman could hardly be the brawler and fighter that he was at less than sixteen, nor could he be very much older, if able successfully to masquerade in his sister's attire. But what are we to do with Roland Græme, who is not born till after Sir Piercie appears at the monastery and the tower of Glendearg? He assists the escape of Mary of Scotland from Lochleven, and escorts her to her refuge in England, which took place in 1568. Master Roland must have been, therefore, at the mature age of eight, a conception which passes even the most reckless of modern dime romances.

In *The Pirate*, Minna Troil is given as eighteen, Brenda as seventeen.

In *Kenilworth*, Amy Robsart is a sheer creation of fancy. The scene opens in the eighteenth year of Queen Elizabeth (1576), when Leicester was already married to the wife who died at Cumnor, not secretly, but at the court of Edward VI.

Alice Bridgenorth, in *Peveril of the Peak*, was born in 1658. Therefore at the Popish Plot, in 1679, she must be twenty-one.

Anne of Geierstein, when made her uncle's ward, was ten. Seven years later the story opens.

Margaret Ramsay, in *The Fortunes of Nigel*, is, we are told, twenty, but she is feather-brained enough to have been fifteen.

In *The Betrothed*, Eveline Berenger is stated to be sixteen.

Edith Plantagenet owns to no date in *The Talisman*.

Lilias Redgauntlet is born after her father's execution, which came after Culloden, and that would make her birth about 1746 or 1747. She could not have been over

fourteen when she figured at the coronation of George III., in 1760. Charles Edward, the young chevalier, was born in 1720, and is described as about forty when he appears as Father Buonaventure. This would bring the intended plot not later than 1763, and would make Lilias about seventeen.

Quentin Durward gives the age of Jacqueline when she first appears in the inn of Plessis les Tours as fifteen.

In *Woodstock*, Alice Lee was virtually engaged to Markham Everard before the breaking out of the civil war,—say as far back as 1640. If she was fifteen then, which is the earliest date for a serious attachment, she must have been twenty five or six at the date of the battle of Worcester (1651).

Again, in *St. Ronan's Well*, Clara Mowbray could not have been less than sixteen at the time of her secret marriage; therefore, nine years later, when the story opens, she would be at least twenty-five.

Catharine Glover, in *The Fair Maid of Perth*, is undated.

The Countess Brenhilda, in *Count Robert of Paris*, is twenty-six.

Annot Lyle, in *The Legend of Montrose*, is hardly more than a lay figure. Her age is given as eighteen, but it is said she looked four years younger.

Out of thirty heroines, sixteen are distinctly described as under twenty. Of the other fourteen, six are undated. This leaves us eight, three of whom are set down as over twenty; two start at one side of the line and are carried over to the other; two are by implication rather than by the intention of the author taken out of their "teens;" and one, Amy Robsart, is a heroine "of an uncertain age," since she is historically a middle-aged matron, and fictitiously a youthful bride. Of the six undated, the presumption is altogether in favor of the earlier age.

A member once entertained the Club with the statement that nearly all Scott's heroines are motherless. They are girls who have grown up in the companionship of uncles or fathers, older men, and with an early responsibility of thought and action. They have had to plan their own wardrobes and decide upon their own conduct toward their lovers. Some of them have been behind the scenes of stirring political events; nearly all have been thrown into

situations where they had to think for themselves, to act with decision, and in general to fulfill the whole duty of heroines.

But apart from this there is unquestionably in the present day a later coming forward of either sex than in the times whereof Scott wrote, as well as those in which he lived. More is required in the way of preparation for responsible duties. More, too, is given in the way of keeping the youth youthful. There is engrossing study which chains young men and girls to the schoolroom and college class. It is a study which looks to immediate results in examinations, in degrees, in competitive prizes, rather than to lasting acquisitions. Then, too, there are for the young recreations, literary, social, and physical, which fill up their time and thoughts and keep them from aspiring to a share in the occupations and interests of their elders. Our schoolgirl march along the street exemplifies this. It is simply for exercise. It goes nowhere, except to cover the daily round and return to the schoolroom. Its object lessons are the goods in the shop windows; its diversions, the stolen glimpses of the club-loungers.

The heroines of Scott are, some of them, only lay figures, but at least, so far as they have character, they are women, and they justify the deeds which are done to win them.

Another Word about Realism. — Realism in literature can never be on exactly the same footing with realism in pictorial art. The painter must strive to paint merely what the tree suggests to him, because, not being a tree himself, he cannot impart his own conception to his work, lest that conception detract from the truth to nature of the pictured tree. The intangible quality which the really great artist puts into his painted landscape, the indication of something besides material substance, is due to his perception that God is beside or behind or immanent in the trees and the water and the sky. In literature it is different; a writer portrays a man, and though he may have in mind some particular person whose main characteristics he follows, he may dare not only to hint of the Divine Essence which dwells within the human creature, but to add some peculiarity of his own individuality, since he also is a man, and his soul is not alien to his subject.

The New
Pastoral Po-
etry.

— A few years ago strange experiments are said to have been made in Finland. A small field was planted with wheat. Over half of it a "system" of parallel wires with hanging points, about a yard apart each way, was stretched. These wires were charged with electricity from machines in a shed near by. The other half of the field was left to its own devices. The crop in the electrical half, so to speak, nearly doubled the product of unassisted nature. Peas and carrots under similar treatment elsewhere grew with no less astonishing rapidity. A Frenchman, in advance of all other experimenters, took two flower-pots, three kernels of Indian corn in each, and electricity in one, and showed thereby that in the same length of time the corn in his electrical flower-pot outgrew its old-fashioned rival more than two to one.

All this must appeal to the disheartened farmer; but the matter has other aspects. It is sad to think of our city people, accustomed as they are to living under a network of wires, spending hard-earned vacations beneath country skies similarly lined and cross-lined. Most dismal of all, however, is the consideration of the Pastoral Poet. What is to become of him? When daisies grow to the size of sunflowers, must not his lyrics spread to epic proportions? And what a change in the very terms of his art must come to pass! With every plant growing like a Jonah's gourd, the "modest violet" will of necessity lose all sense of shame. The pansy will be a "Johnny-jump-up" indeed, with ambition literally vaulting, and leaping powers worthy of an athletic frog. The daffodil's dance will become a *bolero*. The "laughing fields" will give forth guffaws. The "primrose by the river's brim" will be "to him" not so much "a simple primrose" as a vast disk of petaled butter — and nothing less.

And into what prose must many of his stanzas, richest in poetic promise, be turned! Imagine him singing: —

I love to lie in flowery meads,
Clover and buttercups my bed,
Watching the while great Phoebus' steeds,
And counting volts and ohms o'erhead.

Or something in this vein: —

On all the slopes of Arcady
Where thrives a blither swain.

With jocund fleece-robed company
Stout with electric grain ?

Comfort the lone North Star may give
To simpler shepherd souls ;
But positive and negative
Blest be my dual poles !

It would not take many specimens of such verse, easily conceived, to prove completely that the Pastoral Poet's occupation as we know it would be gone. Indeed, unless he himself should flee his "customed hill," he might wake up some fine morning to find his own size Brobdingnagian, and stone-breaking on the country roads the only employment open to him. Far be the day !

A Double Somersault. — The advocates of Volapük have generally contented themselves with arguments drawn from the commercial advantages of this latest born or invented speech ; but an example of the use of the tongue in the anatomizing of a poem has lately come in my way, which seems to imply that by a process of transmutation one can discover what are the essential properties of poetry. The first of the poems printed by Dr. Holmes in The Professor at the Breakfast-Table is his well-known Under the Violets. It happens that some one in New South Wales amused, or else perplexed, himself by rendering the poem into Volapük, with the outward form of verse, but without metre or rhyme. Dr. Holmes made the leap ; the New South Welshman performed the somersault. Then came a Nova Scotian, who had never seen Dr. Holmes's poem, but had seen the Volapükian translation, and proceeded to carry the process one step further — shall we say backward ? — by rendering the version into English verse. Here was the final double somersault. I will not ask the members of the Club to follow me through the continuous acrobatic feat, but content myself with giving the first and last stanzas in each version, as follows : —

I.

THE ORIGINAL POEM.

Her hands are cold ; her face is white ;
No more her pulses come and go ;
Her eyes are shut to life and light ; —
Fold the white vesture, snow on snow,
And lay her where the violets blow.

If any, born of kindlier blood,
Should ask, What maiden lies below ?

Say only this : A tender bud,
That tried to blossom in the snow,
Lies withered where the violets blow.

II.

VOLAPÜK.

DIS VIOLS.

Nams binoms kalodik, logod vietik,
Pebs ofik no kômons e goloms fovo :
Logs ofik pakikoms ta lif e lit ;
Plifolôd kloti ks nif au nif,
E pladolôd ofi kiöp viols floloms.

If ek pemotil de bludot gudlikum
Osakom, " Vilgin kif liäsof ? "
Sagolôd atosi : " Te bled müedik,
Kol esteifom flolün in nif, seistom
Fedelaiförkiöp viols floloms."

III.

ENGLISH ONCE MORE.

The hands are cold, the face is white,
The throbbing pulses fail to flow ;
The eyes are closed 'gainst life and light ;
Enfold the robe like snow on snow,
And lay her where the violets blow.

If any, born of kindlier race,
Shall ask, " What virgin lies below ? "
Say this : " Only a tender leaf
Which strove to blossom in the snow,
Lies withered where the violets blow."

In Re Emily — The English critic who said Dickinson of Miss Emily Dickinson that she might have become a fifth-rate poet " if she had only mastered the rudiments of grammar and gone into metrical training for about fifteen years," — the rather candid English critic who said this somewhat overstated his case. He had, however, a fairly good case. If Miss Dickinson had undergone the austere curriculum indicated, she would, I am sure, have become an admirable lyric poet of the second magnitude. In the first volume of her poetical chaos is a little poem which needs only slight revision in the initial stanza in order to make it worthy of ranking with some of the odd swallow flights in Heine's lyrical *intermezzo*. I have ventured to desecrate this stanza by tossing a rhyme into it, as the other stanzas happened to rhyme, and here print the lyric, hoping the reader will not accuse me of overvaluing it : —

" I taste a liquor never brewed
In vats upon the Rhine ;
No tankard ever held a draught
Of alcohol like mine.

" Inebriate of air am I,
And debauchee of dew,
Reeling, through endless summer days,
From inns of molten blue.

" When landlords turn the drunken bee
Out of the Foxglove's door,

When butterflies renounce their drams,
I shall but drink the more!

"Till seraphs swing their snowy caps
And saints to windows run,
To see the little tippler
Leaning against the sun!"

Certainly those inns of molten blue, and that disreputable honey-gatherer who got himself turned out-of-doors at the sign of the Forglove, are very taking matters. I know of more important things that interest me less. There are three or four bits in this kind in Miss Dickinson's book; but for the most part the ideas totter and toddle, not having learned to walk. In spite of this, several of the quatrains are curiously touching, they have such a pathetic air of yearning to be poems.

It is plain that Miss Dickinson possessed an extremely unconventional and grotesque fancy. She was deeply tinged by the mysticism of Blake, and strongly influenced by the mannerism of Emerson. The very way she tied her bonnet-strings, preparatory to one of her nunlike walks in her claustral garden, must have been Emersonian. She had much fancy of a queer sort, but only, as it appears to me, intermittent flashes of imagination. I fail to detect in her work any of that profound thought which her editor professes to discover in it. The phenomenal insight, I am inclined to believe, exists only in his partiality; for whenever a woman poet is in question Mr. Higginson always puts on his rose-colored spectacles. This is being chivalrous; but the invariable result is not clear vision. That Miss Dickinson's whimsical memoranda have a certain something which, for want of a more precise name, we term *quality* is not to be denied except by the unconvertible heathen who are not worth conversion. But the incoherence and formlessness of her — I don't know how to designate them — versicles are fatal. Sydney Smith, or some other humorist, mentions a person whose bump of veneration

was so inadequately developed as to permit him to damn the equator if he wanted to. This certainly established a precedent for independence; but an eccentric, dreamy, half-educated recluse in an out-of-the-way New England village (or anywhere else) cannot with impunity set at defiance the laws of gravitation and grammar. In his charming preface to Miss Dickinson's collection, Mr. Higginson insidiously remarks: "After all, when a thought takes one's breath away, a lesson on grammar seems an impertinence." But an ungrammatical thought does not, as a general thing, take one's breath away, except in a sense the reverse of flattering. Touching this matter of mere technique Mr. Ruskin has a word to say (it appears that he said it "in his earlier and better days"), and Mr. Higginson quotes it: "No weight, nor mass, nor beauty of execution can outweigh one grain or fragment of thought." This is a proposition to which one would cordially subscribe, if it were not so intemperately stated. A suggestive commentary on Mr. Ruskin's impressive dictum is furnished by the fact that Mr. Ruskin has lately published a volume of the most tedious verse that has been printed in this century. The substance of it is weighty enough, but the workmanship lacks just that touch which distinguishes the artist from the bungler, — the touch which Mr. Ruskin seems not to have much regarded either in his later or "in his earlier and better days."

If Miss Dickinson's *disjecta membra* are poems, then Shakespeare's prolonged imposition should be exposed without further loss of time, and Lord Tennyson ought to be advised of the error of his ways before it is too late. But I do not hold the situation to be so desperate. Miss Dickinson's versicles have a queerness and a quaintness that have stirred a momentary curiosity in emotional bosoms. Oblivion lingers in the immediate neighborhood.

